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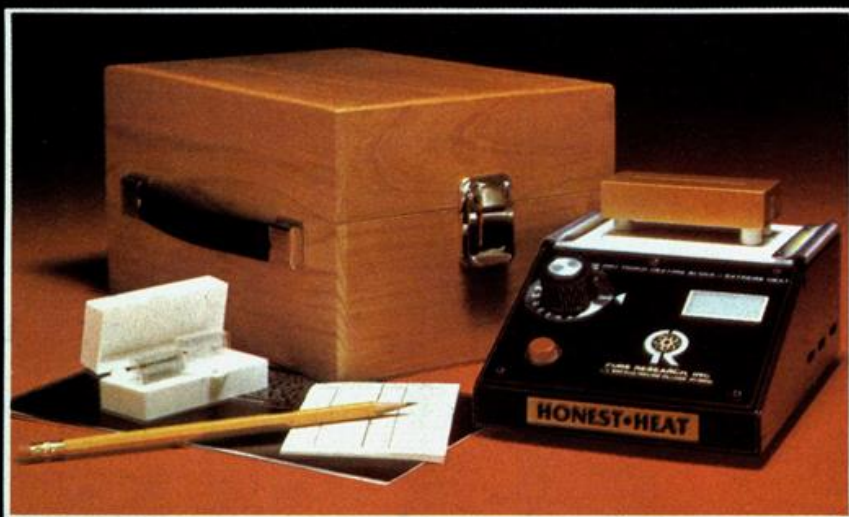
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# High Times

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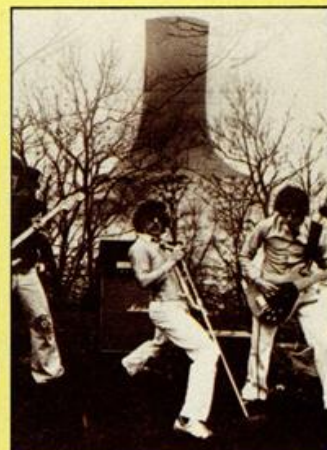
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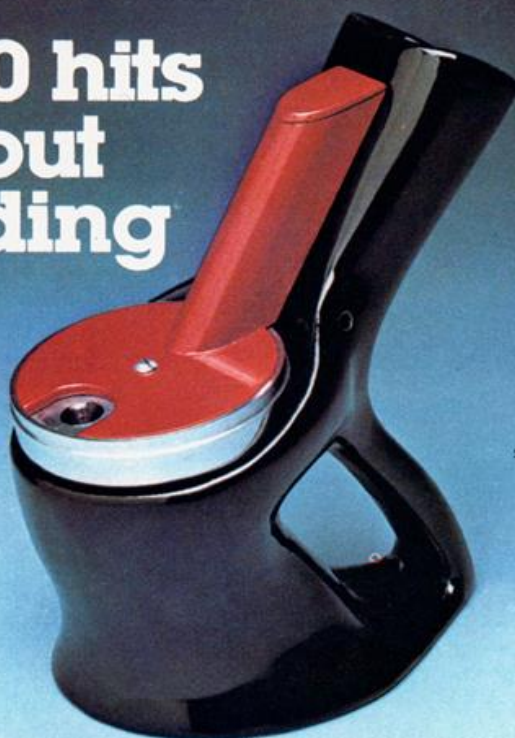


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**THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL . . .**

**THE FOLLOWING STIPULATION OF THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT  
CONCERNING THE ETHIOPIAN ZION COPTIC CHURCH  
REPRESENTS EXACTLY WHAT IT SAYS. SEE FOR YOURSELF:**

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE  
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF FLORIDA

ZION COPTIC CHURCH, INC.

Plaintiff,  
vs.  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,  
Defendant

CIVIL NO. 78-1984-Civ-WMH



**This is a matter of  
public inspection.**

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA stipulates for the purposes of this action only:

1. According to its Articles of Incorporation and By Laws, the Zion Coptic Church, Inc. was organized as a church to teach and promote belief in the Bible and in the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

2. The Zion Coptic Church, Inc. conducts religious services and prayer sessions at locations which its members consider suitable for worship according to Church tenets and beliefs.

3. The United States does not challenge nor seek to refute, in this proceeding, that the Zion Coptic Church, Inc. and its members practice, profess and hold their religious beliefs and tenets including use of marijuana as a sacrament at religious services.


Dated:  
Miami, Florida  
July 19, 1978

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**POINT I SAYS: "ORGANIZED AS A CHURCH"**

**POINT II SAYS: "CONDUCT RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND  
PRAYER SESSIONS"**

**POINT III SAYS: "USE OF MARIJUANA AS A SACRAMENT AT  
RELIGIOUS SERVICES"**

**And now Judge Frederick Barad, Dade County Circuit Court.**

**January 17, 1979**

The Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church represents a religion within the meaning of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Regarding the nature of the religious beliefs and practices of the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church pertinent to the instant litigation, this Court finds the following:

- a. Cannabis is not itself an object of worship. Rather, prayer is directed solely to a spiritual "God".
- b. Cannabis is smoked as the mystical body and blood of "Jes-us"; serves to permit a member of the faith to go deeper within his consciousness to see everything that he has done wrong; serves to permit a member to find a spirit of love, unity and justice within himself so as to enable that member to convey such to others; serves to open a member's moral equilibrium to plant the seed of unfaltering righteousness, and to allow a member to see and know that "God" is a man; serves to bring a member closer to "God" and to the divine communication of "the living God"; and serves as a remembrance of "God."

**NOW, THE STATE OF FLORIDA SHOULD REMEMBER THIS:**

**871.01 Disturbing schools and religious and other assemblies**

Whoever willfully interrupts or disturbs any school or any assembly of people met for the worship of God or for any lawful purpose shall be guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree, punishable as provided in S 775.082 or S 775.083.

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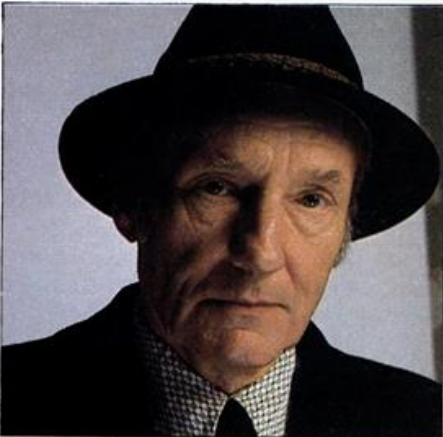
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## "God's Law"



Robert Epstein

We have recently seen the defeat of Senator Briggs's antigay bill (Proposition Six) in California. What did Proposition Six actually say? Well, really—protect schoolchildren from contracting homosexuality by some sorta awful osmosis oozes out of any faggot slime. And we are presented with the birth of a concept known as incitement to homosexual acts.

Homosexual rape is extremely rare outside of prisons, where it is admittedly a problem, often perpetrated on homosexuals by the macho knife-carrying set who would indignantly deny the imputation of homosexuality. Admittedly, there have been homosexual mass murders; they can

point to Gilles de Rais, who may have been framed by the Church, and they can point to the Houston murders and the trash-bag murders. Whereas hundreds of heterosexual rapes are perpetrated every day. I'd like to ask these Fundamental Citizens who supported Briggs's bill whether a 15-year-old boy or a 15-year-old girl is in more danger when hitchhiking. The answer is in the papers every day: for every dead boy they can put on the table, I can stack dead women up like cordwood.

So what's behind all this bullshit? Who profits? Well, Senator Briggs profits—or hopes to profit—in votes and support. Anita Bryant profits in publicity: she has become a news name instead of just an orange sucker. I think it's about time Briggs and Anita met up with their constituents.

Now here is Arthur Thom Robb: chairman of the White People's Committee to Restore God's Law, editor of a lurid tabloid called *The Torch*, published in Bass, Arkansas. And he's a good old boy, too. Not a finer man in Bass, Arkansas, than old Thom Robb. After praising "the courageous Anita," he gets down to committee business: "The White People's Committee is not embarrassed to admit that we endorse and seek the execution of all homosexuals. God's Law calls for the death penalty for the faggot slime, the whole filthy lot of them!" Now old Thom is just warming up; he don't stop there. He is also the publisher of a book called *The Negro: A Beast*, and his rag is replete with references to "rabid, sex-perverted Jews." He's gonna apply God's Law to the Jews, the blacks, the Hispanics and the Chinese. About 50 million folks he's gonna kill, some of whom might even resist. In plain English, he's talking civil war.

Senator Briggs and people like him are appealing to the most ignorant, bigoted and downright bestial people in this country. I'm not a politician, I'm not running for office, and I don't have to respect anybody's stupid opinion. Now Briggs says homosexuals can't expect to be treated like normal people because they aren't normal people. Well I say the same thing about Fundamentalists: they can't expect to be treated like reasonable people because they aren't reasonable people, any more than a mad dog. They should be segregated into a nuthouse, or encouraged to become snake handlers. Let's get in a shipment of king cobras, black mambas, bushmasters and tiger snakes—you old boys dig in and test your faith.

Now Dr. Timothy Leary says that soon there will be separate space stations for homosexual vegetarians and others for people like Anita Bryant and John Briggs and the right reverend Jerry Falwell and of course old Thom Robb. We hope so—otherwise this land may well be ravaged by bigotry and self-righteous hatred, and the American Dream destroyed forever... and in the words of that great all-American poet, James Whitcomb Riley, "Freedom shall a while repair, to dwell a weeping hermit there."

*William S. Burroughs*

—William Burroughs



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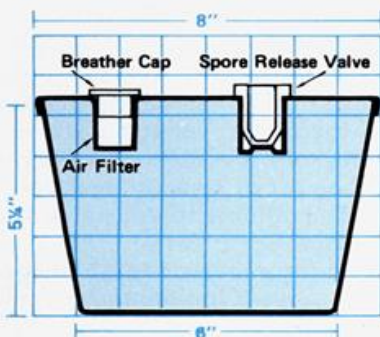
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## Planet Waves

I am a practicing astrologer and was pleased to read, in bold print, "Astrological symbolism helps people as an evolutionary map of growth." This appeared in your interview with Dr. Ralph Metzner [High Times, March '79]. But while reading the interview, I came across several misleading statements regarding astrology.

Neptune is not a "personal" planet; it deals primarily with an emotional aspect of the collective unconscious. It relates to music, film, poetry and dreams. The increase in jogging cannot be associated with Neptune in an astrological sign. The most interesting idea relating to Neptune in Sagittarius from 1970-1984 is that Sagittarius is the sign dealing with law and legislation, while Neptune deals with drugs. Today's increased interest in the legal aspect of drugs is a reflection of Neptune in Sagittarius. —John Wiser, New York, N.Y.

## Guilty of Bombast

As a longtime reader of your magazine, I have come to appreciate your very readable presentation of matter which is often very technical and usually unreadable. In your slick presentation, however, I think you do a disservice to your readers when you are not scrupulously careful with your headlines. I am specifically thinking of the cover of your March '79 issue, in which you print: "America's Ten Best Dope Lawyers—They'll Get You Off."

If your reader is careful to read all of the actual article, he will find out that you are not encouraging such over-optimistic thoughts. However, for those who are content to simply accept the spirit of your headlines, you will leave the impression that any good lawyer, or those ten lawyers, can get anyone acquitted on any controlled-substances violation. That simply would not be the truth.

It reminds me of the popular misconception that nobody is being arrested or convicted for possession of marijuana. The truth is that arrests and convictions for such possession are still frequent and numerous. Judges, lawyers, politi-

cians and the very wealthy are receiving convictions for possession of controlled substances. I hope you will be more careful in the future.

—Judge Ronald D. Bruce

We'll try, Judge. We forgot to add "... If you're lucky." —Ed.

## "Pod": Pro and Con

I was happy to read the Dope Connoisseur's article on changing the name of pot to "pod" [High Times, "Dope," March '79]. I fully agree with him that it's time for a change. I believe everyone who smokes should make the change for the better of the puffing public. Keep up the good work, "R.," this time you really struck a "pod" of gold. —Name withheld, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Re: "R."s pitch for "pod"... "Pod" sounds like one of those surrogate monkey mothers, who "passes" by virtue of a few superficial components but is nevertheless genetically unrelated! Best leave the pods to the peas, "R.," and to the Ould Sod leave the poets, for there are no pods per se in cannabis.

—Veronica, address unknown

## A Head's Head

My old marine buddy decided that if he had to have short hair, it would express where his head was really at. Hence this



modified "Kojak" look, which we dubbed the "Kojane"!

—Sammy C., address withheld

## Holland Fails Acid Test

I've read several articles about LSD in the last few issues of High Times, and they inspired this letter. I'm a 24-year-old non-American female working for the U.S. Army in West Germany. Being around GIs all day long is a trip in itself. Most of them feel pretty miserable about being soldiers—hence they try to improve their lot by consuming drugs.

Most LSD available in Amsterdam is imported from Great Britain. An average hit contains a meager 75-125 mcg of acid, but to make it look better it's sold



Worst of all, a trip like Brown Pyramids leaves you really burned out the following day. Also, most acid available here contains speed and strychnine, both of which prevent you from enjoying yourself and then sleeping, due to backache and cramps in your stomach. I'd like to know why the hell anybody would want to mix speed and strychnine in LSD, thus spoiling pleasant memories by the dreadful aftermath.

—Flying Dutchwoman

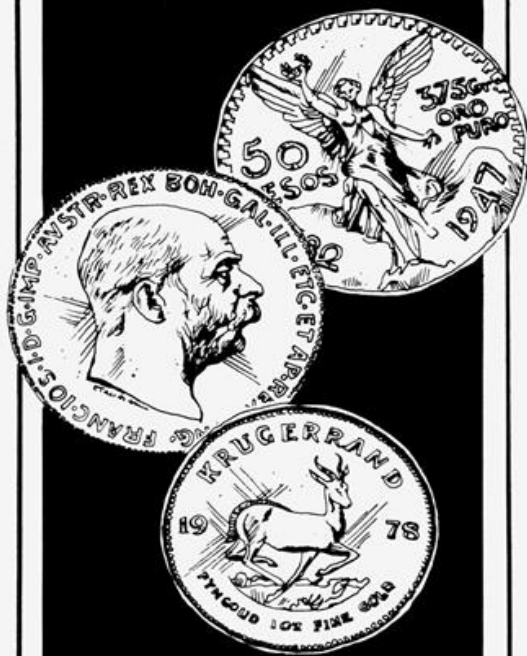
With all the economic problems this country has been going through recently, I'm glad it hasn't affected the "pod" industry too much...yet. I think the price range has been fairly stable without much of an increase during the past few years. I don't mind passing the C-notes for quantity as long as the buds are bitchin' and the herb's superb!

We refer readers to the May "Flash" under the item headed "A Boost without Cables." The correct name of the company that manufactures the Coke Booster and Grass Booster (both trademarks) is Cobel Concepts Ltd. And note that when the cap of the Coke Booster turns colors, you merely replace the booster cap, not the entire booster. Our apologies to all concerned. ☐

## A black and white photograph of a large, dense bamboo plant growing in a brick planter box. The bamboo has many long, thin leaves and is situated next to a wooden fence.







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## Potted Porpoises

**Q:** Somebody told me grass will get fish stoned and make them easy to catch. Is this true?

—J. Henderson, Pensacola, Fla.

**A:** You must have heard about the little private fishing party off Ocean Reef, Florida, who a few months ago ran across a floating grass bale with their Chris-Craft. The bale sprang a leak in its plastic cover and began leaving a trail of dope in the brine behind it. Before long, dolphins commenced nosing around among the reefer, getting stoned out of their cetacean gourds. They got real laid-back in the water, so limp that the fishers quickly landed their legal limit of dolphin just by scooping them out of the drink.

Frankly, this seems to us to be just a trace evil. On fish, grass has no psychoactive effect whatsoever, but dolphins obviously get zonked out on it because they have higher brain structures similar to humans. If dolphins have the capacity to get stoned on dope, catching them by this means is as morally reprehensible as a police narco agent setting up a school kid for a spare-jays bust. Anyway, dishing out enough grass to fuck up a dolphin would also be economically lunatic, qualifying as the most expensive "chub" bait ever.

Caribbean dolphins have undoubtedly been getting regularly ripped for years now on fume floaters and thus qualify as fellow heads. As such, they deserve respect and protection as our brothers and sisters in boo.

## Nocturnal Emissions: Blessing or Curse?

**Q:** What causes "wet dreams"? I have them at strange times, especially when I'm sleeping at somebody else's house, and it's really embarrassing with all that sticky stuff on the sheets for anybody to see. Can you tell when you're going to have one, or is there anything you can wear to keep it off the sheets?

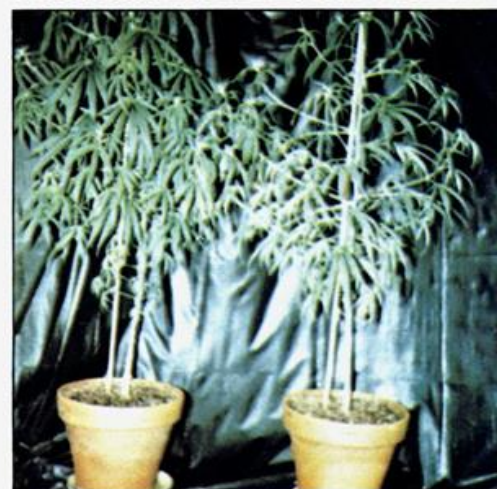
—Name and address withheld

**A:** Wow! You wrote to us about wet

dreams!? Listen close: wet dreams are a real good sign; they mean your pituitary and adrenal and gonadal systems are at the top of their form, pumping out about five times as much semen as you could possibly use up making love. Yeah, and any night you have a wet dream, that just means you really should have been messing around with a woman or five that day, but of course our social conventions don't ordinarily permit that in a "minor"—so your body takes care of itself. As to the telltale bedsheets stains, well, you probably could wear a condom to bed, but that'd be insanely expensive and uncomfortable. Our advice, frankly, is to jerk off every single chance you get, catch the jizz in a kleenex and dispose of it discreetly.

## Carbonated Cannabis

**Q:** Here's a shot of a couple of plants I grew especially to show you people. Both were planted at the same time, but the one on the left was sprayed every day, after it developed leaves, with carbonated water. The carbon dioxide in the soda water obvi-



ously helps the plant photosynthesize: the plant on the left is a lot taller and huskier than the untreated plant at right. How's that for a growing tip?

—Pancho, Duluth, Minn.

**A:** It looks terrific, provisionally. But for indoor growing, in a greenhouse or under lights, it might involve a bit more dampness than is good for grass. Over-damp plants can rapidly develop leaf mold unless you take pains to rapidly dehumidify the growing environment after each spraying. Stuart Devorn, inventor of the Hydropot growing system, also counsels that excessive damp can attract whiteflies, spider mites and other pot parasites.

But if it's just a matter of six or eight plants that you're tenderly mothering every day, adding CO<sub>2</sub> to hype up the photosynthetic growing phase would be highly recommendable. After your babes start flowering, of course, you'd immediately cease the spraying. For flowering,



grass wants to breathe oxygen, just like people.

## Bionic Ping Pong Pal

**Q:** You guys seem to be pretty much on top of what's happening in China these days. One of the sweetest and brightest guys I know is an exchange student from Shanghai, and I'd really like to get it on with him, but he seems to be intimidated because my family is so "capitalistic." Got any tips on how I can gain his trust?

—P.N., Stanford University, Ca.

**A:** Just show him something good about money. Get an automated Ping Pong system from Sitco T.T. Roberts in Portland, Oregon. These gimmicks can shoot up to 120 balls a minute at you across a Ping Pong table, in a random series of trajectories. It can also put spin on the top, bottom or sides of the ball, making it really tricky. Getting zonked out on Ping Pong was virtually the only mode of youth recreation that was permitted under the Gang of Four, and a lot of Chinese kids turned into literal addicts. Better watch out, though: it's altogether conceivable your prospective boyfriend could fall in love with a contraption like this.

## A Munchie Hunch

**Q:** I haven't seen anything in *High Times* about a serious problem a lot of us suffer from: munchies! Has anyone come up



Jack Abraham

with a solution? Please don't say "don't eat," because we all know what good smoke does to the will power department.

—Munchola, Scottsboro, Ala.

**A:** Sip some wine or beer with your next jay – it helps suppress the sweet tooth and gives a nice complimentary buzz. Remember, grass makes the mouth hungry, not the stomach, and you'll enjoy your head longer by eating a small snack instead of stuffing yourself with kilos of Count Chocula.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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## I Call on the S.S.S.S.

by Glenn O'Brien

**A**s an occasional field investigator in the Eastern Sector, the call came my way. It was a routine check. An unknown outfit known as the S.S.S.S. would be convening at the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Atlantic City. S.S.S.S. stands for Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

"We don't know if it's for real or not," said my contact.

"They're supposed to have surrogates there," he added enthusiastically. "Maybe you can get laid."

"Shut up!" I replied.

Sure, I would have liked to approach this assignment with just a bit of the old journalistic enthusiasm; in fact I would have liked to go roaring down the Garden State Parkway looking for visions, just as Dr. Hunter Thompson once approached a similarly dull job in Las Vegas. But there were a few things standing in my way. Instead of having possession of several hundred hits of acid and mescaline, a kilo of hash and a salt shaker full of cocaine, I was down to three joints of pot—in other words, 90 minutes' supply. Instead of driving a high-powered late-model convertible, I was equipped with a totally shot antique Ford wagon rented from a driving school so shoddy it rents to persons without credit cards.

Also, the convention was to take place several weeks before the casinos would open. It was too cold to swim. Aside from the S.S.S.S. the only attractions Atlantic City seemed to offer were the closed-down boardwalk and the demolition sites of once-beautiful hotels. And I was working for a magazine that knew I wasn't Hunter Thompson. My editors would not only not provide carte blanche, they wouldn't even accept my collect calls.

Yes, Monopolyville looked grim. And there was not even a "Chance" pile to hunker down to. I had a bad feeling about it. It didn't look right. A sex convention at a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge in Atlantic City off-season. But I had a job to do, so I decided to get in, find out if it was sex or science and get out as quickly as possible.

I checked the activities directory in the HoJo lobby. Yup, there it was, the S.S.S.S., sharing the motor lodge's almost lavish

**Guys jerking off to sex magazines are perhaps not fantasizing they are fucking the females pictured but that they are the female.**



Mick Rock

convention facilities with a regional pathologist's get-together. The pathologists were, in fact, very much in evidence. All seemed to be accompanied by their large families, and as I walked around the lobby looking for sex delegates, I noticed that the adolescent children of the trouble-shooting medicos were up to the same thing. When they saw the S.S.S.S.'s "Hi, I'm Doreen" or "Hi, I'm Irv" badges, they discreetly glanced at one another and stage-whispered, "There's one!"

And here I was, a grown reporter, playing the same foolish game, checking each sex scientist for facial hints and/or dress clues that might explain what path led here. Although the assembled faces showed the usual signs of sorrow and woe, for the most part these erotic pedants looked remarkably benign, average, even dull. They looked like what they call in singles' classified ads "non-threatening." Or is it "nonthreatened"? Or is it "asleep"? At any rate, their faces offered few signs of sexual obsession. They didn't look horny or driven. But there was a certain edge to these people. They all looked eager. Everyone looked safely academic, but in the style of students who ask too many questions and

take too many notes on color-coded index cards.

But it doesn't matter how severe my reading of them was. As I registered for the conference I noticed that I hadn't shaved in a few days. I noticed because they noticed. I guess to them I looked like I didn't belong. This was something of a relief, but I wondered, as I looked down at my ripped and faded denim jacket and jeans and my black high-top Converse All-Stars, what kind of impression I was making. I pinned my S.S.S.S. badge to the inside of my pocket.

**T**he thing that ruined the erotic possibilities of this particular job was that I was far and away the most attractive person at this event. Fortunately I had dark sunglasses, seedy clothes, a hat and a job to do. I had to find out what these people were doing. Were they here to talk or have sex, or both?

The closest thing to a sexy person at the conference was the representative of a female-physique publication, who was not actually sexy but was clearly sexual. At any rate, I had no intention of having sex in Atlantic City, even in exchange for secret information.

As far as I was willing to go was to the lectures, which I did. And it was tough. The titles were all so great that I was often forced to allow pure chance to determine my choice of lecture.

Unfortunately I had arrived at the conference too late to attend "Karen and Chad," which featured a video of a "group session" from an outfit known as Creativity Laboratories, a center for "marital education." According to the conference catalog, Karen and Chad experience catharsis, and I have a feeling that's what I was sent here to look for.

I did catch "Toward a More Objective Treatment of Casual Sex in Medical Literature." The other choice at this hour was about oncological surgery. I didn't want to know what that was but found out anyway—"big C"—related dysfunctions. Ecch! "Toward Objective" was okay. The lady lecturer was about a seven on a charm scale of one to ten. She was also intelligent and thoroughly convinced me that the medical profession was asshole dominated when it came to setting up its sex research. I did find this lecturer a bit salty, however, and thought she said fuck too much for a woman over 40.

The kinkiest lecture that I missed was "Sexual Dysfunction among Men and Women Following Amputation of Upper or Lower Extremities." I sort of wished I'd caught "Some Issues Concerning Sexuality and Mental Retardation"—not really, though. But the worst one I did catch was "Sex and the Spirit: The Union of Polar Opposites."

At no point during this lecture was I convinced that sex and spirit were polar opposites, nor did I feel that the speaker



was qualified on either end of the stick. As the lecturer explained how sexuality was one important path to cosmic consciousness, he showed slides of ancient Tantric diagrams, many of which were upside down. He explained that every last soul among us has a bunch of spiritual power centers called chakras, which look like morning glories. The better a fuck one is, theosophically speaking, the more of these little electroblooms swing into action. At the highest level of consciousness and sexiness all of these chakras are open and talkin' to ya. As much as I was forced to agree with some of what the speaker said, his voice did not carry the ring of authenticity.

"I myself have never gotten that far," explained the lecturer, "so I'm just passing this on as a tidbit."

I then put my hand over my cock and dematerialized back to the lobby.

**O**f all the papers to be presented at the S.S.S.S. confab, none, I think, was more fabulously titled than "Male Envy of the Female in Pornography." Not to slight "Hormones, Hermaphroditic Sheep and Homosexual Theory" or "Sexual Ethics for the Space Age," for one couldn't help but be fascinated by such considerations as ewes' minds trapped in rams' bodies, or zero-g adultery. There was something particularly fascinating to me about "Male Envy of the Female in Pornography." I guess it was what I'd suspected all along. All those guys jerking off to all those sex magazines are perhaps not fantasizing that they are fucking the female pictured there in heat but that in fact the primary fantasy is that they are the female. Coincidentally, the sexual act that they are performing, while considering pictures of females, is on a male apparatus. Masturbation is a homosexual act.

For this I was willing to pass up, simultaneously, "How Bisexuals View Themselves" (as if we didn't know!) and "Recognizing Alternative Lifestyles with New Civil and Religious Covenants and Rituals." Believe me, the latter was tough to pass up, promising to propose new sacraments for old sins.

Anyway, one minute into "Male Envy of the Female in Pornography" I was bored stiff (heh heh) and slipped out. The author, Lonny Myers, M.D., a surgeon in a vasectomy clinic, provided a lecture that was the rhetorical equivalent of a vasectomy indeed—throwing up a barrier of terminology impenetrable to any seed of information on the subject. He shoulda been interviewin' gatefold girls on the spot.

So I walked out and into "Recognizing Alternate Lifestyles with New Civil and Religious Covenants and Rituals," which did turn out to be everything I'd hoped it would be. The speaker, Dr. Robert Francoeur, was identified in the conference

catalog as the author of "Hot and Cool Sex: Cultures in Conflict," which is obviously a work of McLuhanite theology redefining the sexual ethics of the global village, right? Right, like the man says, "exploring the possibilities of developing a philosophy/theology of pleasuring and play in sexual intimacy which recognizes the value shift from marriage/reproduction to communications/recreation."

Right! And Doc Francoeur, which, if my French don't fail me now, means "frank of heart," was everything he promised, if not more. He was positively McLuhanesque, seated casually on top of a desk, rapping informally with the fascinated students of sexual science there assembled. I was caught up in the spell myself and soon found myself making notes. I learned, for one thing, that the United Methodist Church is introducing a new rite called "A Ritual for a New Day." It's not exactly a sacramental divorce. It's more like a little ritualized get-together to let the late bride and the late groom know that both parties are willing to free their exes from guilt and remorse. At the "I do" part they give back their wedding rings.

Right! And also coming soon to a church near you, gay weddings. Well, maybe they won't call them weddings at first, more like "Covenant of Friendship" or something. I found the subject really interesting, but then Dr. Francoeur, casually dropping an ecclesiastical name, identified someone as "a gay celibate," and I didn't hear another word the man said. I just kept thinking over and over again "gay celibate . . . gay celibate . . . gay celibate . . ." I felt like we had skipped over a major theological problem, but what could I say, or, more to the point, why?

After a full day of boring journalism I decided to get out and do something. So I took a walk on the boardwalk. The weather was cold. The sky was gray. The good pinball arcade was closed, as was the wax museum and all of the good restaurants. Still, the city's a beautiful sight, but I had brought the wrong shoes for walking the boards. I headed back to the HoJo. I thought of New York—a kind of sexual magnet.

Back inside the HoJo I turned on the TV. "I Dream of Jeannie." My favorite show. I smoked a joint. Then another. Then the last one. After that the only thing to do was to head for the pool and take a dip.

As I entered the door of the natatorium I spotted them. They were in the water. It was the S.S.S.S. They were treading water. It was quiet. Slowly I turned.

My favorite restaurant/gas stop on the New Jersey Turnpike is the Admiral Halsey. You can see the skyline from there. The New York skyline can be a sexy sight. I was inspired. And then I thought of science, and made a long-distance call. ☐

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## How to Say No to a Dealer

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

**P**erplexed readers have written in to ask me about the etiquette of sampling and tasting dealers' wares. Practical questions such as: How much should you sample before you buy? How do you turn down dope if you don't really like it? Is it bad form to ask for credit?

These are real problems for the connoisseur-type consumer. We tend to be more particular about what we smoke, and if we really like something, we like to get more than we can afford, and so need credit.

So let's consider the whole buyer-seller relationship. Ever since the first idealistic days of Tim Leary's "deal for real" righteous-dealer ethos, the dealer-customer relationship has been a sometimes comfortable, sometimes uneasy overlap of social ritual and business transaction.

Most people who deal on the ounce or quarter-pound level are friends who also happen to deal; on the other hand, when they are dealing they are dealers who also happen to be friends. They'd still be friends if you came over and sampled their stuff and raved on for hours, but they might feel a bit hurt if you never bought an ounce.

The best way to solve some of these delicate problems of etiquette is an open airing of them and some suggested practices that are fair to both sides. Let's go through the stages of the dealing ritual one by one and examine the problems.

First there is the question of what to say when calling up your dealer and announcing you want to pay a visit. One thing not to say is, "Hey, got anything good to smoke?" What do you expect the guy to say, "No, just some garbage commercial I can't get rid of to anyone else"? The thing to ask is, "Got anything new in since I last stopped by?" Then you can decide if it is worth the trip or better to wait, and you won't waste time resampling something you have tasted before.

The other side of the coin is the question of what a dealer should or shouldn't say to encourage a visit. In my city there is a guy we like to call "the Crazy Eddie of dope dealers," after a loud and aggres-

sive discount hi-fi store salesman. One week he'll call you up and say, "Hey, the gold is in! Beautiful gold buds. You gotta come see 'em now while they last." You'll get over there and find he has some moldy brown brick of Colombian, which, depending on how desperate you are, you might buy. The very next week he'll call again and say, "Listen, the real gold came in today! Dynamite weed. You gotta try it." "Like the last 'gold'?" you'll inquire. "Nah, this is the real gold. That other stuff was fool's gold." Dealers ought to beware of constantly overhyping

**Dealers ought to  
beware of constantly  
overhyping  
expectations and  
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and losing the  
trust of their  
customers.**

expectations and thus undermining their credibility and losing the trust of their customers.

**L**et's assume you've decided to pay a visit. What about the actual tasting and sampling? Ideally, the dealer should initiate things by bringing out a brick or key of whatever he feels is the primo stuff in stock—the top of the line. He should then let customers smell it, feel it, play with it and *roll a joint themselves*, so they can crumble a bud and feel exactly what the interior texture of it is, how seedy and twiggy it is, how moist and fresh. Many dealers prefer to present a sampling bag of cleaned and manicured dope, often without showing the batch it came from, but however convenient this may be for them, customers have a right to get a sense of the nature of the shipment their ounce is coming from.

The sampling process should not be conducted as if it were some laboratory-test showdown, however. Ideally, dealer and customer should enjoy a social chat about whatever comes to mind while the sample is rolled and smoked. The customer should feel free to ask the dealer any question he wants about the dope *except price* while the sample joint is smoked. If you ask about price at the beginning, it tends to make the smoking process, which should be enjoyable, a more tense calculating experience, with the customer trying to calculate, "Am I really \$45-an-ounce high yet?" In general, the

more chance you give a grass to realize its effects, the better; and the best way to discover you like some grass is to be in the middle of some excited conversation and suddenly realize, "Hey, this grass has really gotten me high."

Dealers should try to avoid overburdening the sampling period with high-pressure raps about how great the dope is, how little is left, how lucky you are to get a crack at buying one of these ounces, how expensive it was for him to get, etc. All that, and the question of price, should come after the first joint is smoked. At



Jack Abraham

that point, particularly if you like the sample, the price question may be raised; but I feel it's best, if you're going to ask to sample more varieties, to ask for and enjoy the second or third samples before asking the price of each.

During the sampling process, a dealer should not take advantage of a customer who in a moment of uncritical enthusiasm gushes, "Hey, this is real fine stuff. How much does it cost," by raising the price on the spot. Dealers should have fixed prices, unless they decide to lower them.

Now let's approach the delicate question of how to tell a dealer you don't like any of the samples you've smoked and really don't want to buy anything from him. First of all, if you're dealing with someone you've known, this won't happen often, or if it does happen, both of you are stupid to continue dealing with each other and wasting each other's time. But in these days of standardized dope it is increasingly common for a dealer to have three varieties of moldy boring Colombian that taste like the last three varieties you've sampled, probably because they've been stored in the same warehouse. How do you express your decision not to buy?

**Y**ou could be totally honest and say, "This is dogshit weed, man. I can't bring this home; my friends will laugh at me." It depends how close a friend the dealer is; and with this line you're liable to find out fast. I find that re-



gardless of how you feel, the diplomatic approach is best, to keep the dealing ritual civilized. There are gentler ways of suggesting your lack of appreciation.

You could say, "You know, I really liked that last shipment you had. Maybe I'm spoiled—it was so good—but I'd like to wait for something like it to come in again."

Dealers should not put too much pressure on a good customer when he's trying to be tactful. For a dealer to respond by saying, "That last stuff I had wasn't anywhere as strong as this, man. You're the only person who's said that. Do you think you have mono and can't get high anymore?" may not be good for business in the long run. The customer, on the other hand, should not try to get the dealer to agree that the dope is not good. After all, some people may really like it. Maybe you do have mono and can't get high.

Now let's talk about making the payment. I believe that as soon as you've decided which of the varieties you like best, you should flash your roll and start to hand over some green. I think it's just poor etiquette to make the dealer ask you for the money. When you pay immediately you give the dealer the option of deciding how much longer he wants to enjoy your company; you don't keep him prisoner waiting to get paid.

There's an old "righteous dealer" custom of the buyer always overpaying the seller and the seller silently handing back the excess to show the goodwill and trust of the former and the trustworthy honesty of the latter. I don't think this is necessary if you've got the exact change.

As for tipping the dealer, this is only done, in my experience, by offering to roll a joint to smoke from the lid you bought. This gives the dealer an opportunity to decline, which should be taken as a hint that he'd like to be alone or take care of some other business, and that you should depart. On the other hand, the dealer might offer you another joint to smoke from a personal or commercial stash, and you should do him the courtesy of staying and accepting. He may want some company that is not burdened by the pressure and irresolution of the commercial transaction.


What about the difficulty a customer faces when he likes two varieties but can't make up his mind or wants to resample two of three offered? The best solution to this dilemma is to leave a good-sized roach on each sample joint to return to for final comparison. It's unfair to ask to roll one joint after another from the inventory for sampling (particularly if it is \$160-an-ounce sinsemilla). Yes, it's difficult to figure out which high is which, whether the high you're feeling is dope number two that you just smoked or dope number one coming on strong with a late rush, which can frequently happen. All I can say is that you can't really be sure,

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but the more experience you have sampling, the more able you are to recognize and separate the personalities of each particular grass.

**W**hat about this question: Say, for instance, you like two grasses but the one you like best is \$50 while the one you like not quite as much is only \$45. I'm on the dealer's side here. I feel it's always worth going the extra \$5 or \$10 for the best if you can tell a difference between better and best. You're talking about your state of mind for the next month or so, and with that in mind I feel that few bargains are real bargains.

Now about the touchy question of credit. First of all, it's important to inquire about it before you have someone weigh out an ounce. (By the way, do I need to remark that you never bring your own scale to an ounce buy and recheck the dealer's scale? The retail level is too small-time for that. You trust the weight, or you weigh it when you get home. But even if it turns out light at home, you don't accuse the dealer of short-weighting you. You either shut up and go to someone else or you just figure you're paying a higher price per ounce than you thought and accept it if the weed's good enough. But the ounce-dealing relationship does not need demeaning petty squabbles over a paltry gram or two.)

There are some people, mainly dealers, who feel that on the ounce-buying level there is no "fronting"—it's all cash and carry. And there are some people, mainly dealers, who will say that I am not a sufficiently disinterested observer to comment on the subject of credit at all, because, well, I am not known as an overly fast payer and have frequently asked for credit for an ounce or two and, yes, abused the privilege.

Certainly, it is a privilege, not a right, and no ounce dealer should be thought unfair for not giving credit. Nevertheless, I believe a good economic case can be made for at least limited credit to good, regular customers. Now I'm not suggesting a "Dealer's Club" credit card or anything elaborate, just the opportunity now and then to pick up an ounce and take a week to a month to pay for it. There's that old Furry Freak Brothers motto: "Dope will get you through times of no money better than money will get you through times of no dope." Well, there are times when a customer won't be able to afford the dope, and if the dealer can afford it, a little courtesy credit does not seem unreasonable. Such credit would increase the volume of business and give the customer the feeling that the dealer does care about his state of mind as well as state of money.

I'd like to get letters from dealers and customers about the questions of etiquette I've raised here and any other ones they'd like to deal with. ☐

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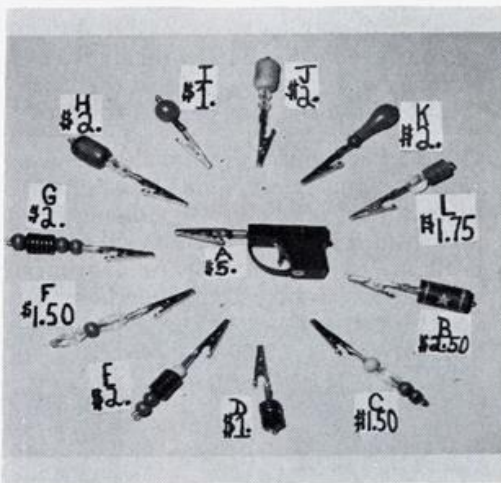
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Bushman Peter Tosh raises a clenched fist with Fulton County commissioner Michael Lomax.

"Every city needs a bush doctor," explained Fulton County commissioner **Michael Lomax** when he bestowed honorary Atlanta citizenship upon **Peter Tosh** after a "smokin' " set of reggae at Alex Cooley's Capri Ballroom there. Toking away on some California sinsemilla during the presentation, the Rastafarian rocker returned the honor with another round of that ultimate pot song, "Legalize It." Tosh said later that he has been busted and beaten twice by Jamaican cops for pot—both times for possession of mere roaches. Judging by the size of the spliff Tosh was smoking at the time, though, those roaches could easily have held half an ounce of herb.

Fast on the heels of the startlingly successful teen-gang ultraviolence flicks **The Warriors** and **Boulevard Nights** come a trio of second-wave street-oriented films: **Over the Edge**, a story of adolescent violence in an American city of the future; **The Wanderers**, a slice of Bronx gang life based on the novel by Richard (Bloodbrothers) Price; and **Walk Proud**, a contemporary love story set against a background of Californian good life starring Robbie Benson. Industry observers expect the flicks to cash in.



The flea-market booth at the Yippie convention sold RAR T-shirts and Overthrow.

Highlights of the Yippies' annual spring planning convention, held at their antidisco Studio 10 in New York, included: prison-rights advocate **Martin Sostre's** smoking keynote speech; **Dana Beal** getting pied; the debut of the new national Yippie newspaper, **Overthrow**; seminars on marijuana legalization, Rock against Racism and the antipsy-chiatry movement; and a sizzling rock concert headlined by the **Joy Ryder** and **Avis Davis** band and **Panic Squad**.







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# HIGHWITNESS

## NEWS

July '79 No. 47

## Hawaiian Cops Tired of Useless Pot War

**CAPTAIN COOK, HAWAII**—Top cops on the big island are growing increasingly resentful of being stuck with the responsibility for fighting the 40,000-ton-per-year grass trade, and of incurring the resentment of local citizens for doing so. In recent seasons the cultivation of top-notch Hawaiian sinsemilla has poured hundreds of millions of dollars into local people's pockets, amounting to a widespread distribution of cash around the island that is much more equitable than traditional tourism and pineapple-growing proceeds.

Thus, even though the twice-yearly harvest police sweeps have been poorly funded, ill-coordinated and patently ineffectual, and though the cops clearly take pains to bust as few growers as possible, police have seen their customarily splendid relations with the community become increasingly strained.

Responding to local charges that the cops are wasting valuable time and resources on busting grass, Hawaii County police chief Guy Paul points out that less than 5 percent of his \$6-million annual budget goes for marijuana eradication. "People are misinformed if they think we are neglecting our other duties," says Paul. "We're taking advantage of the few opportunities we have to deal with the problem. Right now we're making every dollar stretch as far as it can."

In an interview with Sharon Sakai of West Hawaii Today, Chief Paul strongly hinted that the sinsemilla traffic will henceforth go mostly unmolested by his cops, as long as it stays discreetly out of sight and nonviolent. The federal government is primarily responsible for marijuana being illegal, he pointed out, thus Congress should have the main responsibility for eradicating it.



*A Hawaiian Huey wasting hundreds of tax dollars on gas, checking for green Pakololo.*

## Fed Narcs Create DEA-IRS "Enemies List"

**WASHINGTON, D.C.**—Claiming that the Florida pot-smuggling industry represents a multi-billion-dollar annual drain on the national economy, Drug Enforcement Administration chief Peter Bensinger has quietly linked his agency with government financial watchdogs here and abroad in order to remedy the situation. For nearly a year now, says Bensinger, the DEA's Office of Intelligence has been chasing down dope dollars in liaison with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Internal Revenue Service, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Treasury's Office of Law Enforcement and the Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco. The DEA has even succeeded, in one case, in getting the government of Switzerland to help with an international narcotics prosecution.

DEA, IRS and FBI narc accountants are currently pressuring southern Florida banks to reveal the sources of large cash deposits. Dope smugglers have been known to keep cashiers counting small bills by hand for hours on end, totalling up hundreds of thousands in dope money. By law, persons transacting international deals involving more than \$5,000 are required to file a Currency and Monetary Instrument Report, Form 4790, with the Customs Department. The DEA hopes to pressure banks into see-

ing that these forms are properly filed before accepting deposits, so as to leave a "paper trail" to help the feds track down the depositors.

The fruitful phase of IRS-DEA collaboration began in 1977, when Bensinger gave the IRS a list of 600 "top traffickers," suggesting the IRS "pursue them vigorously with both civil and criminal tax action." Most of these alleged traffickers had come under suspicion mainly by making large cash bank deposits. The bankers who approved these deposits are now themselves reportedly coming under heavy federal pressure, with the result that the DEA, FBI and IRS accountants are enjoying unprecedentedly easy access to many private accounts. "Bankers are becoming increasingly aware of their responsibilities," notes Bensinger with satisfaction.

Even normally impregnable Swiss numbered accounts have fallen under DEA scrutiny—at least on one occasion involving the much-touted breakup of a "major" Mexican-American grass syndicate. When in 1976 the DEA managed to nail the kinkpins of the celebrated Alberto Sicilia-Falcon syndicate, which had been flying grass between Sonora and California since '72, federal accountants traced over \$3 million in dope profits to several Swiss banks. Rely-

ing on a "recently signed judicial assistance treaty," says Bensinger, the U.S. persuaded Swiss authorities to freeze the funds in 11 numbered accounts and one safe-deposit box belonging to Sicilia or his henchmen. Bensinger has repeatedly expressed pride in his investigators for so thoroughly wiping out the Sicilia-Falcon syndicate—even though it's widely believed in dope circles that the upstart Sicilia was handed over to the feds on a silver platter by Nuestra Familia, the traditional Mexican grass syndicate.

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# The Colombian Movie Connection

by Antonio Huneus

NEW YORK CITY—In the first scene of Gustavo Nieto's latest movie, *Colombia Connection*, a bunch of South American diplomats at a special U.N. meeting tell the American delegate that their countries absolutely will not accept armed intervention to stop the dope traffic. They are willing, however, to accept the aid of America's most skilled narco agent, whom they naively believe to be James Bond. In the next shot, supposedly at the DEA's headquarters in the Big Apple, special agent Frank Love, aka "James Bond," is briefed for a top-secret mission in Colombia, where he is to infiltrate a gigantic coke factory located somewhere in La Marimba's luscious tropical landscapes. Exit Mr. DEA Superspook, after which his superiors promptly produce mounds of cocaine and commence sniffing with all their souls.

*Colombia Connection* (*Contacto en Colombia*), Gustavo Nieto's third feature movie, had its world premiere last spring in New York. The premiere was followed by an invitation-only reception at the Sheraton Hotel, with the attendance of Colombia's "high society" contingent in New York. Joining director Nieto were the film's producers and actors, Colombia's General Consul Guillermo Jamarillo and several members of the Hispanic national media. The event reached a political climax when the consul himself affirmed, "The Colombian connection has replaced old connections that helped to pervert the American people." These had included some pretty sordid U.S. press copy about Colombia, but Nieto's movie, being "a satire of what drug trafficking really is," should be able to reverse that. "It is the connection of intelligence," concluded the consul, "the connection which we want to have."

*Colombia Connection* was released in the U.S., Puerto Rico, Colombia and other Caribbean nations. It can be characterized as the Colombian version of a Cheech and Chong dope comedy. The leading couple in this version, though, is on the side of the law, such as it is: the superduper macho DEA agent with his briefcase full of CIA-type weapons, links up comically with his fat, frightened and hilarious Colombian counterpart, portrayed by popular Bogota nightclub comedian Gordo Benjumea.

Portrayed as prominent members of the Bogota high society, the smugglers use ingenious schemes such as smuggling pure blow through traveling exhibitions of pre-Colombian archaeological pieces, with the proper proportions of sex, suspense and beautiful northern Colombia landscapes. Finally the narcs are able to infiltrate La Marimba's secret crank lab, and although the law wins in the end it's still fun. One of the most hilarious scenes along the way is the classic drug orgy, when both narcs and smugglers start spraying each other with all sorts of psychoactive white powders from huge jars with giant labels reading Coca, LSD, Mescalina, etc.

Gustavo Nieto, a thin, black-bearded, notably shy and gentle person, is Colombia's most successful movie director and the only one who has achieved international exposure and recognition. Trained in the U.S., he has directed some 40 short



Director Gustavo Nieto, at left, raps at the New York premiere of *Colombia Connection* with a couple of his actors. Dope and politics aside, reviewers in New York's Hispanic press all concurred that the flick presented some of the most gorgeous bodies they'd seen in years.

films, including documentaries for the U.N. "The tendencies regarding marijuana in Colombian society are now very open," he told *High Times*. "If there is government pressure against marijuana and cocaine, it

is because of the pressure and bullying of the United States government. But Colombians themselves do not see drugs as something bad or diabolic. From the social point of view, there are many people who view them without any particular mystery, and don't regard them as any great problem. To me, this is a very healthy approach."

Nieto declared that since marijuana consumption is "already an irreversible fact," there isn't any other realistic remedy than "to legalize it." Nieto also believes that Colombia will be ahead of the U.S. in this respect. There is talk already of forming a Federation of Marijuana Growers patterned more or less after the Federation of Coffee Growers.

Talking about the *Colombia Connection*, Nieto was very satisfied—and a bit surprised—with its success so far. "The movie satirically presents stereotypes of drug users created by the press, but it does not criticize consumption of marijuana or cocaine," he said. "The movie reflects a concrete situation. Drugs do exist, and a lot of people, particularly in the U.S., are consuming them, but behind all this, society still has a stupid antidrug prejudice. By ridiculing it, I am only confirming this reality."

Gustavo Nieto tries to make movies that "present very common situations inside Latin America, which, at the same time, have international relevance." *Colombia Connection* is the first parody of international smuggling viewed through the lenses of somebody who lives in "Eldorado," the magic land where gold and snow are solidly part of the national economy.

## Japan Braces for Speed Rush

TOKYO, JAPAN—In 1969, 1,000 Japanese were busted for speed; last year, over 20,000 speed busts went down. The flood of uppers into Japan from Hong Kong, Taiwan and South Korea is currently the single biggest moneymaker for Japan's mobsters, representing some 600 billion yen per year, according to the National Police Association. Most of the speed is taken by affluent middle-class adults—housewives, construction workers, corporation clerks—exactly the same sort of people who in the USA do Valium.

A top government official who demanded anonymity—possibly Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda himself—has told the *Asahi Evening News*, "Comparatively, we are suffering from

just the initial stages of drug peddling." Many Japanese bureaucrats still believe, however, that Japan's rising affluence won't bring with it a western-style rise in recreational drug use. "The top leaders should understand the problems President Carter is facing," worried the source. "We have to promote very close connections with other countries and police forces. So far, Japan has been very isolated and secluded in that respect."

The source suggested that the government should link up extradition treaties with the European Economic Community, and also legalize the common police tactic of allowing dope mules to deliver their speed to their highers-up before busting them.

## U.S. Agency Plans Bolivian Coca Poisoning

SANTA CRUZ PROVINCE, BOLIVIA—American anthropologist William Carter is currently studying patterns of traditional cocaine use by South American Indians in this hinterlands area—with a view to determining exactly how much coca leaves the Indians consume. With that information, government eradication programs can be launched against fields of "excess" coca plants. The U.S. National Institute on Drug Abuse, which is funding Carter's study, believes that 80 percent of South American coca plants could be eliminated without interfering with traditional Indian coke chewing.

As to the possibility of using paraquat or other defoliants on Bolivian coca, NIDA director Robert Dupont says, "I think herbicides are the best way, but that's not an issue."

NIDA also suggested that cocaine could be readily destroyed by defoliants without precipitating a long-term consumer panic like the recent paraquat scare. Once a single coca crop is destroyed by defoliants, it takes four years to mature another crop to harvest. Meanwhile, most South American peasant growers will either have to diversify or starve.



# Scientists Discover Why Valium Works

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Researchers for major drug companies and for the National Institute on Mental Health (NIMH) seem to have come across nature's own Valium and Librium—substances produced in the brain that have the same antianxiety effects as the much-prescribed benzodiazepine drugs. Working with rats' brains, scientists have determined that the benzodiazepines work by emphasizing the activity of the brain hormone GABA (gamma-aminobutyric acid). In certain states of emotional stress, GABA is overproduced in the brain to calm down mental activity, and Valium and Librium appear to hasten the penetration of GABA into brain-cell tissue, deepening and prolonging the hormone's calming effect.

This discovery has led researchers to the identification and isolation of natural brain chemicals called purines, which have the same effect of facilitating GABA activity. When these natural purines are administered to animals, they exhibit pronounced



*"Mother's little helpers" may be superseded by biofeedback, acupuncture, Yoga and electronic ticklers.*

antianxiety and anticonvulsant properties.

Not until the NIMH studies on benzodiazepinelike purines were announced was it revealed that the private drug companies had discovered the same thing. The big drug companies probably aren't anxious to have this information in print any sooner than necessary. Since the discovery a few years back of "endorphins"—natural brain proteins that, when stimulated, have exactly the same effects in humans as morphine—doctors everywhere have been coming up with ways to promote endorphin activity in people without using any drugs at all. Acupuncture, certain kinds of music, yogalike meditation tricks involving visualizations and chant counting, and direct stimulation of brain tissue by electrodes have all been shown to promote a high. It shouldn't be long, then, before nondrug ways are found to enhance GABA production and its action in the brain. This would put a considerable dent in Valium and Librium sales.

## Egyptian Narcs Get U.S. Advisers

ASSUIT, EGYPT—The United States government is quietly infiltrating paramilitary "technical advisers" into this underdeveloped middle-Nile area to augment the Cairo government's perpetually escalating dope war. Both banks of the Nile here, for miles inland, are populated by fiercely independent Bedouin tribesfolk who subsist entirely by minimal traditional agriculture, with virtually no assistance from the federal government; but they also produce grass to make into Egypt's cheap, low-grade variety of hash, and opium poppies, as their only source of outside revenue.

In the last ten years the Cairo government has greatly increased its repression against the middle-Nile Bedouins, claiming that their production of narcotics has gotten out of hand. However, almost none of the area's grass or hash leaves Egypt, whose estimated half-million opium smokers and five-million hash smokers actually import most of their dope from Lebanon and Pakistan. Yet in 1970, the government moved in several thousand army troops and waged a four-day firefight with the Bedouins, using armed vehicles and artillery. The Bedouins, though, who

have a long history of violent feuding among themselves, turned out to be savvy desert fighters, well-armed with Soviet weapons bootlegged from the Egyptian Army, and they held their own against the troops.

Since then, under the coordination of Cairo narc chief Sani Faraq, federal and local cops have made seasonal incursions into dope-growing country here. Several thousand narcs in 1977 systematically raided caves beside the Nile around Assuit, turning up a formidable armory stashed inside them. And last year, 600 narcs in full military gear invaded, using automatic sub-machine rifles and light mortars to "confiscate" alleged dope-growing plots.

Colonel Muhammad Zahran, the area narc chief, reports that only one cop was killed, near the ancient site of Tell el-Armana, in last year's series of 16 raids. Of dope growers, he reports, "We never caught fewer than 20, and it has sometimes gone into the hundreds." Locals charge that these numbers are comprised mainly of the families of suspected growers.

To coax the Americans into the dope war, Faraq and Zahran claim to be confiscating more poppy fields every year—55 acres by the feds in 1976, 61 acres in 1977. They claim that the Assuit farmers are beginning to switch from growing grass to growing poppies, pointing out that while Egyptian hash is thoroughly low-grade, the local opium will yield as much as 12 percent morphine after refining, compared to just 8 to 10 percent in most places.

However, it is well known that virtually no Egyptian opium ever makes it to the big Lebanese, Hong Kong or Amsterdam refineries. Virtually all of it is taken in tea, eaten or smoked by Egyptian consumers. Egyptian narcs have assured U.S. officials that last year a deputation of international smack movers from Europe and America met somewhere in Cairo with growers from Assuit; this story was evidently convincing enough to gain U.S. arms and advisers to back up Faraq's narcotics officers.

## Docs and Drug Makers Turn Aged into Over-the-Counter Junkies

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLOMBIA—Elderly people unknowingly comprise society's single greatest block of drug "abusers," a federally-supported study here has revealed. Physicians routinely write unnecessary prescriptions for old people, charges the nonprofit Social Planning and Review Council, primarily because many doctors receive their only information about drugs from advertising circulars distributed by major pharmaceutical firms. The study also found that most old people, unbeknownst to their doctors, also take a variety of over-the-counter drugs to augment their prescription medications.

Funded by the Non-Medical Use of Drugs Directorate in Ottawa, researchers discovered that the big drug companies spend an average of \$4,000 per doctor per year in advertising their dope. These ads are attractively presented, clearly illustrated and simply written; thus doctors consult them more readily for diagnostic and prescriptive purposes than the highly technical *Index Medicus*. As a result, old people who must be treated for a variety of illnesses receive an expensive variety of basic drugs, rather than one or two sophisticated medications

that might alleviate their special symptoms.

Furthermore, it was discovered that most old people are aware that cheap over-the-counter antihistamines can be used to intensify and prolong the effects of alcohol, barbiturates and other pain-killers. The study noted that of 2,000 OTC brand-name drugs peddled in drugstores, less than 200 different component drugs are used to treat only some 30 different symptoms. Between 15 and 30 percent of all profits from OTC drugs like Contac and Somnux are pumped back into advertising.

Dependency on drugs, even if the drugs don't really alleviate any physical disease symptoms, is harmful, the Planning and Review Council maintains. Especially in old people, drug dependency can "undermine personal confidence and ability to deal with the vicissitudes of life."

Once informed of this, the several thousand elderly men and women consulted in the study manifested great concern and interest. Over 78 percent reported that they learned more about the drugs they'd been taking, and all expressed a desire to learn more.



# Carter-Portillo Talks Seen as Final Blow to "Commercial" Mexican Pot



*Lopez Portillo and Carter, top Free World heads, discuss cleverest ways to oppress dope-growing campesinos.*

MEXICO CITY—"Carter's trip here is going to affect the future open-market price of Mexican marijuana," said an American pot farmer here as President Carter wound up two days of talks with Mexican president Jose Lopez Portillo. "Both men have made a commitment to destroy commercial Mexican marijuana and this country's landscape. It hurts the Mexicans, not us. The situation for the American exporter remains quite fluid."

"Let them spray all the herbicides they want," echoed another Yankee pot grower,

who before paraquat managed a campesino-run marijuana collective. "We have turned our production to smaller, more potent plots of marijuana that no government will ever discover. The commercial market was dead anyway. Carter just drove in the nails."

Such were the sentiments of most marijuana growers and exporters here to observe the American-Mexican summit that centered on oil, natural gas, immigration, trade and narcotics.

Senior White House officials publicly characterized the narcotics discussions between the two presidents as "significant" while privately stating that the narcotics topic was one of the few issues the two leaders could even get close to agreeing upon.

Carter, who had not been briefed on the State Department-sponsored environmental impact statement critical of the four-

year, \$50-million herbicide program, lauded Portillo for his war against the opium poppy. However, one senior White House official added that he did not know whether Carter "believed DEA claims that the eradication program had destroyed some 80 percent of Mexico's land-based opium."

"There's still a hell of a lot of Mexican heroin on American streets," said the official. "I find that 80 percent figure extremely bloated, and I suspect the president does as well."

Participating in the two-day round of talks was Mexican attorney general Oscar Flores Sanchez, in charge of the Mexican end of the eradication program, including the disbursement of American money and equipment in Mexico. According to a source close to the meetings, Sanchez was outraged that the bilateral program would have to take into account the health of American marijuana smokers.

"It seems," said an American cultural attache, "the paraquat program may have become a bargaining point for Carter." Another official said that the Mexicans were shocked to discover that the most successful of the bilateral programs was under such intense public pressure in the U.S. to be discontinued.

There are currently nine Americans involved in the eradication scheme, including six contract technicians who assist the Mexicans in spraying the herbicides. Details of this arrangement as well as an accounting of the \$11.5 million given to Mexico for fiscal year 1979 were termed "sensitive but not secret" by American officials. "Sure, the days of commercial Mexican are over," said one grower, "but so what? We are turning our attention to a higher-quality marijuana."

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## DEA Snitch Runs Methedrine Lab

The Drug Enforcement Administration inadvertently broadened the legal definition of "entrapment," the U.S. Third Circuit Court of Appeals here has ruled, when one of their snitches ran a speed lab nearly single-handedly to get a couple of friends busted.

The snitch, a highly experienced dope chemist looking four years in the face on a previous bust, was directed by the DEA to coax an old buddy into financing a speed lab for him. When the snitch subsequently had trouble getting a lab site and precursor chemicals, the feds obligingly rented an out-of-the-way farmhouse and actually negotiated with a chemical supply firm to score 2.5 gallons of phenyl-2-propanone for \$475 wholesale.

When the lab went into operation, the snitch—the only person involved who knew how to make speed—did all the work, while his pal and another man mainly ran errands and shopped for groceries. At the end of a week, when six pounds of speed had been made, the two nonchemists were busted.

Though convicted by a lower-court jury, the men were cleared here in a decision that roasted the DEA in detail. "We find the

nature and extent of police involvement in this case to be so overreaching as to bar prosecution of the defendants," wrote the court. "This egregious conduct on the part of the government generated new crimes by the [main] defendant merely for the sake of pressing charges against him."

## Prisoner Tortured in Nebraska

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—Prison inmate John Malek says he was subjected by local narcs to a torture worthy of Mexico or Iran when they tried to extract from him a confession of possessing illegal drugs. Malek had been admitted to Lincoln Memorial Hospital for treatment of a stab wound, at which time he was searched. Disappointed at not finding any drugs, the cops allegedly chained him to a hospital bed, raised it in the middle to a 45-degree angle, and left him like that for five hours. Malek is currently suing prison authorities and the state of Nebraska for \$100,000, while being held on charges of trying to escape from the hospital.



## Narcs Bitch about Lousy Dope

NAPLES, FLORIDA—South Florida narcs are openly complaining this year about the inferior quality of Colombian grass they're busting. In previous seasons, the cops achieved a kind of pride and connoisseurship, considering that they were busting those long tons of the best dope in the whole world. But this year it seems they've been picking up inferior weed: "We've noticed that about a third of a bale of Colombian marijuana coming in now will be dirty, mostly stems and trash," laments one disappointed fed. "Not long ago a bale would be all good and usable."

The official line from top south Florida narco authorities—mostly bureau chiefs for the DEA and Customs—holds that the quality decline in busted grass reflects the excellence of the law-enforcement community's efforts in netting all the good dope coming through. However, smugglers themselves and their lawyers and even some lower-echelon narcs have a different interpretation. The lousy grass being busted off south Florida, they suggest, may well be just the harvest leavings of the year's crop, which are sent on decoy craft to south Florida to occupy the narcs. Meanwhile, all the good stuff passes unmolested up through ports in Georgia, the Carolinas and Maine.

● John P. McGoff of Aspen, Colorado, chairman of Panax Corporation, is deeply opposed to the "swirl of filth which seems to be closing in on us on all sides"—as best exemplified by the singing group at a local supper club, which regaled Mr. McGoff and his family with a dope song called "Everybody Today Is Turning On." "It enraged me to listen to a song about the joys of drugs," McGoff wrote later in several of Panax's 59 newspapers, "especially in a room full of impressionable children." So McGoff stood up and threw a champagne glass at the stage, shattering an overhead chandelier. Broken glass showered down over several patrons below—including one impressionable child who took six stitches. McGoff was busted for disorderly conduct and reckless endangerment.

● The cheerleading squad at Almond High School in Almond, Wisconsin, has been disbanded, at least until next fall. When the girls were invited to a reception with the cheerleaders from nearby Shiocton, just before a big basketball play-off game, they brought along a whole mess of brownies into which a strong laxative had been mixed before baking. "I got a call Monday from the father of the cheerleader captain of the Shiocton team," says Almond principal William Peterson, "who said his two daughters had been very ill over the weekend, and he suspected foul play." The Almond girls evidently served up the trot brownies in revenge for being called "four-letter words and so on" by Shiocton kids at an earlier basketball meet last season.

● A very smartly dressed woman of 50 handed a note to a Bank of America teller in Los Angeles. "I want \$25,000," it said. The teller was still counting the money out when the woman abruptly snapped, "I don't want it. Put it back in the drawer. I want to be arrested." She sat on the floor, tapping impatiently on her purse, while the



Colombian, say Florida cops, is no longer the gem of the ocean.

bank called the feds. According to the teller, the first FBI man to come through the door winced and moaned, "Oh, it's her again."

● Teller Michele August at the Ravenswood Bank in Chicago was processing a long line of customers when one slipped her a note demanding \$6 million. "You know," she told the man authoritatively, "you've got to have a withdrawal slip for this much money." While he obediently filled out the slip at another counter and went all through the slowly moving line again, she called the cops. When he presently got to her window again, he presented a slip for only \$6,000. "Oh, that's a mistake," he apologized. "It should be million. I forgot to add enough zeroes." Then the cops showed up.

● "You mean this ain't even a bank?" exclaimed the suspect when patrolmen picked him up at the Terminal Annex Post Office in Anchorage, Alaska. The man had walked in, gone straight to the security guard's desk and handed him two notes. "Give me all your money, I'll kill," said the first. The other begged, "I need help, give me your gun."

● Employees at the Crocker National Bank in Sherman Oaks, California, dropped an explosive tear-gas can and a red-dye vial, timed to go off in a few minutes, into a bag of cash demanded by a hold-up artist. The man left and everyone was listening for the explosion when a passerby walked in with the bag, saying somebody had just dropped it out front. It blew up all over everybody in the bank.

● Customers at the Pekin Cleaners in Chicago, Illinois, simply didn't believe the youth who came in waving a pistol, demanding all they had. So to prove he meant business, the boy fired it—and blew off his left-hand little finger. He got his act together enough to collect a portable TV and \$13 from the astonished crowd and left. However, he forgot to take the severed finger and was shortly afterward tracked down from the print.

● "I guess he just got too involved in his work," said a Garland, Texas, policeman after finding a nude 18-year-old boy hanging by his knees from the rafters inside the

Orchard Hills Shopping Center Pharmacy, shaving his armpits and singing. The boy had evidently meant to rob the place after hours but nipped down a few too many of whatever drugs he was after.

● Somebody stole the portrait of Colonel Sanders from a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in Tucson, Arizona, and called later demanding 15 buckets of chicken be placed in a safe spot before he'd give the Colonel back. The employees told him to forget it.

● A Reno, Nevada, man recently got hit with \$953 in back-due parking tickets, simply because he'd paid extra to have his license plates stamped with the letters "NONE." It seems Reno cops fill out a lot of traffic tickets on cars with no plates at all, and routinely feed the central traffic computer with parking stubs labeled "NONE."

● Tavern owners in Corpus Christie, Texas, have been losing a bundle ever since police chief Bill Banner began dispatching a special squad of uniformed cops to hang out in the local bars. Banner says the cops are supposed to bust drunks for public intoxication before they have a chance to get in their cars and smash them up on the way home. "These actions smack of a police state," charges a committee of local taverners, "and do not present the proper image for a tourist- and convention-oriented city." Banner has responded by speculating that Corpus Christie boozers will get used to the boys in blue watching them lush it up. In the meantime, register receipts are 20 percent below average.

Jim Rifenburg

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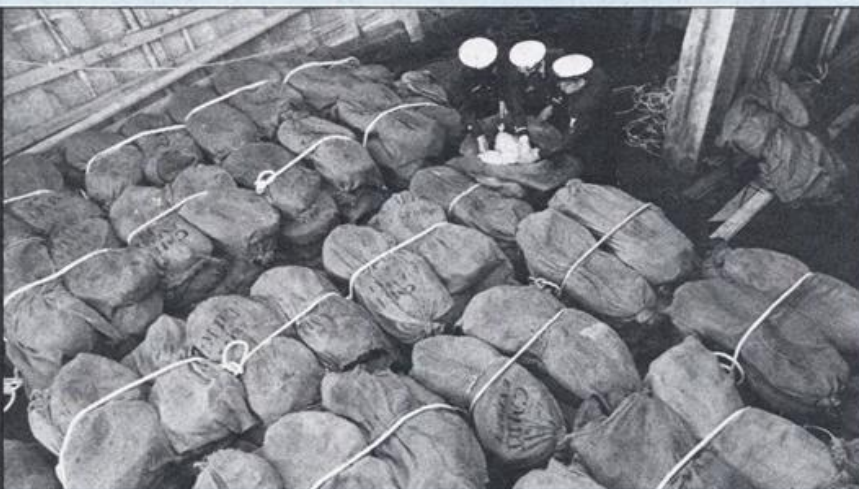
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# High Crimes

## Intercontinental Hash Record Shattered

### Record U.S. Hash Bust: Narcs Pounce on 22 Tons of Lebanese in N.Y. Harbor



All this hash sat for days on a Jersey wharf, guarded only by a couple of Coasties with shotguns. Where, pray, were you all that time? Stoned, no doubt, fool.

NEW YORK CITY—The biggest hash fall in U.S. history startled the psychedelic world when 22 tons of cedar-stamped Lebanese hashish were netted in New York Harbor by swabs from the Coast Guard cutter *Point Francis*. The rusty, 20-year-old steamer *Olaug*—loaded with super-sophisticated radio gear, with the Lebanese magic stuff inside truck inner tubes stacked in the main hold—had just rounded the Sandy

Hook promontory and was heading for the Jersey shore when the *Point Roberts* drew alongside and six crew members armed with M-15s asked permission to board. The *Olaug* crew, five Yanks and two West Germans under a German captain, resignedly gave permission: the *Olaug* had been rather obviously dogged by surveillance craft for six days, all the way from Norfolk, Virginia. Why the DEA waited for the steamer to make New York Harbor before calling in the Coasties—days after every East Coast dope wholesaler knew from the *Olaug*'s code transmissions that it was doomed—is still a matter of controversy.

Evidently the voyage of the Liberian-registered *Olaug* had been monitored by international narco agencies ever since it had set out from the U.S. four months before. The Yank crew boarded it at Trinidad, and it then cruised into the Mediterranean. The dope—by far the biggest single shipment of Lebanese since the civil war ended last year, in one-pound tan slabs proudly stamped with the Lebanese national emblem—was evidently loaded onto the *Olaug* after several European hash syndicates had mysteriously backed out on a variety of deals that would have distributed the 21 tons among several other vessels. The *Olaug*'s captain, allegedly working for a notorious Amsterdam hash financier, seems to have been stuck with the enormous haul, after several rival global dope movers conspired to set up his boss for the historic dope move. Scrupulously following orders, he took on the inner tubes in Lanarkia, Cyprus, and steamed back through Gibraltar into the clutches of the U.S. DEA.

● 500 grass plants and 25 kilos of bagged dope were confiscated from the Cayagan Valley in Echauge in the Philippines, after Brigadier General Gil Miguel ordered a military crackdown on the area. Two plantations, which has lately come to be called the Philippines' own "Golden Triangle" of weed.

● A twin-engine Cessna Titan II, carrying 1,380 pounds of smoke, was grabbed at the Darlington County Airport near Dovesville, South Carolina, in a massive police offensive.

A hovering copter pinned the plane down while nearly 50 cops from the DEA, the Highway Patrol and the State Aeronautical Commission busted 15 men at the site—including a local attorney, formerly head of the American Trial Lawyers Association, who only weeks previously had turned down a federal judgeship. Also seized at the site were three vans fitted with police-band radios, and a pickup truck with a steering apparatus especially modified for operation by a paraplegic. The alleged conspirators had been infiltrated for months by state undercover narc William Moziugo.

● Somebody abandoned a milk truck with 2.5 tons of fume in it on a Key West, Florida, street one night last spring, and somebody else tipped the cops to it. Two Cubanos were first busted by the narc stakeout after they'd moved three bales from the truck to their car. Next, two more men drove up in a Ford Torino and began unloading dope; but when Detective Charles Hitchens brought down the bust, they dove back into their car and drove away. Hitchens, hanging onto the door frame, was dragged several yards, skinning both knees, before another narc fired at the car and hit a rear tire. The car piled up in the garden of a doctor just down the block. One of the occupants escaped, and the other was busted.

● Two men were busted by county and local cops in Ramona, California, for running what they termed "a wholesale grass-shipping operation"—a small greenhouse with about 100 pounds of growing plants in it. "They had a regular greenhouse, 30-by-50-foot setup, the whole thing," marvelled Sergeant Dick van Ravesteyn of the town cops, who says a "a number of weapons" were also found on the premises.

● One of Chicago's former top commodities salesmen was grabbed in his 34th-floor Lake Point Tower suite in possession of 1,500 Quaaludes, 5 pounds of Maui Wowie sinsemilla, 6 ounces of snort, 1 pound of Lebanese hash, 1,000 doses of meth and 20 tabs of acid. The financier, who had recently been dismissed from Heinold Commodities for allegedly mishandling millions in orders, told cops he'd taken to dealing dope because it was more profitable.

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# Chicago Financial Center Stung by DEA Coke Busts

Thirty warrant-wielding Drug Enforcement Administration agents walked onto the floor of the Chicago Board of Options Exchange (CBOE) at closing time one afternoon last spring, sealed off the exits, and commenced busting traders, floor runners and clerks for coke dealing. Seven men and women were read their rights in a corridor on the seventh floor of the Board of Trading Building on West Jackson Street, and two more were collared over cocktails downstairs at the Sign of the Trader restaurant. The DEA pulled the snort raid, they said, after buying a total of 53 grams of executive toot from CBOE flunkies in 24 separate buys—six on the trading floor itself—over a one-year undercover investigation.

The nine bustees were characterized by embarrassed Chicago options movers as notorious underachievers. "The most successful traders I know do not indulge on the floor," declared a Chicago options mogul righteously. "The goofballs who only want to make \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year, low-key people, they're the ones who take drugs on the floor."

Evidently folks were passing \$100 grams right along with the options certificates, and even \$2,000 ounces on occasion. "It was rather blatant," notes Chicago DEA chief Abraham Azzan.

"Sure it's a supermarket," admitted one national stock trader. "You can get anything you want. But it's no different from the other exchanges, or the banks around town." In fact, New York City coke dealers supply stupendous amounts of superior crank to Wall Street brokers and floor runners, considering the financial area the Big Apple's most secure and lucrative market.



A pound of coke and a lot of currency: Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Qualudes also move briskly anywhere financier types congregate.

The notorious prevalence of coke use throughout all financial centers of the U.S.—and around the world, in fact—has given rise to bitter charges from CBOE traders that the DEA came down on the fledgling Chicago options bazaar at the bidding of powerful New York stock magnates. The CBOE, only five years in operation, was the first U.S. exchange to specialize in options trading, which essentially involves speculating on potential, not actual, investment values.

Since the whole racket is rife with possibilities for quasi-legal windfall profiteering, outright fraud and cutthroat swindles, New York financial centers regarded the CBOE's 1974 opening as a lowering of the tone of the whole stocks industry. However, soon after the CBOE began building up a steady trade, many New York firms estab-

lished options setups themselves in self-defense. When CBOE trading abruptly accelerated in the spring of 1978—amid sundry scandals and local homicides—New York, having only copped 40 percent of the options racket from the CBOE, evidently began taking steps. In any case, it was at this time that Azzan launched his DEA investigation.

The executive committee of the CBOE, under chairman William Smith, has declared that it "deplores the manner in which the Drug Enforcement Agency [sic] has chosen to handle" its Chicago operation.

● A three-year-old kid was searched by airport Customs snoops at Miami International, who turned up 1.7 pounds of Bolivian flake in the heels of his shoes. Narcs sent him straight into a child-care institution. The kiddie mule's mother, 26, was also busted. The two had been bound for Manchester, New Hampshire, out of Bogota, Colombia.

● During an intensified anticoke campaign in Colombia, F-2 narcs captured ten cocaine laboratories in Cauca, a province in the southwest corner of the country. According to police, who have been known to exaggerate in situations such as this, no less than 2,000 kilos of toot were seized in the raids on the towns of Bolivar, La Vega, Lamaguer and Caloto, not far from the colonial city of Popayan. The police chief of Cauca Province added that the raids would continue.

## Hit Parade

In June a young narc's fancy turns to dope... No shit, it really does; that's what those people are like. Right now, while you're out working on your tan and pruning the first tertiary leaves off the backyard stand, these twits are conspiring in the tobacco-smoke-filled cellar of your local "public safety center" on the cleverest ways to cop your dope and screw up your whole life. Anybody human right now just wants to get laid-back, listen to the birdsong and screw themselves silly in the midsummer hay. But narcs?! They're oiling their guns in the back of parked rent-a-vans, listening through earphones to endless hours of boring telephone conversations. Shouldn't there be some program to locate and identify these miserable wretches when they're still young enough to benefit from compassionate counseling and therapy?

● 68,000 lbs of Colombian nipped aboard vessel *Sea Lane*, 300 miles off Miami, by CGC *Courageous*; 13 crew busted under U.S. "hovering act" law.

● 40,000 lbs of Guajira gold copped from a four-engine turbo-prop Lockheed

Constellation in Panama City, Florida, by Customs narcs.

● 26,000 lbs of Jamaican discovered by North York, Ontario, cops in a Fairview Mall public locker; five men, three women busted later at home.

● 18,000 lbs of baled homegrown netted in raid on mountain cabin near Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, by county cops; no busts.

● 10,000 lbs of grass nipped during unloading from 60-foot yacht to canalside home in Palm Beach, Florida, by sheriff's depts working on a DEA tip; four Latinos, boat and van nailed.

● 5,000 tabs of methaqualone (mint Rorer) purchased in a Lindenhurst, New York, diner by Suffolk County narcs; two busts.

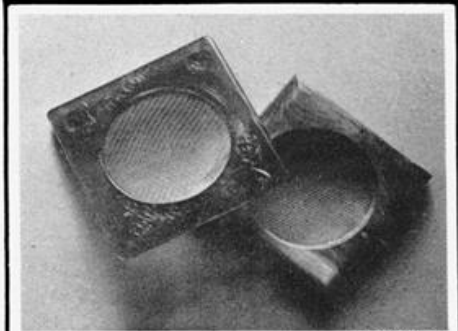
● 2,000 lbs of La Marimba raided in storehouse near private airstrip on Redondo Ranch near Naples, Florida; six arrests.

● 2,000 lbs of Colombo and 200 'ludes nailed in Homestead, Florida, by Dade and Broward county cops; seven busted.

● 1,400 lbs of Mex in a twin-engine Piper Aztec, forced down on the county strip near Fort Stockton, Texas, by Customs pursuit plane; pilot busted.

● 200 lbs of grass, six lbs of hash, five ounces of coke and 500 reds nailed in a Pomona, California, split-level after the dealers began shooting each other; three busted, one hospitalized.

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# Reefer Reform

CAMP Urges Voter Registration

## Message to Carter: Legalize Pot or Forget 1980 Election

Everything President Carter does for the next year, in both foreign and domestic affairs, will be geared toward copping the Democratic nod at next summer's convention. During election years, politicians are notoriously subject to public pressure, so Atlanta plotters of the Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP) are pressing a nationwide voter-registration movement among heads, coordinated with a series of high-visibility progress street demonstrations. The idea is to remind all presidential candidates, and Carter in particular, that the Democrats nudged out the Republicans in the 1976 election largely with the votes of pot smokers who had swallowed Carter's campaign promise to legalize grass once elected.

"Contrary to prevailing myth, marijuana does not affect one's long-term memory" warns a CAMP manifesto, "and pot smokers won't forget Carter's failure to act on the marijuana issue." CAMP intends to set up voter-registration booths with banners reading "Legalize Marijuana—Register to Vote." The message to Washington should be clear and unmistakable: "We have to make the politicians aware that those people who are out there in the streets demonstrating are registered to vote," says CAMP coordinator Shay Addams. "That's



Sinister Shaykh Addams, "Lawrence of Colombia" 's comic-strip biographer, is also CAMP national coordinator.

the language politicians understand: votes."

In the event that Carter fails to gain the Democratic renomination in 1980, CAMP is already weighing strategy for the exploitation of a lame-duck presidency. In the interval between the summer's convention and the November elections next year, it's very possible that Carter could be in the position of making policies that, while politically audacious in the short run, could pay off big in the long run—such as legalizing grass, or at least redesignating it for

Schedule Two, so that physicians could prescribe it to cancer, glaucoma and asthma patients.

"If Carter has to write off the '80 elections," points out Addams, "he might as well legalize pot. After he did that and then ran again in '84, he'd have a guaranteed constituency: eight more years for sure."

● The principal of Boulder High School in Boulder, Colorado, has allowed the school's student council to organize the formation of a chapter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). Principal Gary Cox said the council could start the NORML chapter "if they follow the same procedures we have for establishing any club."

"We have a number of kids who think that marijuana prohibition is a good legal question that needs to be debated," Cox said. He explained that "NORML doesn't promote the use of marijuana. It promotes the reform of laws governing use, and particularly that such laws not be criminal statutes. That's a healthy debate subject for high-school students."

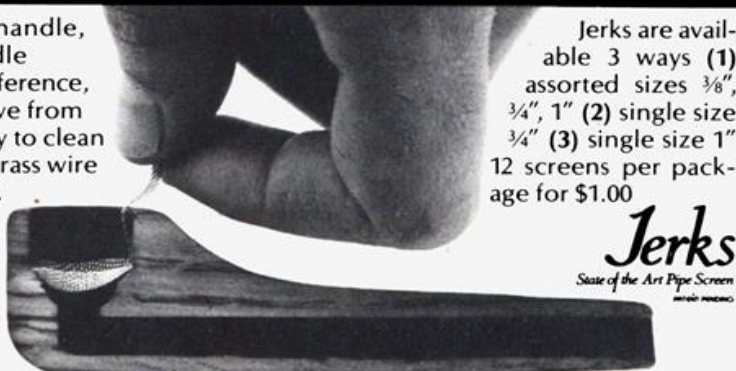
The principal said it was "hard to tell" if enough students would be interested in joining; school rules require a "significant" (but unspecified) number of kids be part of any club before it gets school recognition. Unofficial tallies indicate that there will be no problem finding a significant number of Boulder students interested in joining the "dope club."

● Tokers in California had until May 5 to petition for a ballot initiative which, if passed in the June 1980 primaries, would effectively place marijuana in the same category as alcohol. As proposed by Burbank Republican businessman Barton Gilbert, 26, the initiative would entirely reschedule grass from a "controlled substance" to an "intoxicant." The State's Alcoholic Beverage Control statutes would then apply to grass, legalizing its use by anyone over 21 years old. Minors would still be legally prohibited from smoking it; and home cultivation would be legally equivalent to moonshining beer or liquor, with the same penalties.

A Berkeley political-science graduate, Gilbert believes that by rescheduling grass and taxing it, a lot of money will flow back into civil-service budgets, which have been radically depleted since the passing of the "Proposition 13" Jarvis amendment last year. This, he is confident, would swing support of dopers and nondopers alike behind his initiative, for which he needs 350,000 signatures on petitions currently circulating through California.

If a sufficient number of signatures are gathered, the proposal will come to a vote in next year's presidential election. Gilbert believes that once it is on the ballot, the proposal has an excellent chance of passing. Since neither the Republicans nor the Democrats appear to be fielding candidates who are very popular among their memberships, the '80 primaries should be very hotly contested, bringing out record numbers of voters. The more people who vote on the Gilbert initiative, experts believe, the more likely it is to be passed.

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# Margaret Trudeau Eludes Super-Trank Brainwashers

Globetrotting grass toker Margaret Trudeau, estranged spouse of Canadian prime minister Pierre, relates that she narrowly and ingeniously avoided having her brains scrambled by Canadian shrinks during a hospital stay brought on largely by her husband's inattention to her. It seems that before they were married, the prime minister-to-be made it starkly clear to her that politics would take precedence over her welfare.

And politics did. Margaret, who has a degree in political science from Vancouver University, found the enforced insipidity of being the first lady of a major world power intolerably restrictive and boring. The stress brought on by her role accumulated as time went on, and in 1976 she was admitted to a hospital for what the press called "treatment of an undisclosed condition."

Actually she was confined to a psychiatric ward, where doctors attempted to inflict heavy mood-altering, behavior-modifying tranks upon her. "Had it not been for the attention and love given me by one of the nurses, and my own refusal to take all the medication they were giving me, I'm sure I would have gone insane," she reveals. "Every time they gave me the pills, I spat them out while the nurse turned her head."

Eventually Margaret managed to finagle her release from the facility. A fortuitous present from Jordan's King Hussein—\$3,000 in top-notch camera gear—led her to discover an aptitude for photography. This ultimately contributed, she says, to the celebrated breakup of the Trudeau marriage.

The critical episode occurred last year. "It was my sixth wedding anniversary, and Pierre and I were supposed to have lunch, but he cancelled," Margaret recalls. "We were then supposed to have a nice romantic dinner, but he couldn't." She wound up instead taking shots at a Rolling Stones concert in Toronto that night, and she subsequently went on tour with them as a full-time photographer.

The first lady's cannabis preferences are so well-known, and she so openly discusses them, that even the most rabid antigass media scandal mongers are wholly unable to capitalize on them. "Pot smoking makes



Maggie at Studio 54: pot sure beats Stelazine.

me feel very organized," she declares. "Pierre and I always used to fight about it. He would get furious with me if I smoked in the official residence. I see nothing wrong in pot, and the laws against it oftentimes are quite antiquated. It helps me see things more clearly." She intends to discuss the virtues of reefer at length in her forthcoming autobiography.

● The top Scotland Yard narc, Detective Chief Inspector Anthony Rich, has been nailed for pinching evidence dope and reselling it to London dealers. With his two prime narco henchmen—Detective Inspector David Draper and Detective Sergeant Kevin Carrington—the dreaded Yard "hippie basher" has been recycling whole bricks of confiscated Lebanese blond hash back to the streets, the agency's anticorruption squad charged. All three men are in their early 30s.

● Murray Riley, who twice won Olympic gold medals in rowing for Australia, has been given five years with five on parole for conspiracy to import cannabis. The Sydney court convicted Riley of helping move in some 6.5 tons of Thai sticks from Bombay, after he had already spent a year in a New Zealand slammer for attempting to bribe a cop.

● Several of his teenage girl fans have blown the whistle on number-one Tokyo balladeer Char, 23, for allegedly shooting up speed at a party they'd attended. The girls, busted later on speed charges of their own, reportedly fingered the singer—real name Naoto Takenaka—after intensive grilling by Tokyo narcs.

Charges have not yet been officially brought against Char, Japan's hottest seller to the preteen-girl market.

● Sir Harold MacMillan's high-society granddaughter Rachel, 22, was among a broad group of top-drawer London celebrities who helped set up Ghanaian physician George Dodoo for a bust involving over three kilos of coke. The arrest, ballyhooed Scotland Yard, destroyed "one of the biggest cocaine rings in history." Dr. Dodoo, previously with St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington, was a popular figure at exclusive society parties, where he always gave away coke generously. He never sold any himself but set up numerous people with his own steady connections. Several young women to whom he gave occasional snorts, though, confessed to their influential parents about it, who then went to Scotland Yard with Dodoo's name. When one of Dodoo's associates was busted returning through Edinburgh International from La Paz with a case full of snow, three other mules involved in the same shipment telephoned Dodoo in a panic from Madrid, Spain. Dodoo, who was throwing a party at the moment, had Rachel MacMillan translate the call from Spanish for him. When cops subsequently raided Dodoo's home, they found nothing there but measuring scales; nevertheless, thanks to the testimony of Ms. MacMillan and others, Dodoo was convicted in Inner London Crown Court.

● The U.S. Air Force has rehired, with a fat "expenses" consideration fee, 37 civilian technicians who were sacked last year from a sensitive Colorado satellite-tracking facility, for dope smoking. Evidently a team of air-force snoops had infiltrated the facility, the USAF's Space and Missile Systems Organization near Aurora, and put it to each individual there that "foreign agents" might someday try to "blackmail" anyone who was into nasty private vices. The technicians were asked to confide all their little foibles to the snoops as a tactic for circumventing this possible blackmail, and everyone who admitted to occasional toking was promptly canned. Outraged, the 37 hired a team of lawyers to hit the USAF with a civil-liberties suit—whereupon they were all quickly rehired and given \$375,000 to split up for expenses incurred. All 37 heads—a USAF bulletin officially affirmed, are "loyal and patriotic Americans."

## QUIET DAYS IN CLEMENTE





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## PARAPHERNALIA GIFTS

**\$10 VALUE FREE. PARAPHERNALIA** retailers get the D-Hydro Bottle by responding to this ad on company letterhead. KLIMAX NOVELTY CORP., 509 P North Bicycle Path Lane, Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776.

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**PERSONALIZED PARAPHERNALIA.** Now it's possible to own one-of-a-kind paraphernalia. Our catalog features Bong, Pipe and Roach Clip parts in many colors, shapes and sizes, along with lettering and decals. You select the parts you want and we'll construct it. A conventional paraphernalia catalog is also available. \$2 (refundable) gets you both catalogs. Foreign orders welcome. CUSTOM DESIGNS, P.O. Box 57, East Norwich, NY 11732.

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**ATTENTION BASEMENT** chemists! Catalog of Synthesis Reports (714's, etc.) \$1. Refundable (no checks) to: UNS Box 333-HT Brooklyn, NY 11235.

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**TRIPPY UNTREATED GARDENING** seeds: Baby Woodrose—\$1.50/10 seeds, \$14.73/1/2 oz. (140 seeds), \$24.53/oz.; Morning Glories "Heavenly Blues"—\$1.50/9 grams (270 seeds), \$10.80/1/4 lb., \$18/1/2 lb., \$30/lb. Postpaid! SWAMP FOX HERBS, P.O. Box 66133, Houston, TX 77006.

**COCAINE SUBSTITUTE DESOXYEPHEDRINE hydrochloride.** Easily made from nonprescription drugs available anywhere. Send \$10 for copyrighted formula to: STAR DUST, Box 21, Oakmont, PA 15139.

**LOVE MARIJUANA? WANT A** pound? You could be a new winner! Today is your last chance to send your dollar to P.O. Box 1148, Nashua NH 03061.

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**SHIT CORRECTLY! SQUAT.** Details free from Squatting Institute, P.O. Box 3036, Roosevelt Field Station, Garden City, NY 11530. Breathe correctly. Wear shoulder-hung clothing as opposed to clothes that must constrict around one's

waist to stay up. Shoulder-hung clothing have the ability to be worn loose around one's midsection enabling one to extend one's breathing cavity to its full distention. If one's breathing cavity is allowed to distend to its full distention on each breath, increased oxygenation of body will occur. Increase your good body: wear shoulder-hung clothing with loose midsection and keep the breathing free and loose. Peace. Humanity.

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**PHOTO IDENTIFICATION** cards: Sample and details, 25c and self-addressed, stamped envelope. Box 393-H#2, Bala, PA 19004.

**IDENTIFICATION CARD** catalog. Send stamped, addressed envelope. NIPCOV, 303 E. Main, Barstow, CA 92311.

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**\$50,000 (tax free) needed** to test navigation through sandbars and mud, without dredge. Box 10827, Zepher Cove, NV 89448.

**COLUMBIAN COLLECTIBLES.** Four different uncirculated Columbian banknotes. Send \$4 to IDEATION, Box 27384, Omaha, NB 68127.



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**GROWING MUSHROOMS?** Specially enriched, prepared sterile malt agar plates. 10 for \$15. Money orders only please for immediate shipment. D and M LABORATORIES, P.O. Box 214466, Sacto, CA 95821.

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Send to: Fly High Corp.  
P.O. Box 1429, Beaverton,  
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**FERTILE OPIUM POPPY** seeds. \$1.50/350, \$2.50/700, \$3/1050. HAPPY TRAILS, P.O. Box 2906, Orlando, FL 32802.

**FARMERS—PREPARE FOR** legalization. Regional Agricultural Schools are teaching commercial cannabis production. For dates, locations, details, send self-addressed, stamped envelope and \$1 to: CROP MASTERS, P.O. Box 804, Irmo, SC 29063.

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SEEDS & HERBS SENT FREE  
Mountain High  
Box 37, Lafayette, CO.  
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**PILLS. HOW TO GET THEM.** Send stamped, addressed envelope. MCDONOUGH, P.O. Box 2030, Las Vegas, NV 89101.

**MUSHROOM GROWING SUPPLIES** from Mushroompeople—the most complete mail-order source of mushroom supplies. Try: Bob's malt agar medium, \$9.50/1/2 lb.; "Growing Wild Mushrooms," by Bob Harris, \$4.50; "Sporeprint, Mushroom News Service," \$25/yr. Write for free catalog. MUSHROOM-PEOPLE, 12783 Sir Francis Drake Blvd., P.O. Box 607A, Inverness, CA 94937. (Ca. residents add 6% tax.)

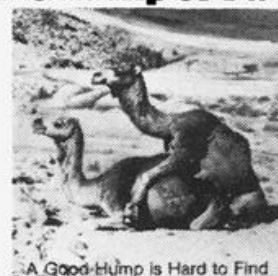
**ALL FEMALE PLANTS: EASY** with hormone that controls sex of cannabis. Generous supply; with instructions, \$10.50 plus \$.50 postage and handling. Information \$2. HI-GRO PRODUCTS, P.O. Box 10381, Midwest City, OK 73110.

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Structural formula of cocaine on men's tee or ladies' French cut. White on navy. Small, med. or large. Mens \$6.95; Ladies \$8.95. Send check or money order to Stegosaurus, Box 25042, Honolulu, Hawaii 96825.

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# TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS



## AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	a real skullfucker	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	pure; health-nut heaven	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	2-3
		kilo	100-175
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo, nirvana	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
Opium	always a knockout	oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

## AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	forget it	oz	10-25
Superior domestic	top quality	lb	50-125
Thai sticks	excellent, beware phonies	oz	45-55
		lb	575-700
Nepalese hash	slabs, some black primo	one	15-18
Lebanese hash	kangaroo express delivers	oz	200-300
Domestic hash	truly inferior	lb	2000-3000
		lb	2300-2900
Afghani hash	black, nice head	oz	50-100
		lb	1400-1800
LSD	microdot, tile	oz	350-400
Cocaine	costly when found	hit	3-4
		gm	125-200
		oz	2500-3000

## CANADA

Domestic	lots planted	oz	10-20
		lb	100-125
Commercial	glut, some fresh	oz	30-45
Colombian	some fresh	lb	350-450
Connoisseur	rare of late	oz	45-65
Colombian		lb	475-600
Hawaiian	excellent, but scarce	oz	180-200
Thai sticks	up, some ersatz	one	20-25
Afghani hash	worthwhile	oz	160-200
MDA	cupid's delight, here and there	hit	1200-1800
		hit	2-4
Methamphetamine	crystal, good	oz	500-800
Honey oil	Toronto special	lb	4500-7000
	amber,	gm	35-50
	tremendous	oz	450-600
Cocaine	z-z-z-z-z, come to U.S.	gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	lots of stock, slow delivery	oz	5-10
Commercial	why bother?	lb	50-80
		oz	2-4
Colombian hash	improving,	lb	30-40
Colombian hash oil	still ho-hum	oz	10-30
Mushrooms	try again	lb	100-250
		oz	150-200
Cocaine	OK supply, not big commercially	lb	1000-1250
	bull market,	oz	3-5
	a top year	lb	100-300
		oz	150-500
		lb	2000-5000

## HOLLAND

Moroccan hash	tourist trap	gm	2.50
Lebanese red	same as elsewhere—OK	kilo	1250
Afghani hash	fine, higher in Amsterdam	gm	2
Pakistani hash	for the choosy	kilo	1000
Nepalese hash	limited stash, connections needed	gm	4
Domestic grass	very bad	kilo	3250
Colombian grass	very hard to find	gm	2.50
Cocaine	for numbskulls only	kilo	1500
Chitral hash	black, OK	gm	3
Mandrax	200 mg	kilo	2000
		one	free
		oz	50-80
		lb	450-650
		gm	85-up
		oz	1300-2100
		gm	2.50
		kilo	1250
		one	50-2

## MEXICO

Torreón violet	conspicuously absent	oz	8-12
		lb	30-75

Oaxacan tops	ready for market	oz	2-5
		lb	50-90
Mexican sinsemilla	surprisingly weak	oz	2-5
Acapulco gold	watch for it	lb	20-50
		oz	10-20
Emerald hash	not bad, scratchy	lb	50-100
		oz	20-50
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	300-500
		oz	3-6
Pueblo	good, when and if	lb	20-50
		oz	3-6
Magic mushrooms	Montezuma's revenge	lb	20-70
Cocaine	no buy, go South	oz	5-10
		lb	50-125
Opium	slow scene lately	gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		lb	30-75
		oz	300-500

## PERU

Brown buds	jungle grass	oz	4-5
		lb	55
Gold buds	mountain grass	oz	10
		lb	70-75
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	2-3
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in bundles	lb	35
		kilo	2-3
Coca paste	for smoking	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure, the world's best	gm	5-10
	locally produced, not very good	kilo	8500
Quaaludes		one	.20

## SPAIN

African	steady stream	oz	35
		lb	400
Spanish griffe	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks, blond and red, not the best	oz	40-50
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	kilo	1000-1200
LSD	good blotter	oz	50-60
		hit	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
Cocaine	good to excellent, tops USA's	gm	3-5
	different kinds, in quantity	oz	200-300
		lb	80-120
Quaaludes		oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	200-225

## USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	here today, gone mañana	oz	25-50
Quality Jamaican	soon come, bro'	lb	125-275
Commercial	stable for three years	oz	30-40
Colombian	return of the king	lb	125-300
Connoisseur		oz	25-40
Colombian		lb	200-375
Seedless	top stuff, scarce	oz	45-60
Colombian		lb	350-550
Colombian shake	rattle and roll	oz	50-75
Burmese buds	stony as hell	lb	500-675
		oz	20
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	lb	250
		oz	100-150
Colombian seeds	speckled beauties, some top-notch	lb	850-1400
Pseudo sticks	yawn	oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
California red hair	tasty, potent, plentiful	oz	25
California sinsemilla	too costly—fly to Nepal	lb	75-125
Florida sinsemilla	hot new item, market testing	oz	750-1250
Jamaican sinsemilla	spicy new breed	lb	50-125
Hawaiian	astronomical, runner's curse	oz	450-1000
Puna buds	erratic supply	lb	75-150
Moroccan hash	hello old friend	oz	650-1350
Lebanese hash	overpriced, fair	lb	floating
Black Afghani hash		oz	50-75
		lb	500-850
		oz	100-175
		lb	800-1200
		oz	75-100
		lb	625-800
		oz	85-120
		lb	1000-1400
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-1800

Nepalese hash	pressed balls, knockout, West mostly	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1200
Paki hash	just decent, no buy	oz	75-100
Thai sticks	or so they say	one	800-1200
		oz	15-30
Hawaiian	biggest crop ever	oz	150-175
		lb	150-175
Hash oils	more potent, Afghani to honey	gm	1000-1750
PCP	powder, the pits	oz	25-40
LSD	Renaissance, smaller dosage	gm	400-800
		hit	60-75
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen, dried	oz	2-4
Peyote	flourishing, some homegrown	oz	25-45
Quaaludes, 714s	rare, many "boots"	one	4-30
Methaqualone powder	do-it-yourself 'ludes	100	50-150
Cocaine	various qualities	gm	3-5
MDA	on-off supply	gm	250-350
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	gm	500-750
		oz	60-120
		gm	1000-2000
		gm	35-60
		oz	40-75
		oz	750-1500

## Alaska

Commercial	fair to middlin'	oz	50-60
Colombian		lb	450-525
Connoisseur	resurgence, price stamped	oz	60-75
Colombo	good A.M. weed	lb	525-700
Domestic weed	more than usual of late	oz	25-40
	hot damn	lb	30-50
Hawaiian		oz	250-400
Puna buds	best buy when available	lb	175-250
Hawaiian shake	standard issue	oz	1000-1700
Lebanese hash	gone with the wind	lb	35-45
Black Afghani hash	a honey for the money	oz	275-475
Hash oil	roller-coaster market	gm	10-20
Quaaludes	steady flow; good to pits	ea	140-175
LSD	quality varies wildly	ea	10-20
Cocaine	trucking per usual	gm	130-175
White Cross		oz	35-65
		ea	4-15
		oz	3-5
		gm	85-120
		oz	1800-2300
		ea	.50
		100	20-35

## Hawaii

Puna buds	juicy, fruity, unreal stone	oz	110-160
Kona gold	inflation leader, but great	lb	1000-1800
Mauna Loa	buds look sugarcoated	oz	100-140
		lb	1000-1700
Maui	big fat buds, choice high	oz	100-130
Leper grass	Molokai export, killer buds	lb	1200-1500
Oahu shake	intense buzz	oz	100-150
Leaf sticks	big leaves, GI special	one	1000-1800
		oz	75-100
High-grown seeds	for real	four	100-1500
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	20-40
Amphetamines	white crosses	oz	5-10
	black beauts	one	75-125
LSD	mostly microdot	one	1500
Lebanese hash	light color, not bad	gm	.50
Hash oil	novelty items only	one	2.50
Magic mushrooms	lots of fun, in season	gm	2-4
		gm	10
		free	free

**High Times** welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐



# INSIDE EVERY SEED IS A MARIJUANA MACHINE

## INSIDE EVERY SEED IS A MARIJUANA MACHINE

**Photosynthesis**—All plants grow by means of photosynthesis: The ability to use light energy, water and **carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>)** to form new growth. Plants are given all of the sunshine and water from the natural atmosphere. Only CO<sub>2</sub> (at .033% of the earth's atmospheric gas) is in short supply. In fact, on a warm, still, summer day it is possible for a cornfield to use up to 20 times more CO<sub>2</sub> than is in the surrounding air.

The **PyraPonic Process** uses a fertilizer that is introduced to the **PyraPonic Perfect Soil Medium** once per month. This special fertilizer acts as a catalyst to help decompose the soil over a period of one year. And, as a **Natural Bi-Product of Decomposition, a Carbon Dioxide gas is released from the soil.**

Horticulturists have always known that any time a **carbon dioxide** gas is concentrated, the growth rate of any plant is accelerated **2 to 3 times**. Greenhouses around the world have used this method to accelerate the growth rate of plants such as Rose Bushes and Orchids for years.

**Tetra Hydra-Cannabinol Δ9**—Marijuana is a peculiar kind of plant. It grows in **hot, dry stress environment** conditions and it produces 56 different varieties of cannabinoids. These cannabinoids combine to form a very sticky substance or resin.

The Marijuana plant never intended to get anybody High! All it wanted to do was produce a resin sticky enough to retain water between rains in a **hot, dry stress environment.**

Well, when one molecule of CO<sub>2</sub> is absorbed into the leaf structure through the **Photosynthetic Process** and combines with one of the varieties of cannabinoids, the chemical compound that results is the **Tetra Hydra-Cannabinol Δ9**.

**That's the molecule that gets you high!**

The **PyraPonic Component System** recreates a hot, dry stress environment for **Optimum Cannabinol Production**. Then our method of CO<sub>2</sub> Concentration not only accelerates the growth rate of the plants **2 to 3 times** for your smoking convenience but the same CO<sub>2</sub> is used by the plant to increase the **THC** content of every leaf by the very same proportion.

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Interview



# Paul Schrader

The writer of *Taxi Driver* and director of *Blue Collar* and *Hardcore* talks about dope, sex and corruption in Hollywood

by Harry Wasserman



"You talkin' to me?" sneers psycho cab-driver Travis Bickle, a few loaded guns strapped down to various parts of his taut body, as he quick-draws a revolver and swivels to glare at himself in a full-length mirror. The character is played by actor Robert De Niro, and the scene is from the movie *Taxi Driver*, directed by Martin Scorsese. The screenplay was written by Paul Schrader, who had previously scripted *Rolling Thunder*, about a returning Vietnam War vet who goes on a bloody rampage (including jamming a man's hand down a garbage disposal), and *Obsession*, starring Cliff Robertson as a man who falls in love with his daughter because she reminds him of his dead wife.

After the success of *Taxi Driver*, Schrader was given the opportunity to direct his next script, *Blue Collar*, in which three auto factory workers (Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto) get pissed off at their union for kissing management's ass and rob the union safe, which turns out to be empty except for documents that reveal graft and corruption in the union. Threatening to blow the whistle, the trio gets bullied and harassed by the union, and there is a harrowing scene in which Kotto dies of asphyxiation while getting lethally sprayed by paint. *Blue Collar* was the most radical American film of 1978 and was voted Best Picture at the Paris International Film Festival.

Schrader also wrote the original script from which *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* evolved. Most recently, he wrote the screenplay for director Joan Tewkesbury's *Old Boyfriends*, the story of a woman who tracks down and seduces her previous lovers. He's currently writing the screenplay for Scorsese's *Raging Bull*, in which De Niro stars as fighter Jake La Motta.

Schrader is probably the most unrelentingly obsessed director/screenwriter in Hollywood; like taxi driver Travis Bickle, he has a cynical but deadly repulsion from the moral decay of modern, mega-urban capitalist society. His social outrage is almost too hot for higher-ups to handle—episodes of violence or aberrant behavior (including the "You talkin' to me?" scene) were unmercifully slashed from the TV showing of *Taxi Driver*, and the producers of that film had from the start prohibited Schrader and Scorsese from making its controversial climax even more anarchic, violent and blood-drenched than the result turned out to be.

Schrader's latest success as a two-fisted director/screenwriter is *Hardcore*, starring George C. Scott as a determined Calvinist from Grand Rapids, Michigan, who follows his runaway daughter (played by ex-Yippie Ilah Davis) into the depths of the West Coast porno scene. Schrader himself comes from a Grand

Rapids Calvinist background, which he quit in his early 20s to study film at Columbia University, the American Film Institute and UCLA. He was film critic for the Los Angeles Free Press, and wrote a scholarly book on three foreign film directors, *Transcendental Style in Film: Ozu, Bresson, Dreyer*.

When I interviewed Schrader he hadn't slept for a few nights because John Travolta had pulled out of his next movie, *American Gigolo*, about a stud who gets framed for a sex murder. (Travolta has since been replaced by Richard Gere.) While Schrader was constantly getting called away to the phone for urgent calls from his producers about changes in actors and budget, we conducted this conversation about his controversial movies and about dope, sex and corruption in Hollywood.

**"She says, 'How shall I play this?' I gave her a 'lude and said, 'Take this, this is how you should play it.'"**

**High Times:** Want to smoke some pot?

**Schrader:** Uh... I'm headed the other way. I'm coked up. I haven't slept since Friday. For six months I've been planning a film with John Travolta, called *American Gigolo*, that was supposed to start shooting today. Friday night John pulled out, so I'm recasting the picture as we speak.

**High Times:** Who are the other possibilities for the role?

**Schrader:** There's a battle. There are negotiations going on with an actor I wanted originally before I knew John was involved—Richard Gere. So I'm trying to make a deal with Richard, which is a little thorny. Then I have to lower the budget. Hopefully, both these things will be done today.

**High Times:** Are you producing *American Gigolo* yourself?

**Schrader:** No, it's a Paramount picture. We had a \$9-million budget because we figured John makes so much money in the box office that we could spend whatever we wanted. It was true then, but it ain't true now; so we have to deal with a more realistic budget. Which in Hollywood terms means a low-budget film for \$5 million.

**High Times:** What's the basic story line for *American Gigolo*?

**Schrader:** I think *American Gigolo* and *Taxi Driver* are my two best scripts. *American Gigolo* is about a young man who is a paid companion, chauffeur and translator, who is framed for a sex

murder and simultaneously falls in love with the wife of a small-time politician. What it's really about is grace, rather than sin and redemption, which my other films have been about. Grace, the idea of unmerited good.

**High Times:** The George C. Scott character in *Hardcore* battles the world of child pornography, just as the Robert De Niro character in *Taxi Driver* battled the world of child prostitution. But don't you think the depiction of child sexuality titillates the viewers of these movies even while you seem to be coming out against such exploitation?

**Schrader:** Well, I can't deny that there is a double motive, in that I try to make movies that people are interested in seeing, although it was important to me that Ilah Davis, who plays Scott's runaway daughter in *Hardcore*, was not particularly attractive, because in fact it is not the beautiful young things who run away. More often it's the ones like Ilah who don't fit. They run away because they feel out of place.

*Hardcore* isn't really very dirty at all, it's a very middle-class movie, and it's a very nonprurient movie. It's quite sexless, I think, and not titillating at all, at least not to me. Neither Scott nor his porn-world guide, Season Hubley, the two characters you get to know best, has any regard for sex. It's a very anti-sex film.

**High Times:** In doing research for *Hardcore*, did you hang out in the L.A. porno scene?

**Schrader:** Yeah, I got to know all those people at the different levels. I saw hard-core still sessions, hard-core loop sessions...

**High Times:** You include scenes from a snuff film in *Hardcore*. Did you hear rumors of any real snuff films?

**Schrader:** There's a parlor girl in San Diego I got to know, and she told me about this film her boss had shown her, and she told me about it in such graphic detail that I had to believe she had actually seen it. It was described in such a way that it could not have been falsified. It was a picture in which a girl's head was cut off and her neck was fucked by a guy. And she described the whole thing to me. She described it in such a way as, well, the head was there, and the body was over there, and seeing it made you want to faint. She said she would try to get it for me, and I said thanks but no thanks, I didn't want to see it. I don't care to live with that memory.

**High Times:** What was the most outrageous thing that happened during the shooting of *Hardcore*?

**Schrader:** The motel porn-shoot scene was the first day of shooting for Season, and she had no lines really, she just had to be there, naked. And that's a hard way to begin working. And she says to

Paul Schrader directing on the set of *Hardcore*. Insets, top to bottom: Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese on the set of *Taxi Driver*; Ilah Davis and George C. Scott in *Hardcore*; Harvey Keitel and Richard Pryor in *Blue Collar*; Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton in *American Gigolo*; Season Hubley in *Hardcore*.



me, "Well, how shall I play this?" So I gave her a 'lude and said, "Take this, this is how you should play it." And she comes back a little bit later and says, "I dunno, I'm still worried," so I said, "Take another one." So by the time we began shooting, Season was like this... [goes limp and groggy]. She has one line, where she says, "Can't you get that bed any warmer?" and she misses the cue, she's just sitting there, and you can hear my voice: "Season! Season! 'Can't you get this bed any warmer?' Season! Season!" But that was a long hard day for her to make it through. She was—whew!—she was really distraught. The guy who was in that scene, Michael something, runs a place called PAS—the Passive Arts Studio—the passive arts being the arts of domination, humiliation and bondage—and he cannot get an erection except through violence, and being hit and whipped and all that. So I hired him because I knew I had to have an "R" and there was no way this guy was gonna get an erection. In bed with two women, there's no way, because if he had gotten an erection I would've been in big trouble. So, I hired Michael and of course he didn't get an erection.

**High Times:** He wasn't a professional actor?

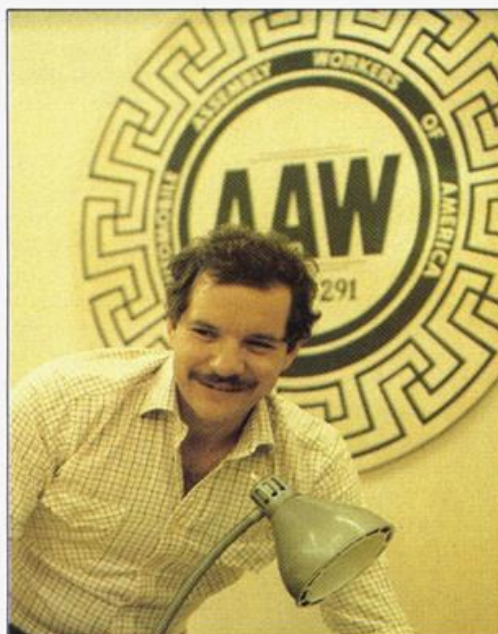
**Schrader:** No. In fact a lot of the people in the movie weren't—all the dominants in the parlor at the end are all dominants, a lot of the parlor girls are parlor girls.

**High Times:** Did you have any apprehension about using people like that?

**Schrader:** Yeah, there's the reliability factor. You never know whether they're going to show up the second day. So if you hire them, you make sure all their work can get done in one day and you have someone watch over them so they don't leave. Because you can shoot one day and they won't be there the next day. In effect, the way most porn films are shot, they are cast two or three days before principal photography, because if you hire actors two weeks before, you don't know whether they'll still be in town when it's time to shoot, or they'll be in jail, or they won't be in shape to do anything. They have a hard time with reliability.

**High Times:** Was there anything the producers of *Hardcore* wouldn't let you shoot?

**Schrader:** When this script was first at Warner Bros.—it started at Warner Bros. and went to Columbia—in the original ending Scott goes to San Francisco and his daughter is dead. And the detective, played by Peter Boyle, tells him to go home, and he does. She died by accident, it turned out, not from being in a snuff movie or something like that. Well, Warner Bros. did not think that was the most commercial of all



Schrader on the set of *Blue Collar*.

**"Certain pictures are made for bogus financial reasons—to hide money, to move money from one place to another."**

possible endings. So I changed it.

**High Times:** Were you angry?

**Schrader:** Well, I'm free, white and 21, and I had to decide whether to change the ending or not, and I did. In *Hardcore* there was also a long dream sequence I wanted quite badly to do. It was a dream I actually had. It was supposed to go throughout the movie, it's the George C. Scott character's dream of heaven. It justifies his life, because he believes he's going to heaven. It justifies the fact that he believes he's superior, better.

**High Times:** What was the dream about?

**Schrader:** It's a dream of fear, torture and agony, until finally at the end he thinks he's in hell, and it turns out he's not in hell at all, he's in heaven, and his life is over, he has won. Everything had been worth it. It's a nice dream, and as I said, it's a true dream. It was three days shooting at about \$250,000, and they just wouldn't put up the money. It had to go.

**High Times:** In *Hardcore*, the Scott character is obsessed with getting his daughter back; in fact, the heroes of all your films have very powerful obsessions. Is this an aspect you see in yourself?

**Schrader:** Yeah, I have a drive. I lived in Grand Rapids, Michigan—George C. Scott's hometown in *Hardcore*—for 22 years. It was a very stern, disciplined upbringing. There was no card playing, no dancing, no drinking, no dating, no theater attendance, no smoking, all that

stuff. I didn't see a movie until I was 16. It was a closed community, and it took a lot of effort for me to get out. It was a church community, and I went to our church's schools all the way through college.

**High Times:** The same church that George C. Scott attends in the movie?

**Schrader:** We had to change the title, my church wouldn't give me permission. Mine was called the Christian Reformed Church, his is called the Dutch Reformation Church. But the church building in the movie is the one I went to—because our neighborhood had changed and our denomination had sold it to a black congregation. My own denomination would have nothing to do with the film.

So I sort of came out of there like a bullet out of a gun. The result is the obsession of the last ten years, which I think is finally coming to an end. It ended last year. I think that phase is all over.

**High Times:** Just before doing *Hardcore*, you made your debut as a director with *Blue Collar*, a film about factory workers who discover corruption in their union. What was it like directing Richard Pryor in that movie?

**Schrader:** Uh... he started to coke up a little toward the end. He was straight most of the movie. He blamed me for going back on. Richard and I had a lot of problems, as you may have heard. I admire Richard's talent, but Richard is torn apart by a terrible contradiction, which is that he has been given the rare ability by birth to be both very black and very big. Maybe it's because of his boyish frame and face. He can say things to white people no other black man can. White people will let him get away with it. It's like a pendulum: the bigger he gets, the more guilty he feels about being the white's Sambo, so he turns around and does something outrageously black and antiwhite. At which point he gets terrified that he won't be big anymore, and then ingratiates himself again, and then gets angry at himself for having kissed ass, and then swings the other way.

In the year or so that I knew Richard, I've never known that pendulum to stay for any length of time in the center. It's always swinging out one way or the other. During shooting, one day he would be totally white hatred, the next day totally nice guy. He wasn't playing games; it was real psychodrama. Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto, his costars in *Blue Collar*, also have egos, so it got a little tense. But actors live on the edge of the mountain; it's a scary life. I've known enough of them to know you don't expect sanity or normalcy.

**High Times:** *Blue Collar* comes out against corruption in the unions. Would unions be okay if they weren't corrupt?



**Schrader:** I think all large organizations are essentially the same, whether they're called government, or church, or big business, or unions, or Mafia. It's essentially a bunch of people who get together to tell other people what to do. That's the nature of society. And I don't like that a lot. I never *did* like unions, I never have been able to hold a job. Maybe it goes back to my church childhood—I don't like people telling me what to do. So maybe in my twisted mind the church and the union are about the same. I don't see the union being run by the individuals in it. I see it run by a clique.

I'm in a guild right now—the Writers' Guild—which a couple of years ago I had to sue. I was brought up on charges, I had to hire a lawyer, it cost me several thousand dollars. We had gone on strike and I dutifully manned the picket lines, but a reporter came up to me while I was striking. And I told him that I thought the strike was so much bullshit, and that it was a bunch of dilettantes trying to pretend they were the proletariat, and this and that. Well, it all got printed up, and I was brought up on charges for undermining the morale of the strike. I had to hire a lawyer to defend my First Amendment rights against the Writers' Guild. So this reinforces in my mind that it's just another bunch of people telling me how to behave.

**High Times:** Shouldn't workers have more control over the factories they work in all their lives?

**Schrader:** Yes; a good union is a union that's in a state of continual flux. It has to be a fluid situation, because the work force changes so much; the work force is totally different than it used to be—the problems of youth, racism, drugs, alienation, monotony. It's so different from what it used to be. . . there has to be a changeover in power as well. On the other hand, the only way a union achieves power is to achieve stability. If management knows the work force is in flux, that the workers can change, then they don't take it as seriously. For the union to be successful, it must alienate itself from its membership. So they get together with big business so they can deal with them on a one-to-one basis.

**High Times:** At some factories the workers have actually taken control of the factory. Is this any hope for the future?

**Schrader:** That's a contradiction in terms. Once he's a stockholder, he's no longer a worker. But it seems sensible for workers to be shareholders.

**High Times:** Before making your directorial debut with *Blue Collar*, you wrote the screenplay for *Taxi Driver*, which was directed by Martin Scorsese and starred Robert De Niro. What was Scorsese like to work with?

**Schrader:** Marty's a little crazy, but that's not unusual for a director. He

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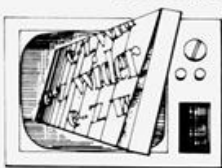
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cares a lot—that's very important. He cares... about people, about things. He's very passionate. He's courageous. **High Times:** Is Robert De Niro your favorite actor to work with?

**Schrader:** I wouldn't say he's my favorite, but he's certainly as good as they come in this country. He has a strong inner life. He knows how to put his inner life on his face. He knows how to carry his soul in his face, in his body... he doesn't need the lines of dialogue. Like the scene in *Taxi Driver* when he sits and watches television—he's full of hatred, resentment, toward the kids who are dancing on "American Bandstand." In the script there's a long description of how he just seethes at this world of normality. He's like a wolf watching the campfires at a distance, who wants to go in and attack. The only tool Bobby had was his face. He had no lines for that part of the script, he had nothing. He was able to externalize that emotion so that when you see his face you feel those things. Maybe not in as precise terms as when you read them... but you feel them in your gut.

**High Times:** Was the character he played in *Taxi Driver*, Travis Bickle, based at all on Arthur Bremer, the guy who tried to kill George Wallace?

**Schrader:** A little. I knew who Bremer was, but the diaries had not yet been published when I wrote the script.

**High Times:** The character was pretty similar to the Bremer diaries.

**Schrader:** That may be, but it was either coincidence or the fact that similar minds run in similar channels. I created the character in my mind out of my own life and experience, and it turned out to be true.

**High Times:** How was De Niro to work with in *Taxi Driver*?

**Schrader:** He pours himself into what he's doing a lot. So in *Taxi Driver* he was essentially very intense and very...unsexual. The character was. He wasn't terribly interested in dating or women or anything like that. Now, in *Raging Bull*, the new movie I'm writing, which Scorsese will direct and in which De Niro plays fighter Jake La Motta, the character Bobby plays is a real lecher. As Bobby gets into that character, he assumes more of those qualities. He has a tendency to get into the people he plays.

**High Times:** You worked with Cliff Robertson in *Obsession*...

**Schrader:** No, I wrote the script, but I had a falling out with Brian De Palma, the film's director, before the shooting even started, so I didn't hang out on the set. Brian decided he didn't want to shoot the last 40 pages of the script. That bothered me. And, again, money problems. They cut the budget when they cut the last 40 pages.

**High Times:** Robertson blew the whistle



Schrader researching the sleaze scene for *Hardcore*.

**"Actors live on the edge; it's a scary life. I've known enough of them to know you don't expect sanity or normalcy."**

on Columbia executive David Begelman; he thought there was some financial hanky-panky going on...

**Schrader:** In fact, it involved *Obsession*. It didn't involve me, but Columbia paid out \$25,000 to Cliff Robertson that David had just put on the books as an expense: "Cliff Robertson's expenses for promoting *Obsession*, \$25,000." But the \$25,000 really went to David. Well, somehow that statement got back to Robertson. He said, "I didn't do any promotion for that film, I didn't do any tour or anything like that." So that's how it all started.

**High Times:** Do you think Robertson was right in talking about it?

**Schrader:** Sure. A crime had been committed, and he exposed it.

**High Times:** How have Robertson's and Begelman's careers been going since?

**Schrader:** Uh... I'm rather predisposed toward David because he's been one of the champions of my career, he's been rather good to me. In fact David made the decision to make *Hardcore*. Without David the film wouldn't have been made.

**High Times:** Is that kind of thing typical in Hollywood?

**Schrader:** Yeah. It doesn't happen quite the same way anymore. The cheating has to take a more clandestine form. Producers aren't allowed to build projection rooms in their houses anymore.



Certain pictures are put together for bogus financial reasons—to hide money, to move money from one place to another—the same as when certain stores are opened.

**High Times:** Pictures are made to lose money sometimes, too...

**Schrader:** Yeah, that's a tax shelter, that's a way of cleaning money. There's money that's stuck all around the world, that can't be pulled out of certain countries. That's how countries protect their economies. Like Japan—a certain amount of the revenue that's generated in Japan has to stay there. A certain amount of the money that's generated in this country has to stay here. So if a picture is huge in Japan... *Star Wars* was huge in Japan—now 20th Century-Fox has a certain amount of money in Japan, and they have to get it out. Well, one way to get it out is to re-finance a movie to be shot in Japan; even if that movie loses money, they can take it out. Whatever money comes in, even if the picture is a total flop, they can take it out, whereas they couldn't take it out before.

**High Times:** So when you lose the money you still have it.

**Schrader:** Yeah, you actually lose the money to get it out. It's also a way of hiding money. I don't know anybody in this business who thinks *King Kong* actually cost \$25 million. On the books it cost \$25 million. Maybe it only cost 20—five of it just got washed clean. At that level, you're making a film in the Far East for \$25 million, it's easy to wash a little money. So it comes from Vegas in a suitcase, and it comes back clean.

**High Times:** As a director, does the politics of the money have an effect on you?

**Schrader:** Yes. I am involved in an art that is also a business, and a business that is also an art. It's something I've chosen to do, and I have no apologies for that. I've chosen to work in the mass arena; I'm not in a cloister or a university. Just as your magazine has to generate a certain amount of advertising income, I have to generate a certain amount of tickets to survive. It's always a question of how much I can have my way, and how much I have to do *their* way in order to have my way.

**High Times:** How much control did you have on *Hardcore*?

**Schrader:** Well, for both *Hardcore* and *Blue Collar* I had the final cut. However, decisions were made early on what would be shot based on monetary reasons.

**High Times:** Have the producers ever told you that you can't do something?

**Schrader:** Sure, usually for budgetary reasons, using *Hardcore* as an example. At a certain point the studio throws down the gauntlet. I was called in to [producer Daniel] Melnick's office one

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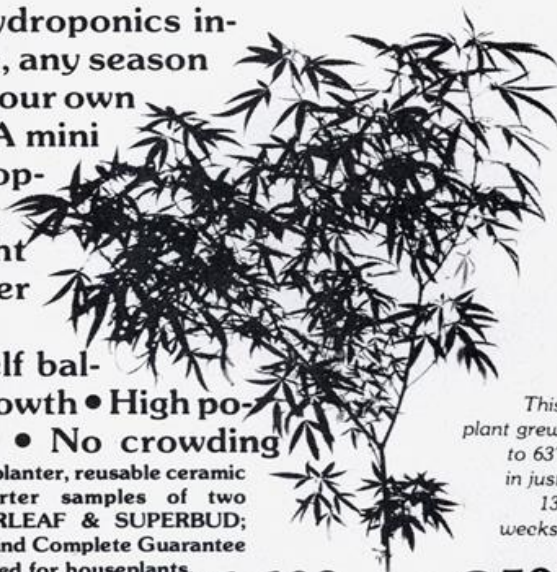
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time: he said he would make a picture for \$4,100,000 but he would not make it for \$4,150,000. That was it. Now, there were a lot of considerations in the making of the picture, so that it ended up costing \$4,300,000. We went over a little bit. But there's such a thing as an "addback." The addback is part of the studio system today. Usually, you can get a straight addback, or an addback after 10 percent. What that means is . . . Let's say a picture is budgeted at \$2 million; you go over the budget, something happens, weather, God knows, it ends up costing \$2.5 million. You've gone \$500,000 over. This is added back to the budget. So the picture goes into the books as \$3 million negative cost. So there's a \$500,000 bonus to the studio. That's a penalty to you. Of course, when you move that \$500,000 through the return-money system, it'll become \$1 million or \$2 million or \$3 million, because you only see about 30 percent of what you ever should see anyway. It gives them another \$500,000 out of your profits, out of the profits of the film.

One of the things that's happening now in the business is that studios are intentionally underbudgeting films, taking a film that they know will cost them, say, \$5 million, and going to the film maker and saying, "We'll make it at \$4 million, and we won't make it at a penny more." The film maker goes back and creates a phony budget, comes in and says, "I can make it at \$4 million," and they say, "Great." He goes out, and it costs him \$5 million. He knows it, they know it. They put it in the books at \$6 million, for accounting reasons, so he doesn't see any profit until it clears \$6 million rentals. So there's a million dollars free to the studio. That's the addback system. So studios do have a tendency to underbudget a bit, and that's something we directors try to fight.

**High Times:** So it's like the old shell game, and you directors are aware of it.

**Schrader:** It's changed a little bit now, it's addback after 10 percent overage. It used to be straight addback. On *Taxi Driver* it was straight addback. Now a \$2 million picture would be allowed to go up to \$2,200,000 before the addback went into effect.

**High Times:** Has a director ever complained about this practice?

**Schrader:** They all complain, but there is a thing called the power of the purse.

**High Times:** So it's hard for a director to consider himself just an artist these days?

**Schrader:** There are no Emily Dickinsons in the cinema. It's strictly a Walt Whitman trade. Part of the problem is that the kind of person it takes to survive—not only the preproduction wheeling and dealing, the backstab-



bing, finagling—not only to survive that, but also the grueling experience of actually shooting a picture, which involves a certain constitution, a certain mental attitude, which a lot of writers simply don't have—they can't put up with the unpleasantness of dealing with that hundred or so people, 25 of whom have major ego problems, dealing with them every day—that the kind of person that survives these requirements is often not the sort of person who can make a good film. And that's one of the reasons for the quality of films being what they are. It's not that hard to direct a movie *per se*, almost anybody could, it's just that a lot of them don't understand how to break the system, and there's some who do who just can't stand it for their mental and physical health. A man like Alvin Sargent could direct a film if he wanted to, he just can't handle it, he doesn't want to live that kind of life.

**High Times:** Do you like it better having power as a director than when you were just a screenwriter?

**Schrader:** Well, I want to be in control of what I do. And a screenwriter is not in fact a writer at all, he's half a film maker, and to be responsible for what I do, I have to be either a film maker or a writer. For me, being a screenwriter is a kind of shadow existence I find unsatisfying, satisfying only on rare occasions.

**High Times:** Do you ever write when you're stoned?

**Schrader:** No, I can't write stoned. I find it impossible. I just sit and spin my wheels, my mind goes blank. I can write completely drunk. I do caffeine, nicotine, alcohol—I mix all three—I bring myself up with the alcohol, then back down with the caffeine and nicotine. I get myself up there with a level of sustained energy. One night I was writing late, I got finished with what I was doing at about four in the morning, and when I got up to go to bed I passed out drunk and fell asleep next to my desk. I woke up a couple hours later, a little more sober, crawled into bed and went back to sleep. The next day I went over and looked at the pages. They were good. There were misspellings and craziness, but it was basically good writing. So I knew exactly what I was doing in that state.

Whereas with grass, no way. I lose the precision. Writing, like most of life, is timing. Once you lose your sense of timing, you can't write, because the rhythm—da-boom, da-boom—the trick of writing dialogue, the cadence is lost. If you lose track of your cadence, if your cadence is slowed, then you have a hard time keeping your concentration. I have a hard time keeping my concentration—I get up to go to the kitchen, pass the TV set, and an hour goes by.

**High Times:** How do you get the rhythm

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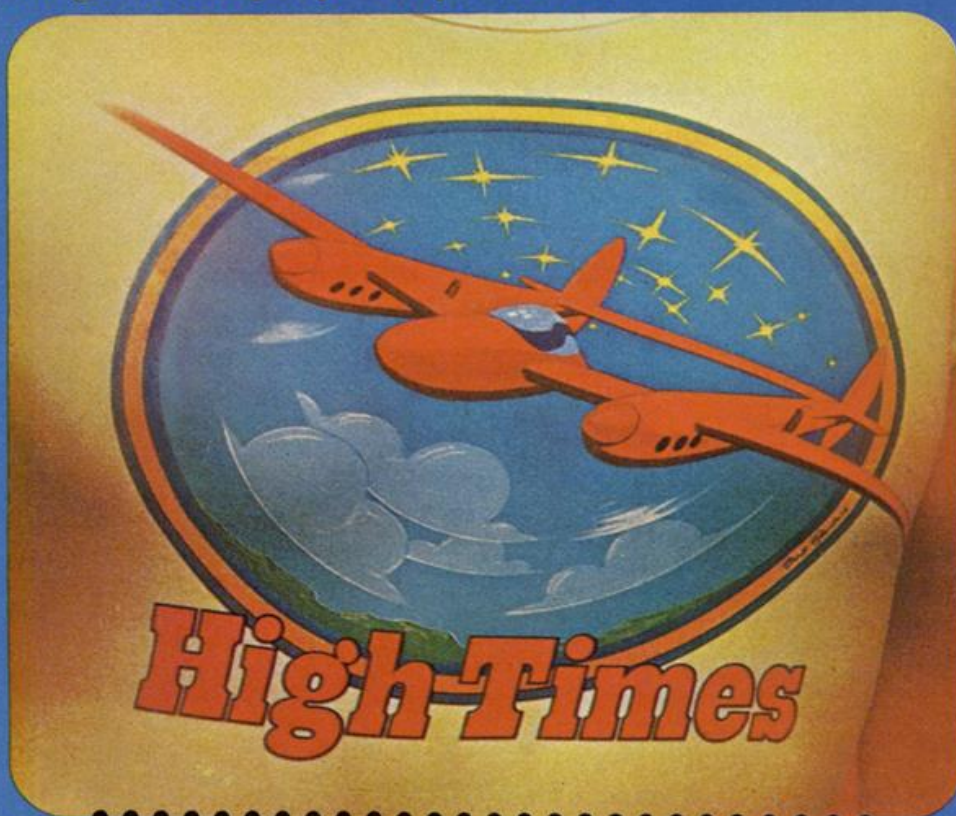
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of conversations and dialogue?

**Schrader:** I walk around. I've always lived in areas where I can walk. I have several walks, depending on how long the scene is. I have my little walks, I play all the characters; I walk and talk, walk and talk, until I have it all talked out. So I go walking around the neighborhood, like your basic crazy, talking to myself. By the time I get back to the house, I know what the characters are going to say.

**High Times:** When you direct, what gives you the biggest high or the biggest rush?

**Schrader:** A thousand little decisions, which as a total become your style. But most of it is just getting through it. When it comes to a real high, nothing beats writing, because when you write something it's all possible and it's all there. All-encompassing. You can write a whole script in a week. You can see it all, you can feel it all. With movies, it's a little bit here, a little bit there, and so watered down, so mixed up with logistics, that it's hard to sustain any high.

**High Times:** Ever direct a scene so good that the crew applauded?

**Schrader:** If a crew can see the scene well enough to applaud, it means the scene is not very good, that it's been overdone. Like, if I was shooting out in the hall, you could barely hear the dialogue. Good movie actors don't raise their voices. Usually the scene that gets the applause is when the actor really hams it up and the guy in the back yells, "Now that's acting!" It's a good way to judge that something really went wrong.

**High Times:** When you direct, do you or your actors ever use coke?

**Schrader:** Not me. I know a lot of people do in our business. One of the things I like to do the first week of a film is fire somebody—for drinking, or smoking dope, or doing any kind of high. Because it's good for the morale of the film to fire somebody early for that. Because once it cuts in on a crew, it goes like wildfire, and your efficiency just drops like crazy. The first week of shooting, I have my eye out, because if I can pin somebody down, then the whole crew knows I mean business, and stops.

There are a lot of alcoholics in the business. And if they know they can get away with drinking, then in the afternoons we get about half as much accomplished as we do in the mornings. These guys are dragging their asses around. If I can catch somebody with a little Scotch in his coffee, then—whupp!—he's out. Because, what the hell, that hurts the reputation of the business. The union will stand behind me if I fire somebody for drinking on the job.

**High Times:** Do you ever find yourself in the position of being a ringmaster or



a babysitter?

**Schrader:** Hand holding is definitely part of the director's art. I gotta build up their confidence sometimes, too. A camera is a pretty scary thing, and a director doesn't have to go out in front of it. Actors need to be told that the camera loves them.

**High Times:** Any actors you don't have to encourage, who have enough of a feel for the camera?

**Schrader:** Well, George C. Scott has been around so long he knows exactly how dumb the camera is. He knows how to fool it. But still, a man of his age, with his level of experience and credits—he's just a grab bag of insecurities. Like every actor—scared, unsure. If he gets a little too much to drink, it all comes out. Normally he's very together, but you know it's there under the surface. One of the definitions of an actor is that he's more comfortable being someone else than being himself. That's one of the great attractions of the profession. "I don't have to be me." One of the times this was brought home particularly to me was when I went to De Niro's wedding. Looking around the room, I realized that almost everyone in the room contributed to his career in one way or another. In other words, the people he felt the most comfortable with were the people who helped him be somebody else. That's an actor's life.

**High Times:** How do you pick the actor who can play the kind of character you have in mind?

**Schrader:** It's just something in your stomach, and in your head. It's a mixture. You have certain intellectual and economic needs, or you need a name. In the case of Peter Boyle in *Hardcore*, I didn't need a name—I had George, so I had the picture—but I wanted somebody who could give the picture comic relief without losing character. And that's one thing Peter is very good at: he can play a character straight, make me laugh, but still stay in character. Whereas with another actor, in order to get laughs he has to sacrifice the character's believability.

**High Times:** How do you get an actor into his role when you first talk to him?

**Schrader:** I tell him the thematic line, certain touchstones, what the character's life means, then I tell him certain accoutrements that he can do, how a character walks... Suddenly the actor's eyes will light up; he understands. I make him relate to his character on both the physical and the intellectual level.

**High Times:** Are there as many affairs between actors and actresses as we've heard about in the gossip columns?

**Schrader:** In general, yes, because these are people who live on the edge of their emotions, and who externalize their

(continued on page 96)

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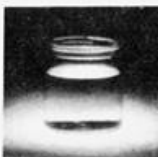
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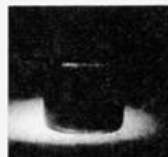
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The players and their marks are now so numerous that a language has followed in their wake. Such commonplace terms as *rip-off*, *fix*, and *kickback* were virtually unknown a generation ago. The word *scam* has only recently attained dictionary status and appears routinely in quotation marks in that most bottom line of language, the New York Times. Etymologists claim that this decade has been surprisingly barren in the generation of new words, but *scam* has arrived. It looks like it's going to be even bigger than *hustle*. The scam is a way of life. A philosophy. Maybe even a political system.

The term *rip-off* derives from a popular scam of the mid '60s. At that time kilos of Mexican marijuana were often sold in small, compressed "Texas bricks" that were each individually packaged in about two ounces of heavy wrapping paper. A *rip-off* dealer—and there were many, as this pot dominated the summer market for a good many years—would saw off a two-ounce corner of the brick, keeping the severed dope and bringing the total weight of the brick, including paper, to a kilo. You paid for two ounces of paper on each kilo. The exposed corner was there so you could examine the pot, supposedly. Some of these dealers today are successful commodities brokers.

Scam masters aren't new to Western art and literature. Witness Mark Twain's Duke and Dauphin from *Huckleberry Finn*, or Melville's enigmatic *The Confidence Man*, acclaimed by many critics as

having best captured the national consciousness long sought after as the elusive Great American Novel. Even more than *Moby Dick*. Edgar Allan Poe, always in need of some spare cash to fill his opium pipe, once wrote a fabricated account of traveling around the globe in a balloon. The story was an assignment from a New York newspaper that hoped to bolster its sagging circulation. The story, an

tally, is a close friend of Clifford Irving.

The world of academia has never paid much homage to scam masters, perhaps because they are too close to home. Often a philosopher's stone turns out to be made of clay. Such was the case when the Piltdown Man, discovered by a road crew late in the 19th century and purported by many of the leading anthropologists to be the

## **The scam is a way of life. A philosophy. Maybe even a political system.**

eyepopper during the earth-bound period, worked. After Poe's death the "hoax" was discovered.

Not quite in the same league, but close, was H.L. Mencken's phony account of the history of the bathtub in the respected pages of the *American Mercury*. Mencken claimed that the bathtub was a relatively new innovation with its antecedent in the early Egyptian public baths. Complete with a brief bio of the European inventor of the bathtub, the stories generated a froth of academic studies. When months of research failed to substantiate Mencken's claims, he said he was "flabbergasted" that anyone had believed the story in the first place. And of course there is Clifford Irving, whose phony biography of Howard Hughes earned him two years in the slammer.

A war-weary world roared with laughter when Hans Van Meegeren, arrested for allegedly selling a hot Vermeer to Hermann Goering, claimed in his defense that he had painted the picture himself. The skeptical art experts of the Nazi elite ordered him to paint another Vermeer as they watched, which he executed to perfection. He had, it turned out, produced a half-dozen Vermeers between 1939 and 1943 and sold them for more than \$3 million. Twenty years later the great art institutes of Europe again suffered humiliation when the famed art forger Emil de Hory confessed all. De Hory, incident-

ally, turned out in fact to have been a college prank.

**S**cams for the common man are perhaps as old as religion. Even before bingo, the numbers rackets and lotteries were taken from private hustlers and officially sanctioned as generators of state revenue. There was the carnival. Today the carnival is tightly regulated and relatively harmless, but from the Depression to the late '50s it was considered a sort of Sodom and Gomorrah on wheels. Not to be confused with circuses that have wild animals and talented performers, the carnival is simply a motley rolling assortment of rides, games and sideshow freaks, probably a hybrid between vagabond theater groups and gypsy caravans that got it together on the road.

The carnivals played small towns in the South and Midwest, paying stiff nuts to the local officials and making it up through an assortment of crooked games. Like policemen's balls, carnivals were allowed to operate gambling games in otherwise verboten areas, with presumably half the take going to the group or organization that sponsored them. After setting up revival-meeting-sized tents, some filled with new cars, tractors, radios, guns and other prizes, the carnies would throw open their games of skill and chance to all comers.

More than one carnival was burned to the ground by

storms of angry townspeople after a local had lost the family farm trying to win a Kewpie doll at the six-cat tent. Competition for the backwater dollar was tough, what with riverboat gamblers and snake-oil hucksters on the loose everywhere, so the resourceful carnies developed a catalog of gimmickry that soon brought the scam dollar to their corner: basket-toss games with hidden assistants who, by pulling wires, could cause the ball to bounce out; lead-lined milk bottles for the one-ball pitch; hidden magnets and metal slugs in the pool games; loaded dice; stacked decks; they didn't miss a trick. The carnival was also a haven for pickpockets, ex-cons and misfits who exchanged notes on their various talents. Several states outlawed carnival games altogether, and the others were soon eclipsed by Las Vegas, Atlantic City and a host of laws.

A little higher rank on the scam scale is accorded to the originators of chain letters. The chain letter is the most primal version of the pyramid scheme, the most ancient and peculiarly American of the pie-in-the-sky come-ons. An advanced construct, the Ponzi scheme, or "pyramiding," flourished earlier in the century, and today its most sophisticated form, deficit-financed capitalism, has been adopted as the national-economy model for the West. All of these scams have as their common thread the device of forwarding money to the designers and perpetrators from those below on the premise that equity will eventually be forthcoming from those below them, or in the case of the economy, future generations. There are, of course, finite limitations on this geometric progression. This is what Harry Truman meant when he said, "The buck stops here."

The most recent chain letter to make its inventors a fortune was the "chain of gold" letter that originated in San Francisco, a city that for some reason has always ranked high on the con artist's itinerary. The letters are sold to each mark for



\$100. Fifty dollars goes to the seller of the letter, and \$50 goes to the top name on a list of 12. Each time someone else buys the letter, the purchaser's name moves one notch up the list. If the chain is unbroken, the buyer purportedly collects more than \$100,000. The catch is that the first half-dozen names on such lists ordinarily belong to the same person or group who hatched the scheme in the first place. The sixfold logarithm eventually nets them money if they can find a few suckers to invest early, with the guarantee that those people will beat the bushes for new investors in hopes of getting back their original investment and maybe something extra. Of course, they seldom do. After plucking scores of gullible San Franciscans the letter leaped to the New York theater scene, another popular breeder culture for get-rich-quick gimmickry, where it reportedly netted a number of big-name Broadway fish. Theater people, like San Franciscans, little old ladies and students, seem to be a favorite target of scams.

The classic pigeon-drop has always been a favorite in certain areas—particularly San Francisco, Boston and Madison, Wisconsin, owing partly to the large numbers of students, artists and geriatrics in these towns. Its victims are almost always sweet, elderly grandmothers trying to make a fast buck. It works like this:

A young, well-dressed woman suddenly pops up in front of the elderly mark waving an envelope and yelling, "Look what I found!" The envelope is apparently stuffed with money, and she shows it to the mark, wondering what she should do. The older woman usually suggests they call the authorities. So they call the younger woman's lawyer, who tells them to come right over. He tells them, after checking with banks and the police, that no one has claimed the money and they may be the lucky owners. There's only one catch: the two must provide matching funds to prove "good faith." Both \$20,000 sums will be kept by the

police, or a bank, for a while, then if no one claims the money it is theirs.

Of course the younger woman has no such stake and, in spite of the preposterous story about "good faith" funds, the presence of the "lawyer" more often than not overrides the mark's suspicions, so she coughs up the \$20,000. The cons seldom

joyed Texan the pearl was purchased and the buyer winged it back to Houston. The store called the Texan—he wasn't in. He was never seen again, and the pearl turned out to be the same one they'd sold him.

Also worthy of note in this league is Stanley Rifkin, the Los Angeles bank accountant who through the miracle

## The Ponzi scheme, an advanced scam, is today in its most sophisticated form: deficit-financed capitalism.

set up a pigeon who doesn't have the money. Once the funds are withdrawn and delivered to the lawyer, the three set out for the bank or wherever, and at one point the lawyer leaves the room on some pretense, the younger woman soon excuses herself to go to the bathroom, and both vanish. In Madison, Wisconsin, this ploy was executed by Chicago-based con artists so frequently that there are now semiannual warnings against it in the newspapers.

A lot of scam artists these days scorn U.S. currency in favor of precious metals and jewels. Phony gems, gold fever and international contrabandistas are the stuff these intrigues are made of, too numerous to mention but one: A well-heeled Texan, introducing himself as an oil tycoon, strode into one of Houston's high-roller jewelry stores and picked out a rare black pearl that sported a six-figure price tag. A few days later he was back, saying that his girl friend was so enthralled with the bauble that she just had to have another to make a pair of earrings. He would pay any price for an identical pearl.

The store scoured the world's jewelry exchanges at the daily insistence of the Texan and at last found a European buyer claiming to have a line on just such a pearl. It cost, however, twice what the original did, hard cash. A buyer was dispatched to examine the pearl that, he assured the home office, was the mirror image of the original. After a final confirmation with the over-

of electronics recently managed to buy \$12 million worth of diamonds from the Russians with money that only existed on computer tapes. Rifkin, a computer analyst who had already ripped off the Security Pacific Bank for \$10.2 million, contrived to re-route some of the bank's computer funds to Switzerland, where he scored the diamonds. It was a week before anyone noticed.

Banking and law officials are particularly reticent about Rifkin's case because it spotlights the simplicity of computer crime. Bunco squads have warned for 20 years that computer crime would be the wave of the future, and they were right. Not only have the biggest contemporary frauds and swindles involved computers at some strategic point, but the rising popularity of home computers no doubt augurs further enlightenment to techno-outlaws and headaches for those concerns that stash their money in electronics.

A Long Island, New York, man made a bundle with his home computer by programming it with every municipality, church and school district in the nation, then billing them for items they did not receive. Using letterheads of two bogus companies, the man sent invoices seldom exceeding \$400 for items such as snow pellets and insecticides to thousands of cities in all 50 states. Few questioned such petty expenditures, and those who did assumed it was a mistake. The scam netted its mentor over \$1 million a year until tripped up when a city

attorney in Richland Hills, Texas, demanded repayment of two \$245 checks the city had paid for nonexistent items. They received the checks back, but they bounced and the city attorney launched an investigation that turned up the operation. Had the checks been good the man might still be in business.

A more minor-league computer scam was scored by two business-machine salesmen in New York who were falsifying grades at the Queens College data-processing center. For the right price, dumb students and even nonstudents could make Phi Beta Kappa, and scores of them paid it. The electronic wizards were nailed when a physics instructor noticed the discrepancy between his handwritten grades and the computer printout.

But these scams for the most part are small potatoes. When hustlers sit around in the cellblock or in the Plaza Hotel, they talk about the legendary scam artists, confidence players who have sold national monuments and caused entire banks to collapse and entire economies to teeter on the brink of destruction. And to be a great scam it not only has to be questionably legal and financially successful, it must show up the victims to be the greedy fools that they are. Herewith, the ten greatest scams of all time.

## Top 10 Scams

### The Man Who Sold the Eiffel Tower

Though no one has ever bought the Brooklyn Bridge, there have been buyers for other landmarks—such as the Eiffel Tower. In 1925 an important French bureaucrat, Monsieur Dante, held a highly secretive meeting of scrap-iron dealers in a swank Paris hotel. Monsieur Dante told those assembled that the French government was tak-



ing bids on the demolition of the Eiffel Tower. The government could no longer afford to maintain the structure and could use the more than 7,000 tons of steel involved. This was all top secret.

Andre Poisson, a socially ambitious scrap-metals dealer, was determined to get the job. After making himself conspicuous with a series of ever more attractive bids, Poisson was finally summoned aside by Monsieur Dante. In situations like this, Dante explained, it was customary for an additional sum to expedite bureaucratic procedures: in other words, a bribe. Poisson paid for the Eiffel Tower and didn't find out until Monsieur Dante was in Vienna that the government bureaucrat he had been dealing with was in reality Count Victor Lustig, one of the cleverest con men of all times.

Fortunes came and went through Lustig's hands, always acquired through his assumed title, elegant clothes, high manners and the lordly society he frequented. Born in Czechoslovakia, Lustig was a bright scholar who spoke six languages. His quarry was mainly the European and American ocean-liner set. He worked closely with the legendary Nicky Arnstein, king of the ocean-liner gamblers, who taught him how to pick out the *nouveaux riches* and the gullible old rich. Time and again Lustig conned well-heeled travelers out of thousands of dollars in investment deals. Often, he would talk a partner into accepting a deal. Both would put up their money, Lustig would hold it and disappear at the next port of call.

## The Rumanian Box Hoax

The other scam that Lustig perfected involved a prop called the Rumanian Box. A glossy mahogany affair replete with brass knobs, dials and gears, the box was crafted to Lustig's specifications by a famed New York cabinetmaker and touted by Lustig to the playgrounds of the idle rich.

At a Palm Springs hotel he

once spent a week and thousands of dollars winning the confidence of Herman Loller, a former auto mechanic turned tycoon through his parts-supply business, which was currently threatened by the larger auto manufacturers, who were making their own parts. After a brief acquaintance and much urging, Count Lustig finally

terful scam as Charles Ponzi. Boston residents went wild when Ponzi promised people that he would return their original investment plus 50-percent interest in 90 days. People were skeptical at first, but after he had maintained the operation without default for four months they began investing in droves.

## Rifkin managed to buy \$12 million worth of diamonds with money that only existed on computer tapes.

agreed to show Loller how he made his living. After closing the curtains in his room Lustig exhibited the impressive box to his awed friend. There were two slots, each the size of a dollar bill, into which Lustig put a thousand-dollar bill. Six hours later, he explained, there would be two of the bills. The pair went to Loller's yacht to wait. When they returned again Lustig fiddled with the controls and out came two thousand-dollar bills from the box. He told Loller he could cash them at any bank, but not the same bank, since they had the same serial number.

Loller paid \$25,000 for the box but was never able to make it work. For six months he refused to believe he had been ripped off, blaming instead his own ineptitude with the controls for the box's failure to manufacture money. Finally his enraged wife smashed the box with a hammer and destroyed it.

Lustig avoided imprisonment for 30 years and talked his way out of over 40 arrests. He once talked a vengeful sheriff, who had paid \$10,000 for the box, out of shooting him by repaying his money. The sheriff was soon arrested for passing counterfeit bills. Lustig finally got nailed on a counterfeiting scheme.

## The Great Ponzi Scheme

No one, excepting banks, insurance companies and the U.S. government, has ever pulled off quite such a mas-

Ponzi explained that he made money from investments in international postal-reply coupons. It was a vague story involving fluctuating rates of interests, inflation and rediscounting, with agents buying and mailing all over Europe. But Ponzi would say that he, like Rockefeller, had a right to some amount of secrecy.

After four months working Boston's blue-collar North End, Ponzi was so successful he moved his Foreign Exchange Company, as it was now called, to classier digs. He also offered a deal where anyone who could get someone else to invest would be given ten cents on each dollar invested. Great lines of people appeared, paying their cash and receiving a slip of paper with the maturity date in return. Within six months his operation was forced to move to bigger quarters yet.

Ponzi, a poor Italian whose last job before starting his investment company was that of a \$16-a-week stock clerk, from which he was fired, was now the toast of Boston upper-crust society. He and his wife moved to a mansion in suburban Lexington. They drove in a chauffeured limousine. He purchased controlling interest in the Hanover Trust Company and was soon recommended and installed as president. He bought the company that had employed him as a stock clerk barely a year after he had been fired, and he fired the man who fired him.

Ponzi was undone when the city editor of the Boston Post did some checking and

found that all the postal coupons sold in the world the year before added up to only a fraction of Ponzi's inventory. At first the exposé only brought Ponzi more business; the day after the article appeared the line to Ponzi's door was four blocks long and over \$1 million was taken in. The newsman had to fight his way through the crowds to reach his office next door to Ponzi's. But when Boston banks, which were seriously threatened, joined in the investigation, Ponzi's secret was soon discovered: he had simply been robbing Peter to pay Paul. He would pay off the first debt with the second investment and so on. In all \$15 million was involved, of which about \$5 million was never recovered.

## The Man Who Stole Portugal

Alvaes Reis, "the man who stole Portugal," perpetrated perhaps the cleverest scam of all time. He managed to convince the firm of Waterlow and Sons of London, the company that printed money for the Bank of Portugal, to print money for him, using the real paper and the real plates. Reis convinced Sir William Waterlow, with the aid of forged documents and pure inspiration, that the government of Portugal wanted to issue three million pounds for circulation in their African colony of Angola. The notes would not need new serial numbers, for the government would stamp the word "Angola" on each note. The project was, naturally, top secret.

Reis and his partners (he had three) got the money, took it to Angola by suitcase, and, in order to facilitate distribution of the bills, opened a bank. They were a huge success and next tried to buy controlling interest in the Bank of Portugal. Reis's theory was that at some point the bank would discover his fraud, and he could prevent investigation by running the bank. Behind all this was Reis's real dream—to follow in the footsteps of his childhood hero Cecil Rhodes and



create a Portuguese-African empire with himself as its leader.

As a youth, Reis studied engineering but was rejected by the government for a post in the colonial bureaucracy. He overcame that by forging a diploma from the University of London and had no trouble getting hired as a railway inspector in Angola. By the time he was 25, Reis had become inspector of public works for the colony, but this was not what Reis had in mind. He started his own company for the exploitation of Angola's rich mineral deposits, especially gold and diamonds. Reis went looking for money in England and Holland to finance his company's projects. He failed totally and had to go back to working for the Angolan railroad. Confident that he could pay the money back with ease after his company's future discovery of diamond mines, Reis transferred \$200,000 of the railroad's money to the firm of Alvaes Reis. He was arrested for embezzlement, found guilty, served three months in jail during which he thought up and set up the bank-note scheme, was retried and acquitted.

Immediately on being freed he set the plan into action, with his key confederate appearing before Sir William Waterlow with forged credentials from the Portuguese government. It was the Bank of Portugal that eventually uncovered Reis's monumental swindle. Suspicious of massive purchases of their stock, the bank's directors grew very curious about Alvaes Reis. Police raided his Angolan bank and found great bundles of brand-new money. They should have been forgeries but were genuine in all detail. Finally, someone checked the serial numbers. It was the worst financial disaster in Portugal's history, helped usher in the Salazar dictatorship and ruined one of the world's greatest printing firms.

## The South Sea Bubble Explosion

Another famous swindle with great political

reverberations goes by the lovely name of the South Sea Bubble. The scene shifts from Portugal in the 1920s to London in 1711. There were a lot of rich people in London as in all of England at the beginning of the 18th century. Fortunes were being made in shipping, in banking, in trade and in investments. The economy was solid and it

companies that sprang up all around, companies that promised to fish for treasure in the sea, to extract silver from lead, to import jackasses from Spain.

The South Sea Company, believing its hold on the credibility of half a continent to be threatened by these imitators, tried to stop them by law. In revealing the fraudu-

## For the right price, dumb students and even nonstudents could make Phi Beta Kappa, and scores of them paid it.

was growing and speculation was in the air. Through a treaty that terminated the war of the Spanish succession, Britain was awarded the right to trade with the Spanish colonies. The average Londoner knew nothing about the Spanish colonies (or, for that matter, about South America or anywhere else in the world except England and Europe) but that they were reported to be a source of endless riches—gold lying on the ground waiting to be picked up, etc. The South Sea Company sold this fantasy to the people of England, and they showed their faith in their (and the company's) dream with a response so strong it has been described as mass hysteria.

The South Sea Company sold the people of England the chance to get in on the exploitation of the South Seas. Everyone invested, from the uneducated to the newly rich businessmen to the great nobles of England. In 1745 the Prince of Wales was named a governor of the company. He was soon replaced in that position by his father, King George I, who invested 60,000 pounds of his own—an enormous amount of money in those days.

In 1719, the South Sea Company took over the national debt of England. Everyone who had any power was deeply involved in the company's fortunes. Naturally, such success did not go unimitated, and soon half of Europe was investing in the fantasy of untold riches, the promise of enough for all. People invested in

lent nature of these other companies, the South Sea Company burst its own bubble. People started to sell their stock, and the value of that stock dropped from 1,000 pounds a share to 180 pounds in less than two months.

Thousands of people went bankrupt. England's economy was in serious trouble. Paper money was almost worthless. Unemployment rose and there were food riots. The crash echoed through Europe, followed by a smallpox epidemic—thought by some to be God's punishment for fools. In the resulting arrests and trials, many of England's leading citizens were found guilty. The South Sea Bubble was a disaster both for the company and the greedy, speculating public.

## The Grand Central Station Swindle

Though it was Lustig's style, he was not the man who peddled part of Grand Central Station. That happened in 1929. The impressive-looking stranger who approached Tony and Nick Fortunato in their Manhattan fruit store told them they had fortunately been among other successful fruit stands being considered to lease the information booth in the middle of Grand Central Station. Too many dumb questions were being asked at the booth, questions that could be handled at less cost by the ticket clerks. The agent, whose card read "T. Remington Grenfell, Vice-President,

Grand Central Holding Corporation," pulled out detailed blueprints showing plans for the conversion of the booth and specifications for a fruit stand.

The Fortunato brothers hesitated at the \$100,000 advance lease, but the idea of doing business in the midst of the world's busiest railway station convinced them to follow Grenfell to his offices for more details. A waiting chauffeur-driven limo drove them to a building next to Grand Central Station, where they entered through an office door labeled "Wilson A. Blodgett, President, Grand Central Holding Company." As they entered, the Fortunatos overheard Blodgett finishing a phone conversation with their competitors. "Have your certified check in my hands by noon tomorrow and the booth is yours," he told them. Horrified, Grenfell explained that the Fortunatos had just come to close the deal. Blodgett, after some consideration, decided the only fair thing to do would be to let "the first one here with the check have the lease to the booth."

The next morning the brothers were at the bank when it opened and from there went immediately to Blodgett's office with the money. The lease was signed and congratulations offered.

The lease called for the brothers to take over the booth on April Fool's Day. They arrived to find business as usual in the information booth. Telling the information attendants that since it was after nine o'clock, "you and the others are supposed to be out of here," they then had workmen begin stacking lumber and building materials next to the booth, obstructing traffic. A cop checked the lease and the blueprints and roused a vice president of Grand Central Station who told the brothers that there was no such animal as the Grand Central Holding Company. Blodgett's office was empty, their check had been cashed. After a year's investigation the culprits were never found. Tony and Nick remained convinced the Grand Central Railroad itself was behind the swindle and



for years would go to the information booth at the station and shake their fists and shout at the men in the booth.

## 64,000 Ghosts

But the biggest example of a swindle featuring a company's financial success based on imaginary assets is both very recent and very close at hand. It is the case of the Equity Funding Corporation of Beverly Hills, a scandal that broke in 1973 and involved a record-breaking \$2 billion worth of phony insurance policies.

Equity Funding Corporation of America went into business in 1960 with \$10,000. Its growth in 13 years to assets of \$1 billion set a new growth record. But that growth was based on sheer fantasy.

What started Equity Funding on the road to corporate fame and fortune was something called "leverage." A salesman would tell a client, "You're prepared to spend \$300 on insurance. Instead of spending \$300, spend \$100—and put \$200 into mutual funds." The idea was to borrow against the mutual-fund investment to pay the premium on the insurance. The expectation was that earnings plus growth would be greater than the interest cost of the loan. Leverage meant using the same money twice. Of course, the customer had to pay two commissions, and there was no guarantee as to the financial health of the mutual fund. It was merely a debt that had to be repaid.

Insurance salesmen loved it. The public loved it. And most of all, Wall Street loved it. Equity Funding, with its unique concept and dazzling growth, became a "glamour stock." By 1968, reported assets approached \$200 million. The company moved to new quarters, the top floor of 1900 Avenue of the Stars, and its president, Stanley Goldblum, occupied the largest office in Century City. At this point, the worst crime that had been committed could be generously called creative bookkeeping.

In 1970, the stock market went through one of its per-

iodic erosions, and Equity's stock dropped from \$80 to a low of \$14 a share. It was then that Stanley Goldblum and his chief financial officers decided in favor of massive and outright fraud. They simply created imaginary people all over the United States and sold them life-insurance policies. More than 64,000 phony policies in all, totaling over a

of these, but she was certainly convincing. She began her career in Canada by going on a shopping spree financed solely by some business cards she had had printed with her name and the legend "Heiress to \$15,000." One of Cassie's earliest discoveries is that people like to lend money to people who already have a lot of money.

## No one has ever bought the Brooklyn Bridge, but there have been buyers for the Eiffel Tower.

billion dollars. Using the principle of leverage, these policies were then resold, for cash, to other insurance companies. And, of course, Equity's assets appeared to be growing tremendously, driving back up the price of the stock, making Equity Funding an attractive investment opportunity again.

These fictitious policies created a very big headache for the officers of Equity Funding, since the insurance business is tightly regulated by the government. Every detail had to ring true, and the fraud had to be kept hidden from most of the firm's employees. Files had to be established for each "policy holder"; computers were specifically programmed, making them accomplices to the swindle; death certificates had to be forged. It all worked until Goldblum fired one of Equity's vice-presidents as an economy measure. His name was Ronald Secrist, and he blew the whistle, ending the amazing story of Equity Funding. But, as of this writing, none of the Equity officers are in jail. Stanley Goldblum was, however, indicted in Los Angeles for mail fraud, bank fraud, securities fraud, the filing of false documents with the Securities and Exchange Commission and 41 other counts.

## Don't Ever Trust No Skirt

You would think that for a female to become a swindler she would have to be good-looking, or at least charming. Cassie Chadwick was neither

Cassie's shopping spree ended when she was arrested, but the intensity of her personality was such that the judge at her trial, instead of jailing her as a criminal, acquitted her on grounds of insanity. Cassie created a reality to suit herself, changing her name and history at will. In various incarnations she was the young Canadian heiress Elizabeth Bigley, who mortgaged her sister's furniture while she was away on a trip; the wealthy Toledo clairvoyant Madame de Vere, who was sent to the Ohio penitentiary for nine years for forgery; and finally Mrs. Leroy S. Chadwick, the wife of a doctor and a prominent figure in Cleveland society.

But most of all Cassie Chadwick owed her good fortune to being the illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie. At least that's what she said. She once appeared to a carriage full of waiting lawyers (this was in New York in 1902), leaving Andrew Carnegie's house with nearly \$1 million worth of notes, just signed by Carnegie himself. The notes were later found to be forgeries. While inside the house, Cassie's interview was with Carnegie's housekeeper, its subject a maid's references. The notes had been signed by Cassie at Mr. Carnegie's kitchen table.

Cassie Chadwick lived a life of fabulous wealth in Cleveland. Once, to surprise her husband, she had the house redecorated while they ate dinner out in a downtown restaurant. She bought everything, and in great

quantities, too—jewelry, paintings, furniture, the only seal dress ever made in Canada. Once she bought eight grand pianos as gifts for friends. So when Harry Rickey, an editor of the Cleveland Press, discovered Mrs. Chadwick was being sued for failure to pay a debt of \$190,000, he got curious. After a lot of detective work by Mr. Rickey, his newspaper printed Cassie's whole story, starting when she was heiress to a mere \$15,000, straight through to the millions coming her way from the sometimes paternal Andrew Carnegie. She was arrested, and her "credit" was found to have come close to \$2 million.

Cassie, backed up by her claim to the Carnegie fortune, seemed to cast a spell on bank presidents. Charles T. Beckwith, president of the Citizen's National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, had loaned Mrs. Chadwick \$240,000, four times the total capitalization of his bank. Cassie died in prison but had a good run first, made possible by her wits and the greed of rich men who loaned her money at enormous rates of interest.

## They Sold Plenty of Nothing

Two modern examples of empires built on a combination of assets both real and imagined were those headed by Billie Sol Estes in Texas and by Tino DeAngelis in New Jersey, both during the '60s. The Billie Sol Estes scandal had severe repercussions for the administration of John F. Kennedy. The "salad-oil swindle" ruined one major brokerage and financially threatened scores of banks, trading companies and businesses.

Billie Sol Estes, a classic con man, started out with no money, just a small farm in west Texas. By the time he was 28, he was so successful he was named as one of the ten outstanding young men of 1953 by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. Through the Jaycees, Estes made many valuable contacts, and through one of them he obtained \$100,000 in mortgage

(continued on page 98)





HOLMSTROM '79



# TILT!

## A CHEATER'S GUIDE TO PINBALL

TEXT + ILLUSTRATIONS  
JOHN HOLMSTROM

One of the dilemmas of getting high is what to do when you get there. Modern technology has found many answers to this problem: television, stereophonic sound, biofeedback, video games, vibrators, sticking your finger in the socket and, best of all, pinball.

Pinball is the greatest sport of all time. You can play it alone, with a friend, or with all of your friends. The number of players is unlimited (if you can find a pinball arcade big enough). You can play pinball with no fear of physical injury (unless one of your opponents is a psycho), and the thrill of victory is as sweet as in any sport. You can even gamble on it. You can play it in a bar—like darts, pool or hustling—or you can play at home—like monopoly, chess or sex. Pinball is so much fun, in fact, that psychologists are warning that it is psychologically addictive.

The biggest drawback to playing pinball is its price—25 cents a game for anywhere from three to ten balls. However, truly devoted fanatics can buy a machine for \$500 to \$1,500 and play to their hearts' content. This not only saves money, provides endless practice for those all-important local tournaments, livens up parties and bothers the neighbors, it also gives you something to do while waiting for the commercials on television to end.

The object of the game is simple—to get more points than anyone else. Unless you are playing by yourself. Then you make up your own goal. If you are a pinball wizard, the point to wasting your quarter (and make no mistake, playing pinball is nothing more than wasting quarters, 'cause you never get them back no matter what, unless you're playing for money, but it's pretty hard to play for money when you're playing against yourself, but I'm sure somebody can do it) is to beat the all-time high score, or at least turn the machine over—that is, bring all the numbers back to zero. An ordinary player might just want to beat his or her last score or even want to kill a few minutes while waiting for somebody to get off the public telephone. An average game lasts from one to five minutes, depending on the skill of the player. If that somebody is still on the phone, you can always get more quarters.

Now if you've never played pinball before (don't be embarrassed to admit it—c'mon, we've all got skeletons in the



**Pinball is so much fun  
that psychologists are  
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psychologically addictive.**



closet), I will outline a short guide on how to play, so even if you never looked at a pinball machine before, you will look like a wizard once you finish this guide below. Well, maybe not a wizard, but you won't look like a numbskull either.

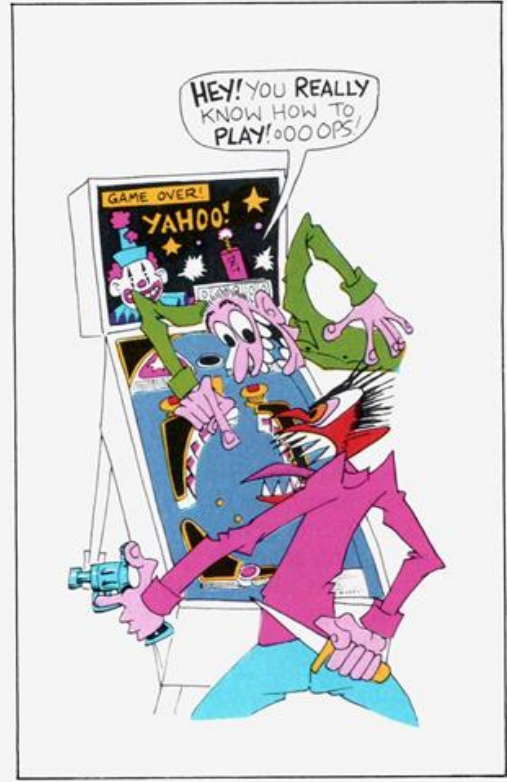
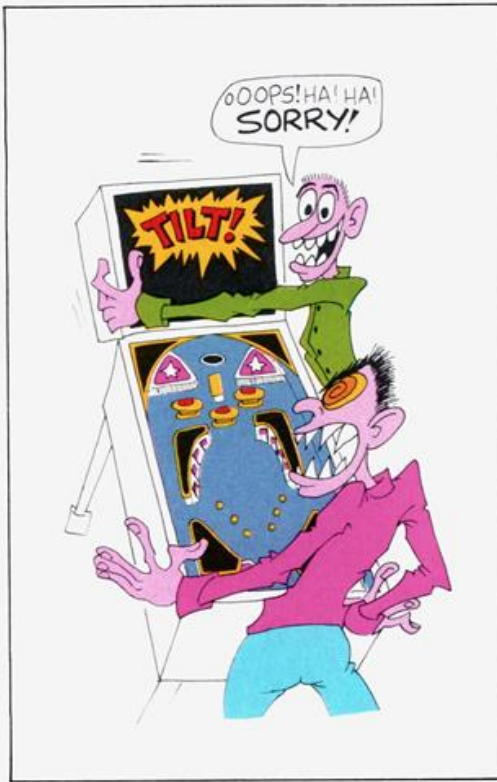
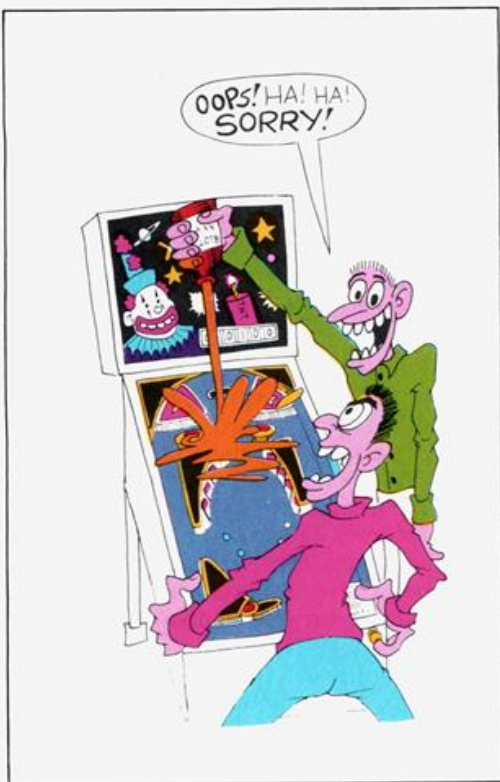
1. Before wasting a quarter on a worn-out machine, take a look at it—while somebody else is playing it, if possible. See if all the targets go up and down (targets are those little plastic doohickeys that are supposed to fall down when they are hit by the ball). Make sure both flippers work (flippers are those duckbill-shaped plastic and rubber things that move up and down when the buttons on the side of the machine are pushed). And most important of all, be sure the damn thing is plugged in! Sometimes the machine is so worn out it's no use even trying to play it. These antiques are usually found in pinball arcades where there are 25 machines and the two or three that work are monopolized by hordes of preteen brats. Select a machine where you feel the ambience is right. Those preteen brats are always experts at distracting (more on this later).

2. If a machine looks like fun and you want to play it, but someone else is playing it, drop a quarter for each game you want to reserve on the glass where and when it won't disturb the player. Be careful, though, 'cause in some parts of town this means you are challenging that player to a showdown.

3. Before dropping a quarter in the slot, read the instructions on the lower right-hand corner of the machine (not while someone else is playing the machine, however). The instructions not only tell you how many games and balls your two bits buys but also how many points are needed for a double bonus and how to score free games (if legal in your area). The instructions will say something like: "Putting ball through A & B lanes lites double bonus" or "Hitting A-B-C-D-E-F-G lites extra-ball lane." Find out where A, B, C, D, E, F and G are so you know what part of the machine to hit and whatever pitfalls await you. This way it will look like you know what you're doing even if you don't.

4. Now you're ready to play! Choose up sides even if you are playing by yourself. Remember: *It's more fun to compete!* Drop the quarter into the slot, making sure the machine eats it without regurgi-





tating. If a ball doesn't appear in the slot above the plunger, find the reset button by pushing every button you see until all the numbers on the back panel go back to zero. Push this button again when the game is over, just in case there's a free one in there someplace—you never know. Now, pull back the plunger (don't be afraid) and let her go!

5. If you're an experienced player, you'll know how to bump and grind the machine at just the right moment to give the machine the right *oomph* and make the ball last as long as possible (just like sex, right?). But a virgin player should concentrate on playing the flippers. Flippers always intimidate beginners, and they beat them frantically hoping that they'll hit the ball by accident. If you want to look cool, just wait for the ball. More experienced players use each flipper against the other, hitting one a split second after the other so if the ball goes into a spin off the first, the other flipper knocks it to the top of the board. The best place to aim is the top, because that's where the most points are scored. Usually most bonus points are scored at the top. A bonus is scored after you lose the ball—kind of like a reward for your labors. That's why it's good to score a double bonus. Some machines even have holes that triple, quadruple, quintuple or sextuple your bonus!

6. Avoid hitting side targets unless you know what you're doing. The points are usually not worth the high risk, although the temptation to hit that last target is so great that you must do it to see if you're really that good or not.

7. Often it takes a game or two to warm up, so don't worry about your score. Most beginners try too hard. Don't play to win;

## Simple, fun ways of cheating are tilting the machine, spilling your beer over the playing field, and tickling or punching the players.

play to keep playing. Try not to lose the ball and you'll do fine; as long as the ball is in play you score points. If you try too hard to win, you lose the point of playing pinball—to have fun. It's as simple as that. It's only a game, only a social activity. Unless, of course, you're playing for drinks, money or revenge. Which brings us to cheating.

**C**heating is often more fun than playing—especially if you don't know how to play! There are endless ways to cheat. The simplest, most effective and most obvious way is to tilt the machine while your enemy is playing. To tilt the machine, bump into it as hard as you can, as often as you have to, until the tilt mechanism stops the game dead in its tracks and the other players lose all their points. You can offer some lame excuse about how stoned you are (if the other player doesn't stone you first) and how you tripped by accident (no pun intended).

Another fun way to cheat is to cover up the playing field with whatever is handy. You can spill your beer all over it, lie on it, put your coat on it or sit on it (no offense). The player will go nuts trying to hit the ball by slamming the flippers, and usually

this sight alone is worth the effort, even if you lose. Other popular forms of cheating are tickling or punching the players and unplugging the machine or smashing it with the nearest chair.

Distracting your adversaries—breaking their concentration—is the more refined, subtle approach to cheating. In fact, distracting is the psychological underbelly to pinball that makes it as fun and educational as going to the psychiatrist! Playing skillfully on the weaknesses of your antagonists is more important than hitting the ball correctly. Simple distractions include coughing, sneezing, reading the instructions out loud, engaging in fascinating conversation, engaging in unbelievably dull conversation, and screaming at the top of your lungs. If you know your opponent intimately, pinball can be the perfect moment to discuss those private problems—you know, the ones that cause the most grief and woe. Yes, folks, pinball can be a dirty business, a very dirty business indeed. Other good distractions are pointing out the incredibly sexy whatever that is about to do whatever. If none of the above works, just marvel over what a fantastic game your opponent is playing. That gets 'em every time.

Pinball is popular all over the world. In fact, it is so popular that 60 percent of all American machines are exported to foreign markets. The playing techniques vary according to the national character. Italians like to play by themselves. The French are very fast with their hands. In Poland, on the other hand, well . . . never mind.

The Spanish are noted for playing fast machines. Import of American machines

(continued on page 56)



# A HISTORY OF PINBALL

Bagatelle, a popular game in the 19th century, is the granddaddy of pinball. Bagatelle is similar to pool, in that you use a cue stick to shoot balls into scoring holes. In 1871 a game called Improvements in Bagatelle was introduced, which featured a spring-powered plunger, bells, gates and metal pins spread about the playing field to confuse the ball's downward progress. Imitations soon followed, although none were particularly commercially successful.

In the late 1920s electricity was added. The electric lights and bells defined modern pinball. Most games weren't pinball as it is known and played today; they were coin-operated novelty machines employing metal balls through a maze of pins and lanes and into scoring holes. When Harry Williams invented such a pin-ball game in 1931, called Advance, he added mechanical gates, metal arches (as opposed to wooden arches) and the first tilt mechanism.

During the late '20s and early '30s coin-operated amusement machines enjoyed increasing popularity, and the demand for better games was outstripping the

supply. In 1933 the game Jigsaw provided a metal puzzle that was completed by dropping balls into the proper holes. Williams invented the electric kick-out hole in the game Contact. Soon kick-out holes rang bells and the play fields became more attractive. Small-time manufacturers proliferated. Then a new gimmick was introduced, "pay-out pinball," combining the fun of old-time pinball with the potential profits of slot machines. The price for this thrill jumped from one penny to five cents.

Public opinion turned against pinball, and soon it was enjoying more popularity than ever. It was a forbidden fruit, like dope, crime, racketeering, speakeasies and booze. Humphrey Bogart played a gangster who forced merchants to rent his pinball machines in the 1936 crime film *Bullets or Ballots*, but Edward G. Robinson caught up with the son of a gun.

While technology improved the play of pinball, public outrage gave pinball manufacturers a king-size pain in the neck. In 1941, New York City prohibited pinball. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia made the front pages as he led his antipinball campaign,

smashing pinball machines with a sledgehammer, charging that pinball corrupted moral fiber and caused juvenile delinquency by encouraging gambling. To top things off, the war created a shortage in materials. The industry was in trouble.

In 1947, D. Gottlieb & Son introduced flippers in a machine called *Humpty Dumpty*. Pinball entered a new era as it became a respectable game of skill. Then Bally introduced bingo pinball—still popular today—which awarded free games or money for lining up the proper numbers on a game board devoid of flippers. The playing field resembled a bingo card. By 1956 a federal-court decision ruled that bingo pinball machines were in effect slot machines and must be controlled by gambling laws.

Soon, new refinements included add-a-ball, almost extinct today, where a player added as many free balls as he could to his game. Then the free ball was offered, then free games. The movie *Tommy* came out, the first rock opera, all about a pinball wizard. Then, in 1976, New York City lifted its ban on pinball. Pinball, like rock 'n' roll, is here to stay.





is prohibited, so gradually the Spanish have developed machines with such a deep slant that pinball playing is a very intense exercise in eye-to-hand coordination. Blink and you lose the game. The artwork that graces Spanish machines is of a caliber undreamed of in the United States. The back panel artwork is sexy, imaginative, subtle and beautiful, as opposed to American pinball design, which is standardized, overworked and repetitious.

However, I must admit that one of my favorite parts of playing pinball is looking at the wonderful garish designs splashed all over the back glass panel and playing field. Stepping in front of a pinball machine, putting my hands on the flippers and looking deep into the brightly lit cabinet, gives me a feeling of intimacy similar to the one I experience with my television set, when we're alone, the lights are out, and it's playing "Tom and Jerry" for me. I can stare at those buxom, sexy, alluring girls all over the Bally company's *Night Rider* or *Eight Ball* for hours, dreaming that they're all mine and that I'm the one they've been waiting for. These machines beat Penthouse all hollow. In fact, Bally is bringing out a Playboy pinball machine, complete with two bunnies and, you guessed it, Hef himself. Hefner claims to have helped design the machine, which I can't believe because it is a pretty damn good machine.

I've always wondered exactly who designs the playing fields—if the artist who does the drawings designs the whole thing from scratch or if some master computer whacks out the perfect pinball design. As it turns out, there is a master pinball designer who designs the play of the machine and an artist who does the graphics. As with all the popular arts, innovation is stifled by the prevailing corporate collectivist view—"the most good for the most people"—rather than an individualistic capitalistic view—"if you don't like my design, fuck you, then don't play it, see what I care." The designers' attempt is to give ordinary players what they want, although not necessarily what they expect. But they do aim for the lowest common denominator so that the machine can be marketed all over the world. It's no easy task to make a machine that will appeal to players in Antwerp, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Los Angeles and Oshkosh.

**A** machine's basic design is sketched by a company designer and then constructed into what is called a whitewood. The whitewood is fitted with the different targets, flippers, thumper bumpers, lanes, out holes and the rest. This prototype is refitted and reconstructed until it is deemed satisfactory. About eight weeks after the rough drafts are made, test games are built. The guys around the factory play these and everybody gives suggestions and ideas. The idea is to get a machine that is three-quar-

ters skill and one-quarter luck. That way, casual players aren't discouraged and pinball wizards can't beat the machine mercilessly. Once all the changes are made and the machine is okayed by the manufacturer and the designer, 50 to 200 test machines are shipped out all over the place. Weekly reports are sent back on their performance. If the profits are good,

**I can stare at those  
sexy girls all over  
Bally's "Night Rider"  
for hours, dreaming  
that I'm the one  
they've been waiting for.**

the machine is churned out by the thousands and sent out all over the globe.

The artwork is a different business. When the final design sketch is ready, it is sent to one of the art studios the companies use. (Bally is the only manufacturer with its own in-house art department.) Usually the artist who creates the back panel art does the play field as well. First they pencil in the point values of the different lanes, targets and bonus holes. As the design is drawn, a theme often comes to mind, if not already suggested or demanded. The art is finished in color and sent to the manufacturer for any changes or alterations. Once the artwork is approved it is sent off to be silkscreened onto the glass and attached to the back panel and play field.

If you've ever wondered who draws those sexy women for the Bally machines—*Captain Fantastic*, *Mata Hari*, *Fireball*, *Old Chicago*, etc.—his name is David Christenson. His inspiration, along with many others' in this field, is the late Roy Parker, whose cartoony back panel art in the '50s and '60s for Gottlieb machines displayed a charismatic naivete and charm missing from the popular arts today.

D. Gottlieb & Son, Parker's patron, is the oldest surviving pinball manufacturing company. It was recently bought for a cool \$47 million by Columbia Pictures. The other three in the pinball manufacturers' Big Four are Williams Electronics Inc., Chicago Coin Industries (now Stern Electronics) and Bally Manufacturing Corporation. Each company produces machines that bear trademarks of their makers.

Bally machines are the most dependable, the most fun and the most challenging. They don't wear out fast, the artwork is nice, and you can learn the features of the machine better each time you play. Typical Bally machines are *Mata Hari*, *Wizard*, *Evel Knievel* and the classic *Captain Fantastic*.

Williams machines are really fast,

furiously and fun when they are brand new, but as time drags by, so do they. Often they become so sluggish and weak they're unplayable. Popular models are *Grand Prix*, *Space Mission*, *Space Odyssey* and *Liberty Bell*.

Gottlieb produces dependable machines that offer good play and sometimes very unusual features that offer a real challenge, whether you're a greenhorn or a seasoned vet. Some Gottlieb machines are *Spirit of '76*, *Target Alpha* and *Jungle Queen*.

Chicago Coin's machines have the well-deserved reputation of being the least imaginative of the lot, although this in itself makes their machines a bit of fun in their own right. Some models you may have noticed are *Captain Card*, *Cinema* and *Soundstage*. Since becoming Stern Electronics, things are changing. Their *Disco* and *Ted Nugent* machines reflect their determination to come out on top of the pinball heap.

There are a few pinball books on the market, but the only one worth mentioning is *Pinball!* by Roger C. Sharpe, published by E.P. Dutton. It features lots of full-color photos, history and useless information. The perfect gift for that pinball addict you know—even if you give it to yourself!

What is ahead for pinball? Already innovations are rocking the industry like nothing seen since the Beatles changed the face of pop music and World War II changed the face of war. Most machines have gone digital. Scores are read on computerized banks, and the bells and thumps of yesteryear have been replaced by the dings, dangs, bings and bongs of the computer age. Table pinball allows players to sit down to play and is gaining widespread popularity in bars. Recently a table pinball game offered the opportunity for two players to face each other and play at the same time. Atari Manufacturing, so hot at video games that Warner Communications bought them for a fast \$24 million, designed machines offering four flippers, interesting Japanese graphics, a cabinet almost twice as wide as the standard American machine, a more imaginative playing field and noises unheard of before *Star Wars*. The ball makes vroooooooooops, ddd-dtttrrrdddttrrrdddttrrrs, whoooooooooops, doooowheeeeps, frgzxs, dootles, beeeepbeeeepbeeeeps and many other sounds too incredible to describe. Bally's popular *Fireball* machine, now available in a home version for \$850, features two ball traps and a flipper trap, making it possible to play three balls at the same time while the flippers are closed so tight there is virtually no escape.

Naturally, traditional machines go over best with the mass market, but with lasers and holograms in a budding stage of development, who knows what excitement lurks in future pinball arcades? ■



Centerfold

# Flesh of the Gods

How many heedless farm boys and girls in the past, driving the herd out to pasture at dawn or calling it in for the evening milking, have idly trodden over with their uncouth brogans the veritable Flesh of the Gods, *psilocybe cubensis*? This divine mycological treasure is in truth the Cinderella of psychedelic sacraments, offering itself in the humblest conceivable guise, germinating mainly on the lowly cow patty in the foggy, soggy bottoms of the rustic pasture. With a Philistinism born of ignorance, untold generations of American country folk have spurned the *psilocybe*, prejudicially ranking it with common toadstools and regarding it with mycophobic disdain and superstitious horror.

This appalling state of affairs is, thankfully, finally being remedied. Perhaps the aboriginal Native American mushroom diety Teonanacatl has finally grown fed up with this immemorial apostasy and has resolved to manifest Himself in His primal, virile glory to the young men and women who now inhabit the soil where once, long ago and for so very long, He was worshipped in reverence and grave jubilation. Certainly on farms all about the American South, the partaking of this once and future sacrament is decidedly on the upswing. The purity of the hallucinatory experience of *psilocybe*, the transcendental profundity and scope of its crystalline vision are at last being rediscovered in contemporary America.

Why, reports have even lately emerged of vibrant adolescent men and women knowingly employing *psilocybe* the way their Native American avatars heretofore used it—to come together in an ecstatic physical union hallowed not by mere church or state but by the primal vegetation deity of all the pre-Columbian Americas!

This is the sort of glad news that warms the souls of all us pleasure-minded old mycophiliacs.















# TERROR in exile

Gabrielle Krocher-Tiedeman looked elegant as she fondled the petite but deadly Ingram MAC-10 machine pistol hidden under her gray coat with fur collar.

She gazed across the walk, smiled at Hans Joachim-Klein and straightened her matching gray cap. Klein, heavy with grenades, plastique and a bag full of weapons, strolled over to her side. They were soon met by Illich Ramirez Sanchez, otherwise known as Carlos, the man who had masterminded the terrorist action at

the Munich Olympics. It was December 1975 and they were the three most powerful urban guerrillas in the world, involved in or controlling the operations of the Baader-Meinhof Gang, the Red Brigade, the Red Army Faction, the Japanese Red Army and the Black September Group of the Palestinian Liberation Organization.

The trio walked into the Vienna office of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) and began peppering rounds of lead into Arab oil ministers. Austrian Chancellor Hugo Kreisky, fearful of more blood, gave in to their demands and arranged for a plane to fly them to Algeria.

But Hans Joachim-Klein had taken a few rounds of small-arms fire in his belly. On the plane to Algeria he began to freak, questioning the motives of the European urban-guerrilla movement he had become so involved in. High Times caught up with Klein in a European park.

I had been waiting for over an hour in the park, hidden behind a paper whose news I already knew by heart. I had a rendezvous at this bench with Hans-Joachim Klein, 31 years old, former terrorist, wanted by several police forces, several secret services and more than several of his ex-companions.

It had all started with a letter I found one night in my box at the newspaper office. Just a few lines. Klein arranged a meeting somewhere in a foreign country, at this very bench. He signed the letter with his real name, a name I had just seen on a poster at the Berlin airport. Under his mug shot, in huge red letters: WANTED. 50,000 deutsche marks the reward.

Klein had been one of the German members of a pro-Palestinian commando that, on December 21, 1975, had attacked the meeting of OPEC in Vienna and took as prisoners 11 ministers from different oil-producing countries. It was one of the most spectacular operations in the history of international terrorism. Directed by the mysterious Carlos (alias Illich Ramirez Sanchez), the operation ultimately failed. Klein was seriously injured, judged

An underground visit with a bomber who kicked the habit but not the bucket

by Jean-Marcel Bouguereau  
translation by Karen Moline



at first to be too ill to be moved but finally taken aboard a plane that carried the ministers/hostages and the members of the commando from Vienna to Algiers.

But four years have passed since then. After having been one of the heroes of the guerrilla movement, Klein became one of the dissidents. In a letter to the German press, he made it clear that he no longer agreed. He hadn't abandoned any of his convictions. On the contrary, it was the guerrilla stance that had betrayed him. He decided to disappear, condemned to hide himself from the police—and from his former colleagues, because for them he “knew too much.” A day would come when he could explain himself at length. That was what he proposed to do now.

Two kids playing soccer were running around our park bench and screaming when someone arrived from behind. I hadn't even seen him approach, though I had spent the last hour staring at every profile that went by...suspecting spies lurking inside the most innocent of passersby.

Klein explained that we would spend several days together at a beach, on vacation. Necessary security. We left the park, winding around and retracing our steps as we slipped away into town.

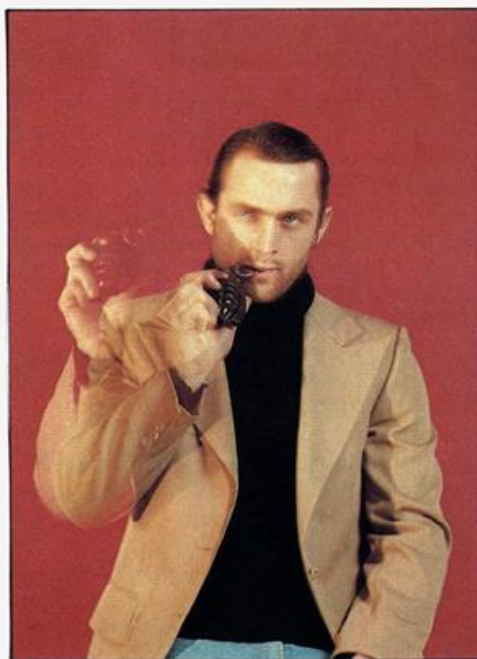
After a tedious trip, we arrived at a small house where, for several days, we transformed ourselves into perfect little tourists: Bermuda shorts and sun hats, fishing poles and picnic baskets. Not completely a front, at least for Klein, this apparently being his first vacation in a long time.

No, Klein did not have an easy time of it. But he didn't complain too much. Once or twice, during the long voyage out, he let these three words escape: “A dog's life.” The life of an exile without even the community of exiles. A fugitive without the community of fugitives. Estranged from friends. Perpetual worry about security. Sex as an afterthought. A past that torments you without end.

“When you do nothing, or next to nothing, all day long, you sit and think: that's all you can do. You rehash your past. And when you try to think about your fate, you can't shake the idea that you are being followed. It's not the fear that is debilitating but the feeling that you have no future...Locked in with your thoughts, and no door to escape them is ever going to open...” Yet it is not Klein's style to be bitter. “It's a dog's life,” he says, “but it's life.”

At times I would watch his facial expressions change, and I could feel him closing himself off, as though evoking certain episodes in his life was forcing him to pay a price, to receive an internal blow, a punishment. But that haunted look quickly left his face and he became again stubborn and cheerful

**“I thought of the joy that Iranians would feel at the death of Amouzegar. You only had to read a tenth of what was published about the torture chambers of the Savak to be convinced.”**



and no longer astonished at anything. His experiences over the years after Vienna have left irreparable marks.

**I**n December 21, 1975, there were three deaths at the OPEC meeting in Vienna, and one left dying, Klein. The terrorist operation, directed by Carlos, began inauspiciously, with the commando group taking a streetcar to the office of OPEC.

“Our pockets were stuffed with weapons and we could hardly move,” Klein remembers. “We entered just like that, through the doors. The guard on duty even saluted us. Once inside and upstairs, I had to stay in the entryway, watching the telephone, searching over the people and sending them into the conference room where the others were already. And then, inside, I heard gunshots. It was Carlos, who had emptied his gun into a Libyan official. Plus there were two more dead, an Iraqi policeman and an old Austrian cop killed by a bullet in the back.”

“Soon after, a group of Austrian marksmen arrived below, shooting like

crazy. With Joseph, a Palestinian member of the commando, I shot back. When I stopped to reload I was hit in the crossfire. A bullet in the chest, one in the shoulder, and another hit my gun. Joseph screamed to Carlos for help. He came, hollered something, and Joseph threw one of the grenades down below. After that, everything stopped. I stayed in the building for a long time, and one of the ministers who was a doctor treated me, but I don't remember very much of anything.”

Klein, half dead, was taken to the Hospital of Vienna, where the police profited from the situation and took his fingerprints. In all the papers the next day there was a photo of him leaving OPEC headquarters. You had to guess at his face, which he tried in vain to hide. You could tell that he was in pain. His injuries made him a hero of terrorism. The only known member of the commando, he was searched for all over the world.

Vienna was Klein's baptism in fire. “It was an electric shock. Those three killings were futile. They were assassinations. Those guys were killed as an example. I couldn't take that anymore. I had participated in the commando in Vienna while thinking that, for the Left, legal action could no longer provide anything. Instead of talk, one had to fight. But...it's quite something else to kill people for no reason.”

Every day, Klein related a different episode from the past few years. Each afternoon, hidden in a secluded corner of the coast, I took my tape recorder out from under the mounds of tourist gear. From our vantage point we could easily see other tourists. As soon as they approached, the tape recorder disappeared under a newspaper. Once, two German girls sat down near us. We had to clear out.

“You know,” Klein says, “I haven't had anything to do with women—nothing at all, absolutely nothing—since I went into hiding. I haven't kissed anyone. I haven't felt a woman in my arms. And what's worse, I can't speak of it to anyone. First of all, I hardly know a soul. And secondly, I can't really speak of it except to those who know I am Mr. Klein and not Mr. X.”

The secrecy of the guerrilla life continues to eat away at Klein. It “took up 80 percent of your time. You always had to be in perfect control. You had to code, decode, redecode addresses and papers. And then the codes would change. You had to have this all straight in your head. I can't give you details about that...all I can say is, you lost an incredible amount of time. A meeting—that was a complete production.”

During the months he spent with Carlos, after Vienna, Klein became more and more disillusioned. He was,



however, received with all the honors of a compatriot in certain Arab countries that he would rather not mention. ("I'm not here to denounce anyone," he explains, "but to make a statement.") The months crawled by as he stayed in Palestinian training camps, and he met the brains behind the Viennese operation, the famous Waddi Haddad, now dead, the mastermind of many of the more notorious terrorist actions of recent years.

"All the ideas which I had thought indestructible disintegrated after everything I was told there," Klein says. He learned that one of the German terrorist groups had threatened to blow up a Japan Air Lines plane in exchange for \$5 million. "That was in April 1976. I was there when preparations were being made. It was Haddad's idea. He had prepared a blue Samsonite suitcase by packing in some plastic explosives. It was supposed to explode in the middle of the flight. I was there when the commando came to pick up the suitcase. Fortunately, this operation was a failure. The baggage area was overcrowded and the unidentifiable blue Samsonite wasn't put on a plane. It exploded in a hallway, without damage. You know, plastic explosives don't cause any damage when they're put in closed-up places."

Carlos told Klein that he had thrown grenades into a drugstore in St.-Germain-des-Pres, in Paris, to force the French government into liberating the Japanese terrorists. Carlos seemed to Klein more and more dependent on the Palestinian group of Waddi Haddad. "They were the ones with the money, with the weapons and with the sanctuaries we needed after our activities..."

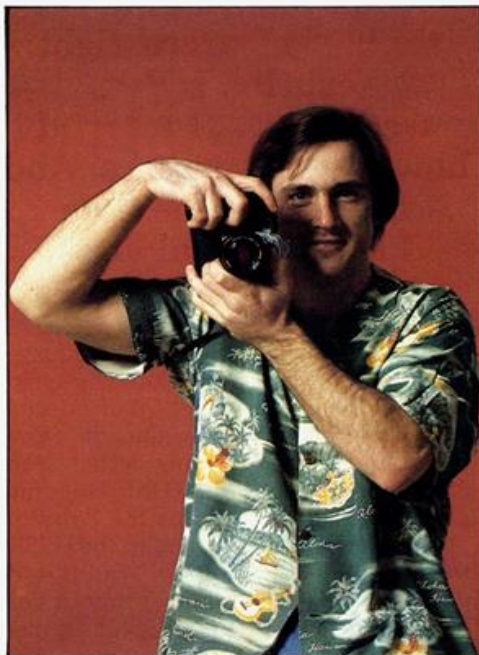
What did Klein think he was getting into when he joined the guerrillas? That you never had to kill? When he took part in the Viennese commando, didn't he assume that there would be death?

"Of course. In Vienna, one of the objectives was to execute two of the OPEC ministers: Amouzegar, the Iranian, and Jamani, the Saudi. With Amouzegar, I had no problems. I even thought of the joy that millions of Iranians would feel at the death of this bastard. You only had to read a tenth of what was published about the torture chambers of the Savak [secret police] to be convinced. For Jamani, it was different. It was abstract, unclear. I wasn't very convinced, but Carlos explained to me..."

And Klein had come to believe in Carlos....

first met Klein five years ago in Germany. He was already in the terrorist organization, but no one knew it. He was not yet in hiding. Just a militant leftist, a bit more impetuous

**"At a demonstration  
against the Vietnam  
War I saw two cops  
bullying a woman.  
Two images collided:  
woman, the fragile  
being, and cop,  
defender of the weak.  
I hit and  
was hit back."**



and spirited than the others.

In December 1974 I went to Stuttgart accompanying the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, who had arranged to visit Andreas Baader, the head of the Red Army Faction. Baader was then serving a life sentence in the Stammheim prison, where he would die three years later under mysterious circumstances.

Upon our arrival at the airport in Stuttgart, it was Klaus Croissant, Baader's lawyer, who came to meet us amid the hordes of journalists and photographers. Croissant was accompanied by a bodyguard assigned to protect Sartre, whose arrival had provoked threats and anonymous letters. This blond, muscled type who spoke with the accent of the young "proletarians" of the Frankfurt suburbs, and who couldn't have been any older than 25, was Klein.

This young prole had come a long way. His father was a cop and brutal. At the age of 18, Klein was still being beaten by his father. "One day, I was locked in my room and forbidden to leave. He had this goddamn canary in

its cage. The canary was driving me crazy. So I let it out. My father beat me so badly I thought I was going to die. After that, I left home."

Saturday nights, Klein hung out with a band of friends. He went to prison for a few months for stealing a car. After leaving jail, he did all sorts of odd jobs. One day, his whole universe was shattered, but he didn't know it yet. "I went, out of curiosity, to see a demonstration against the Vietnam War. And I saw two cops bullying a woman. Two images collided in my head, two images of everything that I had ever learned: that of the woman, the fragile being, and that of the policeman as defender of the weak. I had to intervene. I hit and was hit back. And from that moment on, I began to think..."

Klein discovered the war in Vietnam and gradually became politicized, making contacts in the student underground that was at its high point just before 1968. At that time, the B-52 bombers returning from Southeast Asia had layovers in Wiesbaden, just outside Frankfurt. Like thousands of his contemporaries, he identified strongly with the Vietcong.

Klein still can't speak of that period without getting emotional. "That injustice recalled to me the same feelings I had when, as a child, I read the novels of Karl May describing the annihilation of the Indians," he told me when we came back from the beach after our first afternoon of discussion.

That night, he couldn't avoid being nostalgic. Laughing at himself while cooking an omelette on an old gas burner, he recalled his career as international terrorist staying at Hilton hotels. Suddenly, he had a craving for the curried sausages sold at stands along the avenues in Frankfurt. How he'd love to go back, just for a few hours, incognito, just to be there.

Klein eats without thinking about what he's swallowing. He talks, taking advantage of my being the first person he can open up to. "When I learned about the bombing of Haiphong, that night I wandered alone around the American embassy with the obstinate idea of doing anything, even something with a box of matches I had in my pocket. What good is a peaceable demonstration against a genocide?"

Years went by and the war continued. West Germany, content giant of Europe, remained impassive. The revolt of the younger generation collided against a brick wall. The first stones were being thrown against American buildings. The shattered windows, those panes of broken glass, caused a scandal. "The Germans were more upset over that incident than by the deaths of thousands of men. We were denounced as terrorists simply because



we demonstrated in the streets."

Then came the first Molotov cocktails. The first homemade bombs. But the underground movement met with the same indifference. In 1972 a bomb exploded in the American section of Frankfurt and a Vietnam veteran named Bloomquist was killed. This was the first terrorist deed of the German guerrillas. A few days later, the familiar acronym RAF took on a new meaning. Klein was the first to approve of the actions of the Red Army Faction.

"I was completely for them, and this includes the death of that vet. It was clear to me that the Americans could no longer continue that war without consequences. And Germany was one of them..."

One day, a guerrilla group asked Klein to join one of their revolutionary cells. He plunged in and from then on led a double life. "I was initiated into all the tricks of the underground fight: security, codes, weapons... I learned how to forge papers. And the rest of the time I led a normal life."

Several months later, Klein was asked to participate in a large-scale operation in a foreign country, together with a Palestinian group. The action would take place in Vienna and it would be directed by Carlos.

**C**arlos. A practically mythical figure. Ever since 1975, when he killed two plainclothes policemen who were trying to arrest him in Paris, many terrorist attacks have been attributed to his name. Klein is the first person to provide any direct testimony about this charismatic fugitive. Whenever he spoke of Carlos, Klein couldn't hide the sympathy he was inspired to feel for this son of Venezuelan communists who had baptized their boys with the names of Lenin—Vladimir and Ilyich.

"The first time that I saw Carlos, I thought he was Italian mafioso. It was in Paris, beginning in 1975. He was very cool. He showed us his arsenal stashed in his hotel room with the same calm as if he were showing us a stamp collection. After that, he seemed to be a James Bond duplicate. He lived with his suitcase in Paris. He had a bed, a closet full of weapons. And most important of all, his bathroom... he was obsessed with cleanliness. He washed himself all the time... He was a great reader of Playboy! But he read tons of newspapers and could speak six languages fluently."

During these months Klein lived with this person who identified completely with his own legend. "[Carlos] even wanted to complain to the police because the price on his head wasn't, in his opinion, high enough.

"In Vienna, at the height of our at-

tack, he left his loaded Beretta on a table right next to the hostages, and then he walked around, examining the room, with just a rapid-firing pistol in his hand. He told me afterward that he did it on purpose, to see if any of the hostages were Secret Service agents. If one of them had tried to seize the Beretta, there would have been a massacre, because with the kind of pistol he had, you can't shoot with any precision..."

For Klein, it was going too far. But this succession of disillusionments did not turn him into a disillusioned char-

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acter. His revolt stayed intact, hidden behind his wounds. Each time he spoke to me of his life in the jet set of international terrorism, I saw again the fascinated face of the young leftist from Frankfurt, swept along into big-time politics and world affairs: the Palestinians with whom he trained in the USSR; the company of Carlos and Waddi Haddad; his sojourns in palaces in four corners of the world; the quickening you feel when you approach power. And the fascination with weapons. "You know, in Vienna, when leaving, one of the members of the commando collected the bullets strewn on the ground. He had made them into a necklace, as a souvenir."

But then there's the rest of it: the shame of feeling mercenary the day he was received by the head of an Arab state; the bitterness of knowing that you are no more than a cog in the wheel; the feeling that you no longer know yourself because you always have a gun in your hand. "In the beginning, you tell yourself that you will master the gun, and then you realize that it's the gun that dominates you. When you carry a weapon all the time, you begin to have a different rapport with it. You feel a bit stronger. There is something that can come out of the weapon, and you somehow know that you have the power to determine when that is... In fact, when you have a gun, you must use it. It's crazy what can provoke you to use a gun. It's not you that needs it, it's the gun that needs you."

Klein tried to dispel the doubts that

were eating away at him, not daring to formulate them, fearing to be taken as a coward. Today, the choices for him are clearly defined. "I have the feeling that when you stay for a long time with the guerrillas, sooner or later you have to throw everything overboard. From your 'humanity' to your political ideal. You sink deeper and deeper into the shit. Once you've assumed this path, from then on the route can only be straight and narrow. You can no longer leave it..."

**U**et Klein got out. During all those months spent in Arab countries, Klein used his wounds as an excuse, refusing to participate in new commandos. This subterfuge was just stalling for time. "I was procrastinating while creating proposals for action. I even suggested that we kidnap Princess Caroline of Monaco." But his behavior and reflections instigated an increasing distrust on the part of his colleagues.

Finally, it became obvious to them that Klein wanted out. His comrades told him, "You can't. You know too much, especially about the international plan." Klein was then about to leave for Rome, where a group of guerrillas was studying the possibility of kidnapping Pope Paul VI. He was notified that he was being ordered back to an Arab country. He refused. "I knew that you aren't able to 'leave' without authorization."

Several months later, in April 1977, he finally succeeded in disappearing, thanks to some outside contacts.

Terrorism continues. Since Klein left the organization, there has been the famous kidnapping and subsequent assassination of Hans-Martin Schleyer, the German industrialist, and the hijacking of a Lufthansa airplane. Objective: to liberate the hundred or so prisoners that the Germans still have behind bars.

"It's a vicious circle that can do nothing but continue," Klein says. "Even the most sophisticated policemen will never get to the bottom of this. The German state only nourishes terrorism. It's as if they need it. As for the terrorists themselves, they are no longer capable of what the Weathermen did in America—to say the situation has changed."

There is for Klein the danger of carrying his cross for a long time. During our "vacation" he was, at times, able to savor an almost normal life, sunbathing and swimming by the sea. He learned how to use a fishing rod. He found the patience needed for fish that refuse obstinately to bite. I had already given up when Klein caught his first fish.

"With a grenade, you're sure that it'll go very quickly," Klein says. "But with fishing, when you've finally caught one, that's really something..." ■



# The Hashish Club

How the poets  
of Paris  
turned on  
Europe

by *Albert Goldman*

**T**hough hemp has been a familiar drug for thousands of years in the Orient, it did not enter the carefully guarded precincts of European culture until the nineteenth century. Then, it made a sensational appearance by being injected into the nerve center of the Western World: the brilliant and influential Paris of the 1840s. The discovery of the drug at this particular time and place can be associated with a number of fac-

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tors: Napoleon's conquest of Egypt and the subsequent vogue of everything Oriental; the blossoming of the French Romantic movement, with its addiction to exotic images and sensations; the influence of the first great drug writers, particularly Thomas De Quincey, whose *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* was translated as early as 1828 by Alfred de Musset and whose disciples included Charles Baudelaire, who revered De Quincey as a Romantic genius, paying him the tribute of a second, more eloquent, translation coupled with a commentary on the noble character of the English author.

Yet despite all these favoring circumstances, there would have been no vogue of hemp in Paris at this time if a certain young French psychiatrist had not brought the drug back from the Middle East and begun to experiment with it for purposes that had nothing to do with getting high or having visions or writing brilliant pieces in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. As this whole episode in cultural history depends so completely on the original French Connection, the most natural place to begin the story of dope in the West is by introducing the "seraphic doctor."

Jacques Joseph Moreau commenced his medical career by escorting wealthy psychotics on prolonged journeys to picturesque places: distraction being, as Dr. Johnson remarked to his fellow melancholic, James Boswell, the principal device for "the management of the mind." During one such trip, which comprised sojourns in Egypt and Turkey, the young psychiatrist discovered hashish and was fascinated by its psychological effects. Observing that many of the symptoms of hashish intoxication were identical with those of madness, Moreau determined to experiment upon himself and others in a controlled setting to see if hashish would not offer a key to insanity.

The experiments that Moreau commenced in the early 1840s at Bicetre Hospital outside Paris made medical history. By employing hashish as a psychotomimetic, a substance that mimics the effects of madness, Moreau established the branch of medicine known today as psychopharmacology. Like later experimenters with LSD, mescaline and other hypnotics, he was determined to capitalize on the fact that no matter how extreme the delirium, how vivid the hallucinations, how compelling the delusions of the hashish eater, he never loses the capacity for self-observation and communication. "To understand the ravings of a madman," Moreau was to write later in his remarkable book *Hashish and Madness*, "one must have raved himself, but without having lost the awareness of one's madness."

Moreau's method was audaciously simple: first, he would take the drug and submit himself to the observations of his interns; then, he would give the drug to one of the interns and become himself the observer.

Moreau prepared his hashish in the manner he had observed among the Arabs. Using imported plants (his own attempts at cultivation on the hospital grounds did not produce plants of sufficient potency), he concocted an obsolete pharmaceutical preparation called

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an electuary. His recipe is interesting: "the flowering tops of the plant are boiled in water to which fresh butter has been added. When this concoction has been reduced by evaporation to a syrupy liquid, it is strained through a cloth. One thus obtains a butter of greenish color which contains the active ingredient. This extract is never absorbed in its pure form because of its obnoxious and nauseous odor. It is sweetened with sugar and flavored with scented fruit or flower extracts."

Moreau's basic dose of what the Arabs call *dawamesc* was a "lump the size of a walnut." According to the computations of the leading authority on the pharmacology of cannabis, Professor Gabriel G. Nahas, this 30-gram dose contained approximately 150 milligrams of THC: a very large dose indeed, considering that the average marijuana cigarette delivers only 4 to 5 milligrams. With one-half or one-quarter of this dose, writes Moreau, "one will feel happy and gay, and one might have a few fits of uncontrollable laughter." Only with the full dose, however, does one reach the state the Arabs call "al-kief." Once, during the experiments, the hospital's pharmacist took a triple dose. For three days he experienced all the symptoms of acute psychosis: hallucinations, incoherence and great agitation. Usually, however, the procedure was to take the normal dose,

which produced a pattern of reactions that Moreau summarized in an eight-point list that stands to this day as the tersest and most telling of all descriptions of hashish intoxication. Arranged in an order of increasing mental derangement, the effects of hashish eating are:

## **1. Feeling of Happiness**

"The eater of hashish is happy not like the ravenous man who is famished and satisfies his appetite, or like the hedonist who satisfies his desires, but like the man who hears news that overwhelms him with joy, like the miser counting his treasures, like the gambler favored by luck, like the ambitious man intoxicated by success."

## **2. Excitement: Dissociation of Ideas**

"One of the first noticeable effects of hashish is the gradual weakening of the power that we have to orient our thoughts as we wish. Imperceptibly, we feel ourselves overwhelmed by strange ideas unrelated to those on which we want to concentrate. These ideas, which we do not want to recall, crop up in our mind, one knows not why or how, become more and more numerous, livelier and sharper. Memory and imagination then predominate; present things become foreign to us, and we are concerned entirely with things of the past and of the future."

## **3. Errors of Time and Space**

"Under the influence of hashish, the mind can fall into the strangest errors concerning time and space. Time seems at first to drag with a slowness that exasperates. Minutes become hours, hours, days. Soon, with more and more exaggeration, all precise ideas of the duration of time escape us, the past and the present are merged."

## **4. Development of the Sense of Hearing: The Influence of Music**

"Pleasant or unpleasant, happy or sad, the emotions that music creates are only comparable to those one feels in a dream. It is not enough to say that they are more vivid than those of the waking state. Their character is transformed, and it is only upon reaching a hallucinatory state that they assume their full strength and can induce real paroxysms of pleasure or pain."

## **5. Fixed Ideas (Delusions)**

"You catch yourself at times imagining the most incredible things, the strangest monstrosities, to which you surrender



body and soul. Then suddenly, on the stroke of lightning, conscious thinking returns: you take hold of yourself, you recognize the error in which you had indulged. You were crazy and you have become reasonable."

## 6. Disturbance of the Emotions

"With hashish, the emotions display the same degree of overexcitement as the intellectual faculties. They have the mobility and also the despotism of the ideas. From irritation, one can pass rapidly to fury, from discontent to hate and desire for revenge, from the calmest love to the wildest passion. Fear becomes terror, courage a dedication that none can stop and that ignores danger."

## 7. Irresistible Impulses

"Seeing an open window in my room I got the idea that if I wanted I could throw myself from that window. Though I did not think I would commit such an act, I asked that the window be closed."

## 8. Illusions and Hallucinations

"Progressively, one becomes the toy, first of simple illusions and then of true hallucinations which are like the remote sounds, the first lights, which are coming to use from an imaginary and fantastic world. . . It has happened to me many times that being in a rather lively state of intoxication and looking attentively at a portrait, I saw all of a sudden the portrait come to life. The head moved slightly and seemed to want to detach itself from the canvas. The entire face took an expression that only life may confer; the eyes especially were alive; I saw them turning in their orbits to follow all my movements."

Moreau's book was published in 1845. It sold only a couple hundred copies and did not even earn its author an election to the Academy of Medicine. Yet few scientists have ever registered such a direct impact on the finest literary minds of their generation. Moreau's (and hashish's) influence on the arts commenced two years before the publication of his volume, when he offered some hashish to a young writer of his acquaintance named Theophile Gautier.

One of the most flamboyant of the French Romantics, Gautier had distinguished himself first by leading the historic demonstrations that accompanied the initial performance of Hugo's *Hernani*—the first shot of the literary revolution that was French Romanticism—shouting, "Death to the old wigs!" He had then composed a novel, titled

*Mademoiselle De Maupin*, which recounted the adventures of a female transvestite. A phrasemaker, he uttered first the Romantic's battle cry: "Art for Art's sake." Gautier was also an unblushing hedonist. In the preface to *Mademoiselle De Maupin* he wrote: "[I would] give a large prize to anyone inventing a new pleasure, for enjoyment appears to me to be the end of life and the only useful thing in the world."

Giving Gautier his first taste of hashish produced sensational effects, which were soon published in the Parisian

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press. Gautier experienced three distinct episodes of consciousness alteration. In the first, he hallucinated torrents of gems in floral kaleidoscopic patterns (a classic drug image with many counterparts both in the subsequent literature of mescaline and LSD and in the ancient religious writings of the Hebrew and Oriental peoples). He also experienced great hilarity and began to toss pillows in the air like an Indian juggler. Half an hour later, the second wave of intoxication hit him; this time he saw "billions of butterflies with wings fluttering like fans," as well as giant flowers that exploded fantastically, and he experienced synesthesia: "I heard the sounds of colors. . . A whispered word echoed in me like thunder. . . I swam in an ocean of sound."

Gautier had never felt such bliss; his basic image is that of a sponge soaking up delights, joys, sounds, perfumes, lights. The experience seemed to last 300 years, but in fact it occupied only 15 minutes. The third bout was the most intense. He became completely mad. He hallucinated every sort of grotesquerie: "goatsuckers, fiddle-faddle beasts, budled goslings, unicorns, griffons, incubi fluttered, hopped, skipped and squeaked through the room." Seizing a pencil, he sketched Moreau from behind playing the piano while dressed in a Turkish costume with a sun on the back of his frock coat—the drawing

survives. The musical notes are visualized flying off the instrument as in a modern comic book.

What happened next is a clear anticipation of Timothy Leary and his cénacle or Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters. The young cultural revolutionary decided to spread hashish around like a new sacrament and to organize its devotees into a secret society. Taking a hint from the great French Arabist, Antoine Sylvestre De Sacy—who argued that the word assassin was derived from *hashishin*, i.e., "hash eaters"—Gautier called his new organization "The Assassins Club." The original members included Gerard de Nerval, who was writing oriental romances and was subsequently to travel extensively in the Middle East; the painter Fernand Boissard and a sculptor, F.B. de Boissdenier; Dr. Moreau and another doctor, Louis Aubert-Roche; and, six years later, Baudelaire. Honore de Balzac visited the club but would not swallow the proffered spoon of *dawamesc*, fearing the loss of mental control (though subsequently he confessed in a letter to a female friend that he had tasted the drug under other auspices). Alexandre Dumas is sometimes listed as a member, but he belonged to another world entirely; his account of hashish in *The Count of Monte Cristo* is highly factitious.

The monthly meetings of the club were bohemian parodies of conventional club meetings. The dessert—*dawamesc*—and coffee (Turkish) were served before the main course so that the slow-acting drug could take effect by the end of the meal. The table settings and utensils were a bizarre conglomeration of chipped antiques and exotic weapons: krissees, poignards, daggers. The company itself was a motley crew of long-haired, bearded and queerly costumed men whose faces assumed strange appearances in the light of the flickering lamps and candles. When the meal concluded, the members repaired to the immense salon of the seventeenth-century mansion where Gautier resided: this drawing room was of "the purest Louis XIV style, with its paneling set off by tarnished gold leaf. Below the overhanging cornice, some pupil of Lasueur or Poussin had painted a scene of nymphs pursued by satyrs through the reeds. On the huge mantelpiece of Pyraenean marble, flecked in white and red, stood a clock in the form of a golden, harnessed elephant that carried on its back an armed turret on which was carved an enamel face with blue numerals. The armchairs and couches were old and upholstered with faded tapestries of hunting scenes." Then, the fun would begin. Music would be played and stoned conversations and monologues



commenced. Members would roll on the floor crying out in ecstasy or sit on the huge settees experiencing in frozen, trancelike states the streaming hallucinations produced by such massive doses.

For three years the club's activities remained a secret, up until Gautier printed a dazzling description of the whole scene in France's most celebrated literary and cultural journal, *La Revue des Deux Mondes* (February 1, 1846). The article applied an extravagant style to an extravagant experience. Modern readers have treated it with skepticism or assumed it was merely a product of the Romantic imagination. Moreau, the best judge of such matters, regarded Gautier's description of the hashish experience quite differently, allowing for the "stylistic exaggeration" of the author, he concluded that "the effects of hashish could not have been better described." Indeed, when one subjects this famous article to close literary analysis, what one discovers is that every one of Moreau's eight categories of hashish experience has been brilliantly realized in passages of hyperbolic but essentially authentic imagery. Though it would be naive to read the account as a literal transcription, the piece must be pronounced a brilliant rendering of the archetypal hash trip.

The article, which reads like Edgar Allan Poe on speed, commences like a horror movie with a long, suspensefully charged series of pans and zooms, as the narrator, who has received a mysterious invitation to the club, arrives at the ancient mansion in the middle of the Seine on a cold, stormy night in December. Guided by the skinny finger of the concierge, he crosses the courtyard and climbs the vast palatial staircase adorned with paintings and frescos, with Chimera and Cupid. Entering a domed apartment that transports him back two centuries, he encounters the "seraphic doctor," who offers him a vermeil spoon filled with green paste, remarking portentously, "This will be subtracted from your share of paradise."

After the meal, the guests remove to the drawing room. The narrator, who is already so high that "he could not tell a peach from a cutlet," goes into the chimney corner and sits down to clock his head. Instantly, there appears a grotesque apparition who is destined to preside over the whole Witch's Sabbath that commences now in the hash eater's mind. A weird little demon with a bird's beak, a man's coat and legs of bifurcated mandrake root covered with dirt, this creature is identified as "Daucas-Carota—of *The Golden Pot*" (a story by the great German fantasist, E.T.A. Hoff-

mann, who was so popular in Paris at this time that he became the hero of Offenbach's masterpiece, *Tales of Hoffmann*, Daucas-Carota is not in *The Golden Pot*, but he is identical with a creature of German folklore that appears elsewhere in Hoffmann: the *Alraunder*: an incubus engendered by the sperm that drips from a hanged man's erect penis onto the earth).

### **Members of the hashish club would roll on the floor crying out in ecstasy or sit on the huge settees in frozen, trancelike states experiencing streaming hallucinations.**

Announcing, "Today, we must die laughing," Daucas-Carota summons forth a route of apparitions such as Hieronymous Bosch delighted to paint: "Monks with wheels for feet and cauldrons for bellies; warriors, in armor made of dishes, brandishing wooden swords in bird's claws; statesmen moved by turnspit gears; kings plunged to the waist in saltcellar turrets; alchemists with their heads arranged as bellows, their limbs twisted into alembics; obscene figures made of bizarrely knobbed squashes." As the narrator is dissolving into hysterical fits of laughter, one member of the club (probably Moreau), who has stayed straight so that he can monitor the others and keep them from throwing themselves out the windows, sits down to the piano and starts playing an ethereal melody by Weber.

Instantly, Gautier's mood reverses; from "fantasia," he passes without transition into "al-kief," the state of blissful, erotically tinged ecstasy. Gazing at the nymphs pursued by fawns, he imagines himself Syrinx being chased by the horny goat-god, Pan. Desperate to avoid rape, he cowers, panting, behind the painted reeds.

The next mood change is to nightmare, as he plunges into the paranoia so typical of a hash trip. Imagining that the wicked demon has snatched off his head and replaced it with another, he rushes to the mirror and is horrified to discover that he looks like a Hindu or Javanese idol: "My forehead had risen; my nose, lengthened into a trunk, curled on my chest; my ears swept my shoulders; and to compound the grievance, I was indigo in color." Smashing the troll until he restores the narrator's real head, the crazed doper succumbs next to another delusion. A small, unknown voice whispers to him: "Beware,

you are surrounded by enemies . . . you are a prisoner here: try to leave, and you will see." Rising with great effort, he tried to flee through the door but he finds himself virtually paralyzed and his legs turning to marble!

When he staggers out to the landing and looks down the stairwell, he is appalled to see that the stairs have lengthened to infinity. When he steps on the marble treads, they sink beneath his feet like toad bellies. When he reaches the courtyard, it extends before him like the Champs-de-Mars. Now he feels old and gray. A mournful chorus assures him that "Time is dead." He will never enjoy his eleven o'clock rendezvous with his mistress because the clock will remain for eternity at a quarter past nine. Just when this lowest ring of the dope hell has been reached, the club's straight man strikes up a cheerful air on the piano and the narrator snaps out of his nightmare. Hastening down the stairs to his waiting carriage, he rushes off to his assignation, testing his reason by composing rhyming triplets.

Throughout the remainder of the nineteenth century, many other authors, both in Europe and America, contributed to the swelling literature on hashish. Late in life, Baudelaire made his final statement on the subject. Addicted basically to opium and alcohol, like his hero, De Quincey, Baudelaire is not likely to have been a great hash eater. He had tasted the drug, however, in the most interesting circumstances in which it could have been consumed, and he has compiled his little store of hashish anecdotes; so when the occasion arose in the course of his journalistic career to contribute a paper on the topic, he must have felt himself well qualified for the task.

The work that emerged, "The Hashish Poem," is a deeply jaundiced treatment of its theme. The general impression is that of an exhausted but dutiful lecturer eager to close up his notes and go home. Home, in this case, appears at the end of the piece, when Baudelaire sinks, almost gratefully, into a very somber meditation upon the evil of this paradisaic drug. Sermonizing with the echo of the pulpit around his words, he excoriates the Romantic aspiration toward human divinity. Having denounced the drug as conducive to the ultimate sin of pride, he turns finally to destroy the myth of its Faustian powers of inspiration: "Let us grant," he reasons, "that hashish gives, or at least increases, genius, yet it cannot be forgotten that it is the nature of hashish to diminish the will; thus it gives with one hand what it takes away with the other; it gives imagination without the ability to use it." With these pessimistic words, the annals of the Assassins Club conclude. ■





# Coca Chewers of SANTA MARTA

**A**t dusk Adalberto grabbed the flashlight and headed up the steep trail to the *reunión*, an all-night coca-chewing session, where the small Indian tribe would begin debate on a community issue. From their homes scattered in the surrounding mountains, the adult male population converged on the village *kankurua*, a medicine house built by the local shaman.

We emerged from a cluster of ten-foot-tall coca plants and saw a group of men huddled outside the round medicine house. Their silhouettes flickered off and on in the strobe light of a fire being built inside. We stepped into the mud-and-stone-walled *kankurua* through its western opening and crouched to

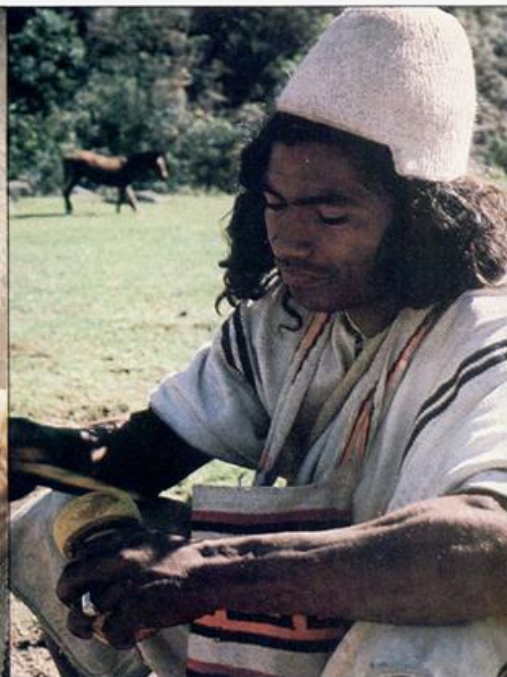
get beneath the thick smoke that filled the air.

My watering eyes gave the scene a trippy fluid quality. On the far side of the fire were the local magic men called *mamos*. They sat on squat four-legged seats carved from single blocks of wood. Their staves—emblems of their magical powers—lay at their feet.

I made my way over to greet the medicine men. No one said a word. We all reached for our coca stash bags, kept in larger bags swinging from our necks. First Victor and then Antonio held open the mouths of their *zijew* bags toward me. I dropped a handful of leaves into each. Each man proffered a great fistful of coca in return. I turned and threw a few leaves into the

Text and photos by Jim Billipp





Shaping the heads of two yoburu gourds.

Cleaning the chukunu after oral dose.



Clockwise from upper left: Adalberto's mother, Juanita, spinning wool; zijew in construction; finished zijew; filling the zijew with coca.

fire, then sat cross-legged on the cold ground.

Soon 30 other men filed in through the west entrance. Now the coca exchange/greeting process began in earnest, and within five minutes everyone present had a sample of everyone else's leaf. The *reunión* had begun.

Adalberto's tiny village sits high on the flank of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, an immense isolated mass towering over the Caribbean coast in northern Colombia. The remotest valleys of this vertical wilderness have been designated a federal Indian reserve. The highlands are the last stronghold of the Ika tribe. Their self-imposed isolation here has allowed several thousand Indians to maintain an ancient religious tradition typified by esoteric rituals revolving around sex and coca. Although the foothills of this range produce a high-quality marijuana, the Indians have no better use for the plant than to mix it with homemade rum and apply it as a liniment.

Local furor over the widespread cultivation of marijuana has made it hard for gringos to visit the Santa Martas. As the federales





*Ironically, phallic-shaped gourd symbolizes vagina.*



*Elder tribesfolk chewing coca.*

chase the contrabandistas ever higher into the mountains, they, in turn, are forcing the Indians at gunpoint to abandon their most productive land. Some 30 Indians have been killed in the last four years defending their property.

The Ika have turned back many a well-heeled official expedition by padlocking strategically placed portals along the trail. The high peaks region is sacred to the Indians; the snow is the blood of their Mother and they don't like strangers tracking through it. Rumors of a forgotten tribal treasure cause even more fear.

A delicious incense drew my thoughts back to the kankurua. The group showered coca leaves on the fire and took their seats around it, talking among themselves. As each man sat, he tucked the tail of his long, hand-loomed tunic between his legs, habitually protecting the gonads from the mythic toad that devours unguarded penises.

The *reunión* came to order when *mamo* Victor launched into a loud monologue, drowning out the other voices. Each man spoke in turn, loosing an



*Clockwise from upper left: Digging in zijew for handful of coca; coca accepted in cupped hands; coca given in return; informal bag-to-bag exchange.*



## Ika women agree that coca makes the young men horny and the old men neglect their wives.

endless stream of strange guttural noises punctuated by high whines and a hollow gasp like a fist in the solar plexus.

Dancing flames blocked most of my field of vision. To either side men stared into the fire, chewing and listening. Their dark faces were shadowed by thick black shoulder-length hair setting off their brightly striped clothing. Each man weaves his own garments; the pattern of stripes is an insignia of his clan.

Like the others, I held a hollow gourd, or *yoburu*, in one hand. It contained a white powder derived from seashells. At regular intervals we applied some of this lime to our coca wads with a stick, fueling the cocaine factories in our numbed-out mouths.

More than 6,000 years ago some inquisitive native in the central Andes discovered that the stimulating quality of coca could be multiplied many times by adding a little lime. Western scientists were a little slow to catch on. They didn't come up with cocaine until 1859.

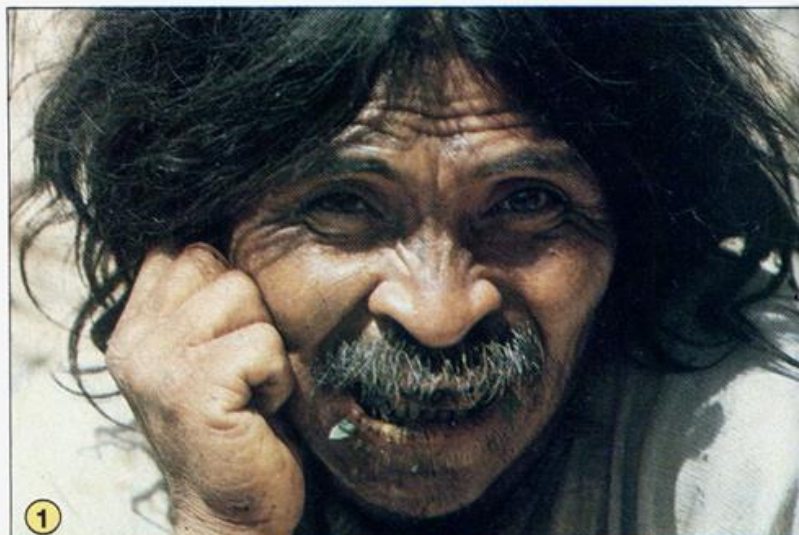
Many sources of lime are utilized by Andean *coceros*, but the Santa Marta tribes use seashells exclusively. The Ika *cocero* "toasts" his shells in a fire of *canaboba* reeds, fanning the fire for maximum temperature. When the shells have been purged of all organic material, he places the shells in a treasured ceramic urn that links him directly with his coca-chewing ancestors. Meanwhile, flowering stalks of the *moroche* plant have been boiling separately, and now the hot solution is

strained over the shells in the urn. When capped and allowed to cool, the shells will absorb the *moroche* water and crumble into a fine powdered lime called *impusi*—pure lime.

Young Ika men are initiated as adults at the time of their marriage—usually soon after puberty—by turning them on to coca. The traditional marriage involves four couples in a four-day ceremony, performed by a single *mamo*. The grooms are required to build a pair of small houses at a place divined by the *mamo*—one for themselves, the other for their brides. The shelters stand right next to each other, doors facing.

The *mamo* presents each of the girls with a hand-carved wooden spindle, upon which she will spin cotton thread for stitching her man's first coca bag. He also prepares a *yoburu* for each groom, opening a hole at the gourd's navel. Through this hole the gourd's bulbous cavity is filled with *impusi* powder, using a folded leaf for a funnel. Finally the gourd's hole is plugged with the *chukuna* stick, used to transport the lime to the mouth.

After perforating the grooms' *yoburus*, it is the enviable duty of the *mamo* to initiate the nubile brides in the joys of sex. There's a certain symmetry in the symbolism. The mouth of the *yoburu* is the vagina. The *chukunu* is the penis. The powdered *impusi* fertilizes the coca leaf, releasing cocaine into the bloodstream and the brain. Thus coca chewing literally fucks your head. Marriage weds



1) An Ika magic man chewing coca. 2) Roasting shells in fire of *canaboba* reeds. 3) Shells completely roasted. 4) Boiled *moroche* plants, the liquid from which breaks shells down into pure lime. 5) Ancient urn filled with pure lime, an essential ingredient in coca use. 6) Ripe coca leaves. 7) Harvesting coca.





## The right side of my mouth was burned and my tongue was swollen, but I would feel no pain as long as I kept chewing.

the groom both to his wife and to a life of constant coca chewing. He endearingly refers to his yoburu as "*mi mujercita*"—"my little wife."

Though mature coca leaves are harvested among the Ika by women alone, women are not allowed to chew them. The very idea is deemed perverse by both sexes. Some ladies claim they get the same satisfaction making a coca bag that the men get from chewing the leaf. As for the aphrodisiacal effect of coca, Ika women agree that it makes the young men horny and the old men neglect their wives.

**T**he fire in the middle of the kankurua gradually burned down. The men drew closer to it, forming a tight ring inside the round medicine house. The coca in my mouth lost its sweetness. I threw the spent leaves into the fire, drew fresh ones from my zijew and stuffed them into my mouth. As the leaves became saturated with saliva I rolled them into an oblong quid and held them between my teeth.

From the row of yoburu drying by the fire I picked out mine. With my tongue I wet the business end of the chukunu and dipped it back into my yoburu, bringing out some lime. Placing the powdered end of the stick between my upper teeth and the soggy wad, I bit down, compressing the quid and squeezing out greenish saliva. I felt the lime dissolve in the pool of spit and I pulled out my chukunu. The quid swelled like a sponge, absorbing the

lime solution and charging the leaves with *impusi*.

Without biting into the wad of leaves, I rolled my quid around quickly, trying to keep the raw lime from dissolving the walls of my mouth. The right side was already burned and my tongue was swollen, but I would feel no pain as long as I kept chewing.

Meanwhile my chukunu dipstick was covered with a solution of coca juice, saliva and lime. To dry it off—and thereby control the amount of lime it would pick up next time—I rubbed the stick rhythmically against the gourd, wetting it all around the hole. As the heat of the fire evaporated the saliva, another layer of bright yellow lime would be deposited over the one below, adding to the circumference of my yoburu's ever enlarging head.

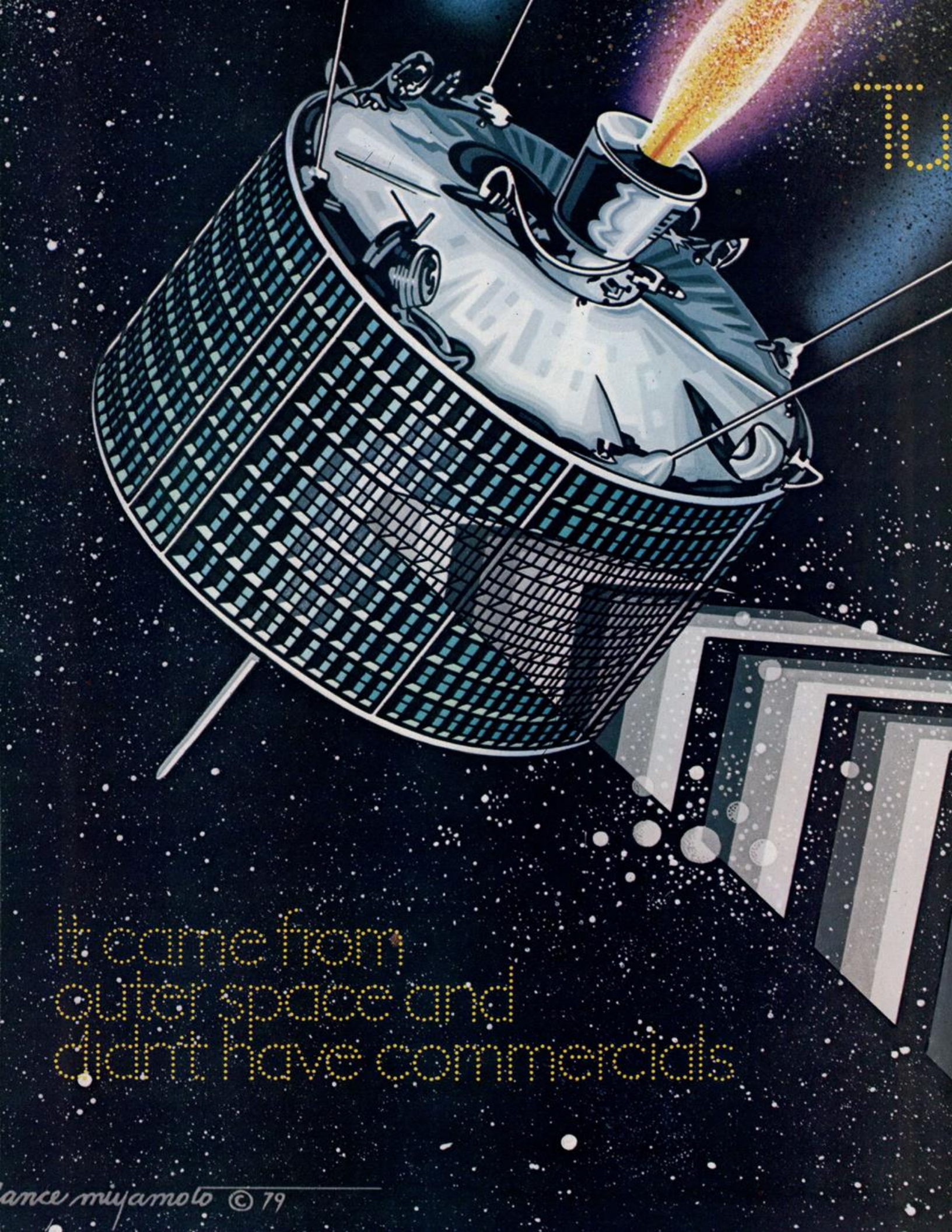
The men around me periodically shaped the heads of their gourds with machetes and knives, scraping away at the "slobber rings." The size, color and shape of a man's yoburu are matters of great status. But I let the head of my yoburu grow as it would, without controlling its shape.

My legs slept as the hours drifted by. I stared at the smoke-stained feathers and animal skulls strung from the rafters. Some of the Indians dozed off, but I was too loaded to sleep.

The cock finally crowed and a purple light entered the kankurua through a crack in its eastern door. The men began to stir, rising from their wooden seats and stretching their legs. The *reunión* had ended. ■

8) Toasting and stirring coca. 9) Yoburu gourds hanging on vine. 10) Mamo Victor, second from right, conducts a baptismal ceremony. 11) A zijew, or coca stash bag. 12) A kankurua, or medicine house, with ripe stalk of coca plants growing behind it. 13) Adalberto's coca field.





It came from  
outer space and  
didn't have commercials



# tuning In to Satellite TV

You've heard about the video revolution. It's going on right now. All of the software companies are gearing up for it, chanking out an astonishing array of recording and playback devices on various tape and disk formats that are guaranteed not to work with another company's equipment. The video revolution may be exciting, but it's also confusing and expensive.

But while you're considering the advantages of one system over another, let us tell you about satellite TV, and then maybe you'll decide that all you really need is a new antenna.

With the right dish antenna properly aimed up at the sky from your backyard or building top you could this minute tune into any one of a number of "superstations" around the country—brand-new uncensored feature films, 24-hour news services, a vast array of sports, children's and religious programming, and even "live" network programs before they hit the "air."

It's all happening up there right now. All you have to do is tune in to it. Per-

haps the most neglected aspect of the video "revolution" is the broadcasting and programming revolution. The satellites are the first viable alternative we've seen to the networks.

It is estimated that there are now between 3,000 and 5,000 private satellite receivers tuning in this type of programming. A few years ago, there weren't any. Naturally many watchers of space TV are rich (there is a small concentration of the terminals in Palm Springs, California), but great wealth isn't necessary; there are hundreds of backyard experimenters who receive satellite TV. They all share one thing: they are watching what might be TV's ultimate destiny. Communications satellites are, indeed, high technology. They are precise, complex instruments that reflect decades of research and development. Yet, in concept, they are elegantly simple.

In the early 1960s, a few experimental communications satellites were launched, and these captured the attention of the national press and the public. These early ventures—"Echo," "Telstar," and "Early Bird"—were part of the decade's "space age" style. Echo was watched from rooftops, coast to coast. But they were of little practical

use other than for testing.

Since the satellites passed over various parts of the globe during their orbits, expensive, sophisticated equipment was required to track their paths across the sky. And it was finicky technology.

Then a satellite named "Syncom" was launched to test a novel idea. Instead of putting the satellite into a variable orbit, Syncom was sent to a spot where it would rotate with the earth, "hovering" over the same spot.

This type of orbit—the synchronous, or geostationary, orbit—became the standard for communications satellites. The "bird" (a satellite in aerospace jargon) is brought up to a location 22,300 miles above the equator and "parked." On the ground, antennas can then be erected and simply pointed at the satellite to receive its transmissions.

Every one of the dozens of communications satellites now hovering above the earth operates in a similar manner. Each is a cluster of transponders—miniature receiving and transmitting stations. Signals are sent from the earth to the satellite on one frequency and are returned on another.

Before you go tuning around your TV dial looking for these signals, be aware that the transmitting frequency of the satellites is between 3 and 4 gigahertz. A gigahertz is defined as a billion cycles per second, whereas commercial TV and radio frequencies are in the mega-

by Francis X. Kirby





hertz (or millions of cycles per second) range.

Signals go up. Signals come down. The satellite is like the ultimate TV tower, nearly 23,000 miles tall. It's a long way up for a recharge or repairs, however. So the satellites run on sun energy, catching rays on large panels of solar cells. And if certain minor problems occur, the satellites are able to "fix" themselves. In the future, the satellites could be repaired or replaced using space-shuttle technology.

There are five domestic communications satellites that carry TV programming: Satcom I and Satcom II, operated by RCA; two Westars, belonging to Western Union; and a Canadian satellite, ANIK, carrying that country's network programming.

Each of those satellites carry some amount of TV. Others, including the telephone companies' Comstar, primarily carry data. A new Westar and a new Satcom are scheduled for late 1979 launches.

Unlike owners of the first television sets, the first satellite receiver owners are not stuck watching test patterns. On a given day, there may be as many as 30 or 40 different channels available via satellite. [See accompanying sidebar.]

Here's a brief guide to space TV programming:

- **Proprietary Signals**—These satellites are broadcasting TV programs primarily for the benefit of cable-TV operators who transmit them to their subscribers. The first users of the "birds" were pay-TV companies. These signals are not, however, well protected and simply can be tuned in by home satellite terminals (although there are legal ramifications to this—more later).

- **Superstations**—A new television genre, invented single-handedly by Atlanta tycoon and WTCG-TV owner Ted Turner, these are nationally viewed, independent stations that program 24-hour schedules of sports, old movies and syndicated TV shows. There are three superstations currently in operation. Some industry watchers think there may be as many as 20 superstations on satellites by 1981.

- **Religious and Public-Affairs Networks**—Three religious organizations are broadcasting via satellite, with more expected. The best usage so far is nonprofit C-SPAN, which will broadcast gavel-to-gavel coverage of the U.S. House of Representatives.

- **Miscellaneous Video Services**—There are sports services, sponsor-supported film and TV-series projects, and at least two different children's programming services.

- **Private Communications**—By law, private satellite terminals are forbidden to "eavesdrop" on these transmissions, which include transcontinental net-

work news and entertainment "feeds" (like the unedited Johnny Carson show) that are beamed up prior to network scheduling.

These are the kinds of programming available via satellite right now, and there is more on the way. RCA's Satcom I currently carries the most video (about 20 channels). There is occasionally video on the other U.S. satellites and a

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## **With the right dish antenna aimed from your backyard you could tune in to brand-new uncensored films, a vast array of sports, and much more.**

---

full spectrum of Canada's network programming on ANIK.

What does all this mean to the nature of television? Certainly, the networks could eventually move up to the satellites, although they would face unexpected competition from dozens of smaller services that have a head start on the medium. More importantly, though, local affiliate stations, which have been the networks' backbone for decades, would be left in the lurch and could possibly revolt on their own.

Millions of homes are capable of directly receiving satellite transmission. Most observers say that it is just a matter of time.

**D**ob Cooper, Jr., is the editor of CATJ, a cable-TV industry journal. He's best known, though, as the first U.S. citizen to install a backyard satellite terminal. Just about everybody who has one today started with information coming from Cooper. When satellite TV catches on, he may someday be regarded as the medium's Edison.

In 1976, Cooper testified before a House subcommittee investigating the problems and possibilities of the cable-TV business. At that time, the U.S. was party to an international agreement that set 9 meters (about 30 feet) as the minimum diameter of a satellite-receiving antenna. Cooper insisted that the technical requirement was absurdly conservative and that it was hindering the use of the satellites.

"It was just a dollars-and-cents thing," says Cooper. "It would have cost between \$100,000 and \$150,000 to put one of those things up."

Cooper's position led to a liberalization of the FCC requirements for satellite antennas, opening the door for cable-TV participation in satellite broadcasting and setting the stage for the home satellite revolution. Today, he

and his associates have demonstrated that acceptable-quality TV pictures can be received with "dish" antennas as small as six feet in diameter.

"I know," says Cooper, "that several firms will break with the necessary hardware for about \$6,000, complete, before the middle of 1979." A hobbyist who is willing to look for surplus gear and build some equipment himself, Cooper adds, can start watching for "less than \$1,000."

At this point, the satellite movement can be compared to other efforts to bring high technology home. A decade ago, videotape recorders were big, temperamental devices costing \$5,000 or more. Today, a Sony Betamax recorder can be purchased for as little as \$800.

"This is definitely a Betamax kind of thing," says Cooper. "The real difference between the prices of major industrial suppliers and the new small companies is one of overhead. The little guys don't have \$40,000 scientists on their payrolls."

"The real key," he says, "is mass production."

The Japanese have a \$500, mass-produced terminal ready to go. Why not hop over to Tokyo and pick up a few?

"Won't work," says Cooper, who explains that the Japanese communications satellites transmit with a power of about 200 watts. U.S. satellites put out about the same power as a citizen's band radio, about five watts. Think of pulling one of those in from 23,000 miles away. Scratch that idea.

But things can change as more intensive private research goes into equipment design. A young British experimenter, Steve Birkill, is already working minor miracles, simplifying much of the complicated circuitry of satellite-receiving instruments in order to reduce cost.

Also, the FCC is expected to throw in on the side of deregulation of satellite terminals. Currently, the FCC requires that private terminals be licensed in one of two ways. In the first of these procedures, the FCC issues a license that guarantees the terminal owner protection from interference from other microwave signals, but this requires costly frequency coordination studies and is impractical. In the second procedure, the private terminal owner is simply issued a license denoting him or her a receiver for "experimental" purposes. A newer FCC proposal would simply deregulate private terminals and issue licenses to any owner.

The present requirements are hardly scaring people off, though. Although he publicly advocates adherence to the law, Cooper admits that people are ignoring it. If mass production comes, the legal problems could multiply.

Much of the current satellite traffic is



in pay-TV signals. What will happen if millions of home terminal owners are able to receive the signals free? Off the record, pay-TV executives say that they won't worry about private terminals until their number reaches "around 100,000." Bob Cooper speculates that even then it won't be the pay-TV companies but the movie companies that will initiate suits against satellite experimenters or manufacturers. It didn't take long for Walt Disney Productions and Universal Pictures to bring the Sony Corporation into court, asking that the sale of Betamax recorders be halted to protect copyrights when those machines grew popular.

**A**ny enterprising, resourceful individual can put together a private terminal. Briefly, these are the components necessary for home satellite reception:

- **Antenna**—Usually a "dish" antenna, anywhere from 6 feet to 20 feet in diameter. Several small companies are manufacturing the dishes, or you might be able to find one from surplus sources; with luck and research you can even design your own. You'll also need a mount for the antenna, which in most cases works best when set into cement

in the earth. A fixed mount can be used if you want to concentrate on one satellite (Satcom I maybe), but a movable mount is needed to point the dish at any satellite.

- **Low Noise Amplifier (LNA)**—The LNA is just what its name indicates. It takes the incredibly faint satellite signals and boosts them to a receivable level. It is the vital link in the system. Stronger LNAs are necessary to receive TV pictures via use of the smaller dishes; they are less critical with the large dishes. The unit is mounted directly onto the dish antenna. It is costly when purchased through equipment manufacturers, but surplus units can be found.

- **Receiver**—This is unlike a conventional TV receiver in that it doesn't have a picture tube. The receiver is simply capable of converting the signal from the LNA into a video signal that can be fed to a monitor, video recorder or TV set. Surplus sources should be checked first.

- **Monitor or TV Set**—A monitor accepts an electrical video signal. Conventional sets receive only radio frequency signals (channels 2-83). To convert the electrical video signal to radio frequency, a modulator is necessary. These can be as

cheap as \$10 or as expensive as \$1,000, depending on the quality desired.

There are several excellent sources for information on satellite terminals; most are available through Bob Cooper. The *Home Satellite Handbook* (\$5) is a slender volume containing a wealth of information for the novice. CATJ, a journal primarily intended for cable-TV operators, is rapidly becoming the major source of new information for satellite experimenters (\$14 for 12 issues a year). The "Satellite Wall Chart" (\$10) is a handy reference showing the locations of all the world's communications satellites, their signal strengths across the U.S., and the frequencies on which they broadcast. (All material is available from 4209 N.W. 23rd, Suite 106, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73107.)

Once the satellite terminal is constructed, it is easy to find the satellite. As Bob Cooper says: "It takes a 29-cent protractor and 20 minutes."

To listen to Cooper talk, a certain excitement brews. The excitement comes not from the idea of having a few more TV channels to watch but from the security in knowing that ordinary citizens can manipulate technology and, by doing so, alleviate some of the restrictions imposed by the networks. ■

## The Channel Hopper's Guide to Satcom I

### Transponder #

- 1 KTVU-TV Oakland/San Francisco**—The newest of the superstations. Not-quite-24-hour programming day includes Giants baseball and Warriors basketball. Large movie package. Great cartoon packages.
- 2 PTL (People That Love or "Praise the Lord")**—Religious programming; not as ambitious as the leader of that pack, CBN.
- 3 WGN-TV Chicago**—One of the best of the independent superstations, WGN has a well-rounded film package, excellent coverage of nearly all of the Cubs baseball games, and a grisly Chicago-style midnight newscast, "Nightbeat."
- 5 Nickelodeon**—"Quality" children's programming service, approximately 13 hours per day.
- 6 WTCG-TV Atlanta**—The granddaddy of the superstations. Film package reportedly includes 3,000 titles. Sports coverage includes Braves baseball, Falcons football, Hawks basketball, and hockey. Sports broadcasts are repeated after midnight for insomniacs. Most interest-

ing continuing feature is a bizarre newscast (approximately midnight, EST), featuring satellite TV's first star, Bill Tush.

- 7 ESP (Entertainment/Sports Programming)**—A pay-TV service produced for Northeastern regional consumption.
- 8 CBN (Christian Broadcasting Network)**—A staggering example of the power of satellite TV. CBN was the first to use the "bird." Ex-Ivy Leaguer Pat Robertson is the Johnny Carson of Jesus TV. CBN is rapidly expanding and will soon produce its own variety, talk, news and children's shows, religious soap operas, and feature films.
- 9 Madison Square Garden Sports Service, Calliope, C-SPAN**—By day, C-SPAN will provide gavel-to-gavel coverage of the U.S. House of Representatives. "Calliope," a children's program featuring independent and European films, airs in a late-afternoon time period several times per week. At night, the sports service takes over for 160 events per season from the Garden.
- 10 Showtime (Western states**

**channel)**—This is a full-service pay-TV operation featuring recent films, entertainment specials and documentaries.

- 11 Warner Star Channel**—A pay-TV operation with different programming habits. Though Star Channel shows fewer new films per month, it plays them more often, with early morning shows, matinees and late shows.
- 12 Showtime (Eastern states channel)**—Duplicate of transponder 10 programming, adjusted for time zone (two hours earlier).
- 14 Trinity Broadcasting**—More religious programming, originating at Trinity's Corona, California, TV outlet.
- 16 Fanfare and Holiday Inn**—Fanfare is a pay-TV service, and Holiday will use the channel during the day for special programming intended for guests of their hotels and motels.
- 18 Reuters News Service**—This channel has been leased by Reuters, who are not talking about their plans for programming. Some industry watchers speculate that a 24-hour news program might go

here.

- 20 Home Box Office "Protection" Transponder**—Used by HBO as "insurance," in case one of its other leased channels should go bad. Most often, though, the channel is used for miscellaneous, not regularly scheduled, broadcasts.
- 21 Satellite Program Network**—A new, 24-hour service that resembles an independent superstation but is not broadcast (in the conventional way) anywhere in the nation. Programming is mainly old TV series and films and is supported by advertising.
- 22 Home Box Office (Western states channel)**—HBO is the oldest and the best of the pay-TV operations. It programs approximately 20 recent films per month, sporting events and esoteric athletics that the networks wouldn't touch, and nightclub and arena entertainment.
- 23 Take 2**—HBO's new mini-service of family-oriented, pay-TV fare.
- 24 Home Box Office (Eastern states channel)**—Duplicate of programming on transponder 22, adjusted for time zone.



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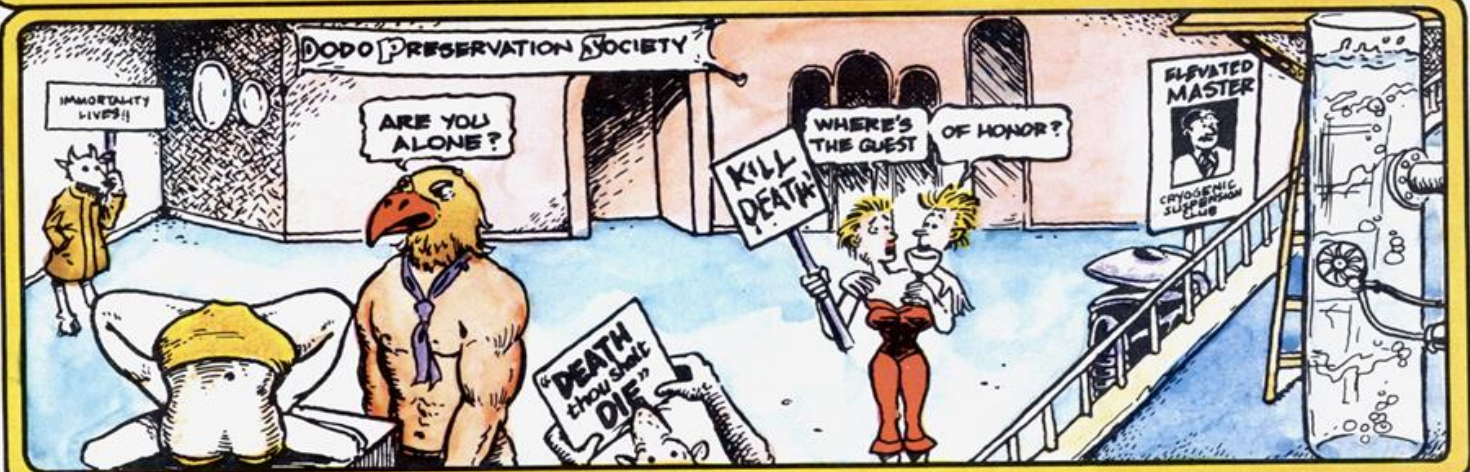


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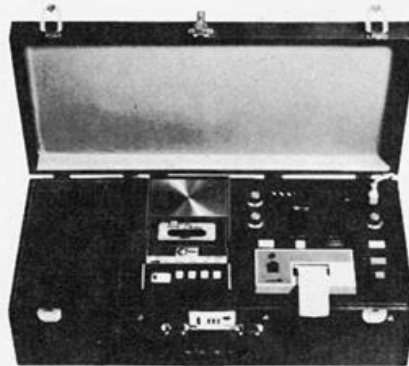
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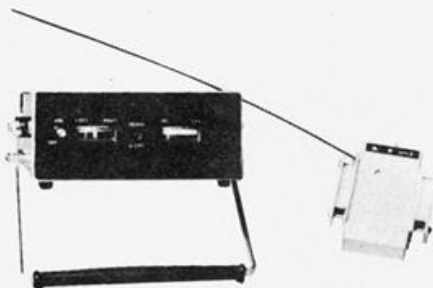
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## America's Elders: Our New Pioneers

by Carol Polsgrove, Pacific News Service



Three of today's top trend setters, all over 50: Shirley Ravenscroft, who sailed her 29-foot sloop across the Atlantic alone; "Grandma Marijuana," busted for supplying Ventura, California, kids for years with pot; and Disco Sally Lieberman of New York City, betrothed to lad at her side.

Like new pioneers, older Americans are settling parts of the country—the Sierra foothills, the Ozarks, northern Michigan, Arizona—in one of the major migration trends of the 1970s: the movement from cities to select rural areas that offer recreation, scenery and, sometimes, good climate.

Higher income and early retirement have put older Americans at the center of "a very definite movement of population to so-called amenity-rich parts of the country," according to Peter Morrison, population analyst for Rand Corporation.

"The elderly population that we have today is much more footloose because of its higher retirement income," he said. More men are retiring early, when they are still young enough to enjoy outdoor living—and boost their

retirement income with new jobs.

According to a recent analysis from the Census Bureau's population division, retirees moving across state lines in the mid 1970s supplemented pensions with jobs to produce median incomes slightly higher than the \$11,460 (in 1976 dollars) median household income for all interstate migrants. Freed of career and family responsibilities, a sizable number of affluent retirees hit the road.

More than 54 percent of the migrants who said they moved to retire went to nonmetropolitan areas. In shaping growth patterns, retired migrants exert weight even beyond their relatively high numbers, because they tend to concentrate and swell demand for services. Other newcomers are then drawn to the area, to build homes, roads and shopping

centers.

Consequently, says Calvin Beale, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the retired are the force behind the most rapidly growing rural and small-town areas.

To be sure, demographers agree that the retired are only the most distinct of the bands of American settlers making their way to the hills, the woods and the lakes.

"In the '50s and '60s," said Morrison, "young people moved to Chicago, New York and Los Angeles because that was where the big bucks were at. Now they're tending to consider scenery as well as salary."

Said San Francisco-based advertiser Hal Larson, "People see pictures—on television, in films—of California or Alaska or Florida, and they say, 'That's where I want to go.'"

## 1980 Census Likely to Omit Minorities

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Minority-group leaders are apprehensive that the 1980 census may grossly underestimate the numbers of poor people in the U.S. and misrepresent their living conditions, thus lowering the quality of social services for the next decade. While the 1970 census, taken during a period of relative prosperity, only missed an estimated 5.3 million people—mostly poor—current hardships among America's poor will make it more difficult than ever to locate and count them during next year's survey. Some \$50 billion per year is disbursed through 100 social-service programs on the basis of census data. If those data don't accurately reflect the needs of the poor, many of them go without.

The current harsh economic climate will make it tough for census officials to locate poor people. Fugitives from the law, debtors and welfare cheats—whose numbers inevitably rise in hard times—distrust census forms and rarely return them, suspecting (and not entirely without grounds) that their data may be used against them. The massive rise of illegal immigration into the U.S. of refugees from impoverished Latin American nations is also sure to cause a massive underrepresentation of Hispanics in the '80 census.

The single most grossly undercounted group of citizens in the 1970 census was young black males with no jobs or fixed residences. Over the decade this group alone has expanded appallingly, and currently 20

percent of young blacks are jobless and homeless—a worse proportion than among Depression-era whites.

Still, Earle J. Gerson, head of the Census Bureau's decennial census division here, predicts that next year's survey should account for 97.5 percent of all Americans, adding, "To get that last 2.5 percent requires rather extraordinary measures. Some do not agree we should spend all that extra money." The budget for the '80 census is \$1 billion—about \$4.09 for each person to be counted.

Mayor Marion Berry of Washington, D.C., charges that the new census forms will themselves confuse and intimidate many poor people, being "too long, too complicated and too official in appearance."





Last spring's "event" in Harrisburg brought out a local rock group, the Enemies, to sing and play in a hail of invisible poison garbage.

## Science Biggie: "World's End Long Overdue"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Life on earth has passed the last several million years in a state of exceptional grace, according to Dr. George Reid of the Aeronomy Laboratory of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. "We know that there's at least one supernova in our galaxy every 50 to 100 million years," points out Dr. Reid. "We can assume that such an explosion any closer to us than somewhere between 30 and 50 light years would be critical for human life."

"The probability is," concludes Dr. Reid, "that a supernova should explode in the earth's region once every 100 million years. Since it apparently has not done so in the last 500 or 600 million years, we're overdue for a nearby supernova."

Such an event in our quadrant of the galaxy would wipe out all traces of earth life within a matter of seconds. According to Dr. Reid's statistics, this *should* have occurred at least three times since the era of the dinosaurs.

The last supernova visible from the earth, observed in 1054 A.D., was of a star approximately 50,000 light years away, in the very heart of our galaxy. It blew up and radiated so much light that it was brighter than the full moon as seen from earth, even through the immeasurable quantities of interstellar dust and debris that lay in its path between here and the center of the Milky Way. The nighttime glow persisted for months and was recorded by astronomers all around the globe.



Paul Krassner and Margo St. James stump for rubbers in San Francisco; they're better'n the Pill, and don't cause thrombosis.

## Suburban Anti-Semitism Terrorizes Hebrew School

WESTWOOD, CALIFORNIA—The Kerem Hebrew Institute of California, a private religious school in this model suburban neighborhood, has been subjected to a steady series of anti-Semitic attacks since opening in 1977. Very shortly after its opening, reveals Rabbi Mattis Weinberg, "Someone drew a chalk line across the entrance to the neighborhood with the slogan NO JEWS BEYOND THIS POINT."

Since then, the Kerem Hebrew staff and their 70 students have been regularly jeered and taunted. They have been made the targets of rocks and water balloons and have had their lives threatened in anonymous telephone calls. Spray-painted swastikas have shown up inside the school corridors, along with scrawls like HITLER SHOULD HAVE FINISHED YOU OFF. According to police chief Donald Ferguson, the school staff never officially reported these incidents: "They said they didn't want to make a big deal out of it."

The latent virulence of Santa Clara County anti-Semitism erupted openly at a recent planning-commission meeting. Dozens of

locals attended, obviously drawn by a door-step-circulated leaflet beginning: "Something has happened to Westwood's appearance, and each of us should be concerned about it..." Several residents began by complaining about minor fire violations existing in the 20-year-old building, but soon people were speaking heatedly of "an increase in the rat population" locally, and other imaginary charges. "The meeting disintegrated into a kangaroo court," said Rabbi Yankee Dinovitz afterward.

County planning director Olney Smith promised the locals that he would be closely investigating all minor safety regulations at Kerem Hebrew from now on: "I don't know what's in peoples' hearts," said Smith, "but we have a record that shows the history of noncompliance with our code."

Deeply shaken, Rabbi Weinberg said later, "We are eager to comply with the codes, but we have no assurance that if we do, we will be able to remain here in peace. We aren't comfortable here. We are very frightened."



## FBI Files Ruin Scientists' Careers

NEW YORK CITY—Scientists everywhere are discovering, thanks to the Freedom of Information Act (FIA), that their professional careers are deeply influenced by federal law-enforcement authorities. Writing in Science News, Columbia University sociologist Dr. Amitai Etzioni has revealed that he was actually passed over for several prestigious advisory slots with the Health, Education and Welfare Department because FBI agents in the 1960s had classified him—quite erroneously—as an antiwar “activist” with a “negative” attitude toward the U.S. government.

The FBI compiles files on every scientist who comes under consideration for a federal post, even for temporary advisory jobs for special commissions. Looking through his own FIA-obtained file, Dr. Etzioni was appalled to discover that “the FBI is using a vacuum cleaner approach,” collecting rumors and libels about their investigations’ subjects and distributing them as unquestioned fact to other government agencies. His own

file, Dr. Etzioni found, was unbelievably inaccurate: his wife’s name was misspelled, the subject of his Ph.D. thesis was wrongly identified, and his published books were obviously summarized from the dust-jacket blurbs. The FBI had interpreted his vocal opposition to the Vietnam War as dangerously “negative” toward this country. Included in the file was a postcard, mailed to the FBI by a right-wing group after Dr. Etzioni had signed a New York Times ad protesting the proliferation of nuclear power plants, identifying him as an out-and-out “Communist.”

The excesses of the FBI during the ‘60s and early ‘70s in harassing real antiwar activists—like Dr. Daniel Ellsberg and William Kunstler—are legendary. But the exclusion of Dr. Etzioni, and of hundreds of scientists with a similar history of liberal political activity, from government councils may explain why government policies on subjects like nuclear-plant proliferation, marijuana decriminalization, alternative energy and ecology are so consistently retrogressive.

## Blow to Lawn Order— Courts Okay Unruly Grass

AKRON, OHIO—The city government has been rebuked in federal court for mowing the lawn of Nelly Shriver here. When her grass got higher than two feet last summer, inciting complaints from neighbors, the health department forcibly razed Shriver’s lawn, citing a “noxious weed” ordinance. The woman took the case to court, charging that grass mowing is ecologically reprehensible:

it wastes gasoline and pollutes the air; it destroys tree saplings, butterflies, toads, bees and other largely beneficial insects; and it denies cover for wild animals. Moreover, full-grown lawns would greatly purify the air in polluted suburbs and radically cut down on noise pollution. When Shriver won in federal court, every “noxious weed” statute in the country took a beating.



Traffic cop and train engineer play deadly boring game of chicken for an hour in a Parkersburg, West Virginia, intersection; the engineer refused to come out of his cab to accept a traffic ticket.

## Teen Hijacks 27 Cop Cars

As of this writing, Jacksonville, Florida, cops still have an APB out for a 17-year-old kid who has molested no fewer than 27 official government vehicles since 1977. The kid was first busted last summer, after he and a friend copped a couple of highway-patrol squad cars from an auto shop where they were being repaired and dragged them tandem all over town at “Rockford Files” velocity, sirens shrieking and lights flashing. At that point it was determined that the youth had already been involved in the kidnap of four state patrol cars, two city patrol cars, the district

fire chief’s car and two agricultural inspectors’ cars, among others.

Days after the bust, the boy got a juvenile counselor to take him out of court between hearings for a haircut, then split through the back of the barbershop. Shortly afterward, the fire inspector’s bright red Buick was nipped again and wound up ditched nose deep in a pond. Two agricultural cars were then nipped from the same station and wound up wrecked. Finally cops chased a Fire Department pickup to a patch of woods, where the kid piled out and escaped on foot.

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## Carter CIA Goons Infiltrate Catholic Church

SANTIAGO, CHILE—Catholic church figures here and throughout Latin America have been distressed to learn that the president of the United States has unleashed the Central Intelligence Agency on their case. The report first leaked out of a closed-door hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in Washington, and was subsequently confirmed: acting under an executive order, CIA spooks are currently keeping close tabs on "dissident" church figures in South America, whether their dissidence is political or purely doctrinal in nature.

For many years, prominent Catholic clergymen here have expressed virtually the only vocal condemnations of the Pinochet government, which has routinely used mass imprisonment, torture, kidnapping and murder to consolidate power against moderate and leftist opponents. Similar dictatorships and junta regimes in Brazil, Paraguay, Nicaragua, Honduras and Chile have been strenuously and courageously condemned by local bishops and priests. In Mexico, the church is virtually the only public agency that openly aids poor peasants against the government-backed landowners; the church everywhere is involved in free education, health and vocational training programs; and many maverick local priests and nuns openly promote

birth-control programs.

President Carter's order to investigate the church, confirmed by the U.S. Congress, has sparked anguish and apprehension from South American curates, who had formerly believed that Carter's highly advertised "human rights" policy would fortify them in their extracurricular efforts against political oppression.

It is believed that the CIA was told to watch the South American Catholic church after the takeover of Iran last spring by the Muslim followers of the Ayatollah Khomeini. The emergence of an orthodox Islamic regime in Iran, with the manifest support of devout Muslims throughout Asia, was a complete surprise for U.S. geo-

political strategists. Now Washington is decidedly suspicious of mass religions in general and clearly fears a similar coalescence of Catholic sentiment in Latin America. Were a "dissident" bishop to emerge as a popular hero similar to Iran's ayatollah, U.S. influence in the area could be obliterated.

The notion of CIA spooks masquerading as habit-wearing, scripture-reciting clergy is overwhelmingly offensive to Catholics here, dissidents and orthodox alike. Church spokespersons have bitterly expressed resentment that the Bible-thumping Jimmy Carter should be hounding them for "practicing what you have so frequently preached—the defense of human rights."

## Anglo Reaches Midpoint of Tip-to-Tip America Trip

CALI, COLOMBIA—George Meegan, 26, is halfway along on an adventure trip no human being has ever made before. Starting at the southern tip of South America, Meegan is walking every step of the way to Alaska, pushing his gear in a supermarket cart before him. Midway through his route, the Kent-born Briton stopped a few days here and declared, "Of all the countries I've visited on my way, Colombia is the one where I have

been most warmly welcomed."

Meegan set out about two years ago from Ushuaia, Argentina, where something like a war is currently brewing between Argentina and Chile over the critical Beagle Canal in the Strait of Magellan. He was met in the town of Mendoza, about halfway up through Argentina, by his Japanese fiancée, Yoshiko; and they were married there. Occasionally, Yoshiko flies over from her Japanese home to visit Meegan on his trek, and the couple has a one-year-old boy named Ayumi—Japanese for "walk."

"I hate to say this," admits Meegan, "but although I have had some beautiful experiences, I have also had some bad ones, especially with the authorities of certain countries." Soldiers in Argentina ripped him off for some of the money he'd saved from his former career as a merchant sailor, and he was detained in Ecuador several times by "problems of excessive bureaucracy." Civilians in every country, though, have impressed Meegan with their openness and generosity. "It's fantastic," he says. "I'm always meeting people who wish to give me something without any apparent reason."

For walking, Meegan recommends eating cold rather than hot foods, and maintaining a moderate rate of 25 miles per day on the main highways—which "almost always represent the shortest route between two points." He expects to spend at least another four years in walking through Central America, Mexico and the U.S.—with about two years of it taken up by a leisurely detour to Washington, D.C., to chat it up with whoever is president when he gets there.

When last seen, Meegan was pushing his supermarket cart (decorated with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II) north toward Medellín. After Medellín, the Pan-American Highway peters out into the Darien Gap, a vast stretch of untouched jungle that has never been traversed on foot in modern history. Meegan expects to come through it in top form, and why not? Beyond some initial dysentery, he hasn't been sick a single day on his walk through South America. "I was always getting ill with colds and things," he remembers, "at home in England."

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# Bahamas Leader Begg for Enemies

NASSAU, THE BAHAMAS—Deputy Prime Minister Arthur Hanna is trying to create his own political opposition. "No country can function at its best without an effective opposition," Hanna declared last year after his own Progressive Liberal party (PLP) won a decisive 30 seats in the 38-seat House of Parliament here. Until the British pulled out in 1967, the PLP was a rigorously activist Bahamian movement, asserting the principles of black-majority rule against the oppressive colonial government. In the 12 years since it established power in Nassau, the PLP has grown increasingly conservative; critics charge that high government officials have been corrupted by wealthy industrial interests in the U.S. (like Robert Vesco) and Europe, and that the government is now as oppressive as the old commonwealth regime.

Opposition to the PLP has always been uncoordinated and faction-ridden, though, and it fell apart entirely before the last election. The opposition Free National Movement (FNM) was entirely unable to agree on

a national candidate, while the more leftist Bahamian Democratic party (BDP) was impossibly mired down in arguments over political doctrine and policy.

Hanna's anxiety at the lack of a viable opposition party is puzzling only until one considers the rising popularity of the Vanguard Socialist party, an outfit believed to harbor Marxist-Leninist tendencies. Led by Dr. John McCartney, 39—a political-science instructor at Purdue University in Indiana—the Vanguard party has a predilection for Russian-style uniforms and for addressing members as "Comrade." Thus it has never gained much popularity among traditionally easygoing Bahamians and is always vulnerable to the accusation that its funding originates from

behind the Iron Curtain. In fact, the Vanguard is barred by edict from participation in parliamentary elections, and the edict appears to be warmly upheld by most Bahamians. In the last election, Vanguard candidates received only 55 write-in votes.

Dr. McCartney, however, has pledged to leave Purdue this year and begin active stumping for the 1982 elections. Having only recently emerged from the last economic recession, and looking the next one straight in the face, it is feared that by '82 even the Bahamians will be ready for a radical change in government. Hanna's goading of the liberal opposition may be just a way to cushion the government against a budding threat of radical opposition.

## Bolivian Indians Plot New Inca Empire

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA—"We do not want to be foreigners in our own land anymore," declares Jaime Apaza, a leader of the Aymara and Quecha Indian populations, who compose over 60 percent of Bolivian citizens. Lineal descendants of the Inca tribes who dwelt here before the Spanish Conquest, Bolivian Indians have historically been oppressed by the Spanish minority, but not nearly to the degree such oppression exists elsewhere in Latin

America. Land-reform movements 25 years ago considerably improved conditions for most of Bolivia's native peasantry and the rising generation of Indians is conspicuously more well-educated, healthy and politically aware than Indians in neighboring Colombia or Peru. The Tupac Katari Indian movement, of which Apaza is a coleader, speaks of reestablishing a communal Inca society "without exploiters or exploited."

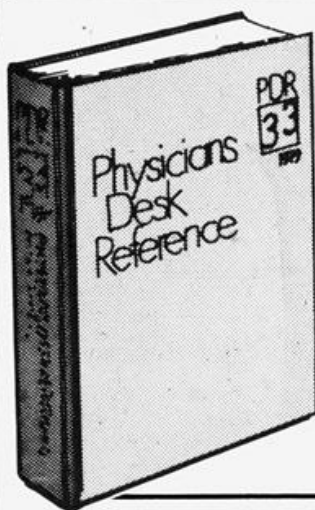
## Mexico's Doctor Surplus Imperils Vital Services

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—"We're in the absurd situation of having two doctors for every nurse," points out Dr. Octavio Rivero Serrano, director of the Mexican National University's medical programs. Mexico is overrun with disease, but ironically it has twice as many medical students as the United States and thousands of perfectly qualified doctors who simply can't afford to set themselves up for practice.

There are 54 medical schools in Mexico. However, of the 9,000 doctors who were graduated in 1968, only 2,800 specialists could find work in government programs; of the remainder, most were unable to come up with the \$20-\$30,000 required to set up a suitable doctor's office and staff, and found themselves unemployed.

According to Dr. Rivero, too many students resolve to go into medicine, when Mexico actually needs more specialists in basic development industries—especially agronomy and engineering. "It's more important to provide a village with drinking water, nutrition and employment than with a doctor," he affirms. Basic sanitation and preventive medicine should be promoted by health and social workers, he believes, before expensive and sophisticated medical services can possibly be instituted on a private-physician basis.

Less than a third of Mexican citizens are eligible for nationalized health care, which requires that they be regularly employed; even fewer can afford private doctors. Most Mexicans in the countryside never in their lives see a real doctor, in fact. In view of all this, Dr. Rivero believes, conventional six-year university medical courses are simply a waste of time and money.



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## Farmers Fight French Army for Occitania

by Michael Zwerin, Pacific News Service

Though there are those who laugh at it, Occitania is not a country from some Marx Brothers movie. One million people—mostly old mountain people, plus now a number of youths—consider themselves Occitan and speak the language.

The sheep farmers of Occitania's Larzac Plateau, in the south of France, resent aliens from the capital. In particular, the Occitans resent the attempt of the French Army to acquire 100,000 acres of their plateau for maneuvers, expanding from the 7,000 acres bought in 1903. One hundred and three landowners refused to sell at any price eight years ago and only three have since given in.

In this way, throughout France, which has one of the most centralized governments in the Western world, they made Larzac a symbol of the little guy fighting an overblown state. And they became part of the worldwide movement that signals a breakdown of centralized nations.

This movement does not break down into an issue of right and left. It includes conservatives who say government is too big and liberals who want local autonomy. In the United States one of its names is bioregionalism; in Britain it is devolution, "a handing down of power and responsibility to smaller political units."

Occitania rebelled when the mayor of the

strategically located town of La Cavalerie tried to help the army oust the farmers. Somebody dumped a load of sheep manure on the mayor's front lawn. Petitions were signed, delegations formed, press conferences organized. Neighboring bishops and mayors wrote letters of protest to Paris.

An elderly guru by the name of Lanzo del Vasto, who ran a religious commune nearby, went on a hunger strike that attracted national attention. He became unofficial public-relations director for the farmers and connected their problem to larger issues, such as ecology and nonviolent dissent.

When the French minister of defense announced the inauguration of expropriation proceedings, he touched a crucial nerve, for the French hold the right to property even more sacred than Americans do.

The French government announced that "if necessary the expropriations will be by force." Farmers blocked roads with tractors. They drove a truckload of sheep up to the Eiffel Tower and grazed them under it. They planted 103 trees on the plateau, one for each farmer, as a symbol of "life, roots and continuance."

A delegation of Native Americans came to visit. A member of the Pit River tribe said, "The situation of the Pit River tribe is identical to the people of Larzac, and we ought to

be part of the same struggle." Janet Mat Cloud of the Nisqually tribe remarked, "I didn't think I would find people of France with the same problems we have, and who want the same things we do for our children. Our children were not made for factories."

The struggle has led the farmers to discover what they have in common, including their Occitan heritage. The fabric of this heritage is threadbare, maybe beyond repair. The Occitan language has even lost its name; it is called a "patois" now, meaning incorrect French.

But Occitans now talk proudly of the medieval troubadours who, they say, were Occitan, and of Occitan culture that flourished in the courts of Avignon and Toulouse while Frenchmen were still under rocks. Occitans were heretics, they explain, and in the 13th century, a Crusade decimated them.

Despite outside support, the Larzac protest remains locally controlled by the farmers who have no leader, no organization and no long-term platform. Their politics are simple and direct: "We will not leave!"



Amsterdam's sleepy Palmgracht garden park drew effusive compliments all last summer from the area's elderly residents, who had never seen foliage so brilliantly green in their lives. "But when it just went in bloom," one complained, "someone plucked it all."


## Screw-and-Tell Gals Shake Up Westminster

LONDON, ENGLAND—Top-ranking johns will be exposed to the British press by their paid sex companions, vows the leader of a London prostitute movement, unless a pending bill to decriminalize hooking makes it through Parliament. Helen Buckingham, 39, a retired whore, says, "Unless the law is reformed, our organization will name ministers of Parliament, churchmen, and diplomats who have called on our services." Under the title PLAN—"Prostitution Laws Are Nonsense"—Buckingham's followers are estimated to number in the thousands. The British government—which was actually toppled in 1958 by the Profumo hooking scandal—is reportedly quaking at the threat.

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## British "Perk" System Sustains Poor Execs

LONDON, ENGLAND—When a middle-level executive of an esteemed national insurance corporation was sacked from his post here recently, he lost not only his \$13,000 annual salary but his luxury car, his Mayfair flat, three full-dress suits, various dress shirts and a restaurant expense account on which his family had depended as an indispensable hedge against their food budget. All these goods and services had been provided the executive by his company as legal perquisites—"perks"—to augment his heavily-taxed salary, itself only about 50 percent of an American exec's at a corresponding corporate level.

In recent years "perks" have become British industry's compensatory adjustment to the drop of real income at all levels throughout the country and to the massive bite taken out of upper-income paychecks by taxes. As employees ascend in levels of corporate bureaucracies, their real take-home pay actually increases very little; consequently the corporations themselves have begun providing executives with suits, cars, flats, and so on, that are "consonant with the position." Officially—in the case of clothes, for example—the perks are only "leased" to the employees, who for a minimal annual "rent" avoid having to lay out the purchase fees and stiff taxes. Since an executive making \$20,000 pays \$10,000 in taxes and 83 percent of all income over \$48,000 is taxed, it is virtually impossible for Britons nowadays to maintain anything like luxuries.

"The general run of senior executives does not wear first-class clothes," notes Alec Finch, of Hilditch & Key Limited, a prestigious Jermyn Street maker of men's clothes. Thus many companies, especially those who deal with better-dressed Arabs and Americans, subsidize their executives' wardrobes just to put up a good front. The same with cars: last year nearly half of all British-made autos were bought by corporations.

No one, however, is very happy with this state of affairs. Agents for Inland Revenue regard it all as a flagrant conspiracy against tax collection but admit they are legally powerless against it. Economists of every stripe loathe the "perks": unionists regard them as maintaining upper-class privileges, and

conservatives deplore their stimulus to the production of nonessential luxury goods. Execs themselves declare they'd prefer more

choice in the disposal of their incomes—and, of course, an exec who gets the sack could literally lose the shirt off his or her back.



Boxing champs of France and Luxembourg in title bout at the International Boxing Girls' meet at Binasco, Italy.

## Swedish Men Taking More "Paternity Leaves"

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Fatherhood is beginning to pay off here, boasts the Ministry of Social Affairs. Faced with a plummeting nationwide birth rate, Parliament in 1974 ordained "paternity leaves," by which the father of a newborn baby is allowed to draw full working pay if he opts to stay at home and tend the infant while the mother works. Though only 2 percent of men entitled to paternity leaves took them in '74, the proportion has since soared to 12 percent. Since the fundamental cause of the dropping birth rate in industrialized countries is believed to be the avidness of newly emancipated women to join the labor market, the government is clearly counting on men to take up the consequent slack in child rearing.

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## Russians Predict Major Quake by Reading Warning Signs

TASHKENT, USSR—Scientists at the Uzbekistan Institute of Technology here successfully forecast a major earthquake that occurred on November 2 last year, predicting its source within 90 miles of the rupture and its intensity to within half a degree of magnitude. On November 1, the geologists advised the Institute of the Physics of the Earth in Moscow that a major quake was expected shortly to occur near Andizhan, high in the Altai Mountains east of here. The quake occurred at 2 A.M. the following morning, registering 7.0 on the Richter scale.

Geologists in this quake-plagued area have contributed much to the new science of plate tectonics and its application to earthquake prediction. About 50 million years ago, the geological plate comprising India and South-east Asia "collided" with the Russian-Siberian plate, creating a major fault line that stretches from Afghanistan to Burma and is even less stable than California's San Andreas Fault. Pressure in the earth's crust and the underlying bedrock causes a steady buildup of pressure along the fault, which is compensated for in the long run by the formation of mountains (the Altai, Himalayas, etc.) and relieved in the short run by earthquakes. Mild earthquakes occur almost monthly all along the fault line, and from studying them, geologists now feel they can confidently predict major upheavals.

In the case of the November 1st Andizhan quake, field studies near Tashkent, Garm and

Dushanbe had already determined that around October '77 the ground in the region began tilting imperceptibly but steadily to the south; then in October of '78 it stopped tilting, ominously. In the past, the extent of such ground tilting and the duration of the pause in the tilting that invariably presages an earthquake have been shown to be reliable indicators of the intensity of the impending rupture.

In late October '78, other indications appeared that served to notify geologists that a quake was imminent: 11 carefully monitored artesian wells slowed and eventually stopped their flow of water from deep beneath the earth, and on the day before the quake, numerous deep conventional wells suddenly dried up. Simultaneously, ground fissures opened in several places, and a peculiar burst of radio static was recorded on monitoring instruments at the frequency of

100 kilohertz. This would seem to indicate a sudden release of radioactive radon gas from within the earth, a sporadic phenomenon lately noticed by U.S. scientists studying a mild quake region in the Adirondack Mountains in New York State.

Uzbekistan scientists are also assisted in quake-prediction research by unexpected geological phenomena that have been observed in the area since the construction of the massive 1,000-foot-high Nurek Dam in the adjoining Khirgizia Republic. The accumulation of water behind the dam appears to be opening new pores in the rock beneath it, forming fissures there, which are subsequently closed by the sheer weight of the water and the colossal concrete dam, the tallest in the world. The resultant miniquakes around the Nurek Reservoir have provided scientists with a virtual field laboratory for the study of earthquake physics.

## "Real-Life" Soap Opera Enthralls Ten Million

TOKYO, JAPAN—Japan's favorite morning TV program, with ten million regular weekly viewers, is a real-life soap opera that gives the country's more ill-fated citizens a chance to tell their tragic stories on the air. Called "Evaporated People," the series is entering its 11th year as a mainstay of Japanese mass entertainment.

The program's debut show this year featured the tearful confession of Kiyoshi Uchino, 33, describing how he cut his unfaithful wife's clothes off with a knife the night before she vanished with her lover. Their daughters Kiomi and Yuki, ages 9 and 5, held up photos of their mother to the camera and pleaded wretchedly for her return.

While the security of family life is still righteously upheld in Japan as a prime national virtue, producer of "Evaporated People," Masanao Shirato, broadcasts four case histories per month of families who have been deserted by one or more members. These real-life dramas are rife with elements of compulsive drinking, gambling, lying, brutality, wild adulterous sex and genuine hysterical fits. Shirato claims to have a file of over 15,000 eager applicants for the program and receives an average of 20 new applicants per day.

"It is awful," TV critic Sadanoabu Aoki has written. "When it comes on I tremble and turn to another channel. I cannot understand why this privacy is on the air." Producer Shirato points out, however, that all appearances on "Evaporated People" are voluntary, and that families are extensively screened beforehand by the studio. People from small towns, whose lurid confessions might ruin them among their neighbors, are scrupulously eliminated—over their protests.

As it happens, between 500,000 and 800,000 Japanese citizens are officially listed as "missing" in any given week; and this is despite "Evaporated People" 's extraordinary track record of reuniting families. Over 80 percent of the missing people spotlighted on the show are recognized by their new acquaintances and persuaded to reestablish relations with their families. Most often the tearful reconciliations are arranged to take place live in an Asahi studio, where they are videotaped for the viewing audience.

One startling statistic that has emerged from "Evaporated People" 's ten-year run seems to confirm several theories of women's liberation. In 1969, 70 percent of all missing Japanese were males; but this year the ratio has reversed, with 70 percent being females.

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## Fake Small Change Rocks Thai Economy

BANGKOK, THAILAND—Five *baht* in Thai currency is only worth about one sinsemilla stick on the local market or one working person's lunch, or a pack of local smokes, or about 25 cents American. Nevertheless, three small-time counterfeiters who began producing fake five-*baht* coins last spring nearly tumbled the whole economy and seriously complicated the lives of about 55 million working Thais.

Until this happened, the five-*baht* coin had been a distinctive nine-edged hunk of alloy, lying huge and reassuringly heavy in the typical wage earner's pocket. Shortly after the counterfeiters began producing about 6,000 five-*bahts* per day last spring, though, Thai

banks began refusing to accept them. Consequently, small businessmen and shopkeepers started refusing *all* five-*bahts*, real and bogus alike, and before long big stores and even city buses were nixing them. By October '78 last year the government of General Kriangsak Chamanan was forced to recall all five-*bahts* from circulation, abolish the currency, and re-issue a smaller, round five-*baht*—which feels like a measly one-*baht* in the pocket.

The old five-*baht* was decorated with a mythological *garuda* bird on one side and a profile of Chamanan on the other. The enraged general has ordained, without trial, life sentences for the three counterfeiters—although so far only one has been caught.

## Mesomorphic Mommas Daunt Soviet Designer

MOSCOW, USSR—Russian women are just too hereditarily dumpy to wear chic fashions, this country's top designer has concluded. According to the designer, who goes by the name Comrade Dior, Russian women simply get too thick in the thigh and broad in the beam when they reach their early 20s to carry any contemporary fashion with grace. Dior cites Ministry of Health studies that show

that the typical Russian woman consumes 250 pounds of potatoes and 200 pounds of bread per year. "Even a genius like me cannot make them look chic and beautiful," he contends. At the risk of alienating the Kremlin bureaucracy—which is currently pushing the disco craze as far as it can, right down to sleek and sexy ballroom dresses—Dior has asked to design clothes for girls under 21.



Trend watchers in the People's Republic of China report that with the new liberalization of culture, Charlie Chaplin movies and Abbott & Costello TV shows are all the rage.

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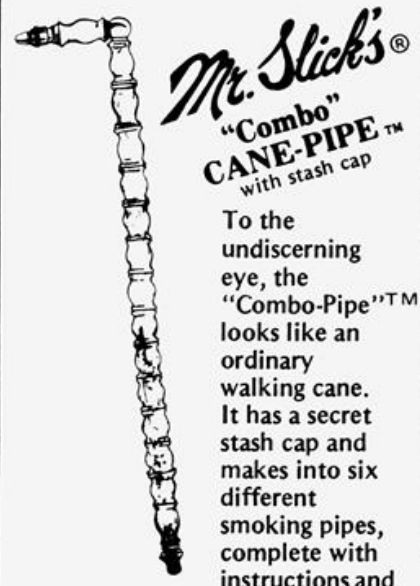
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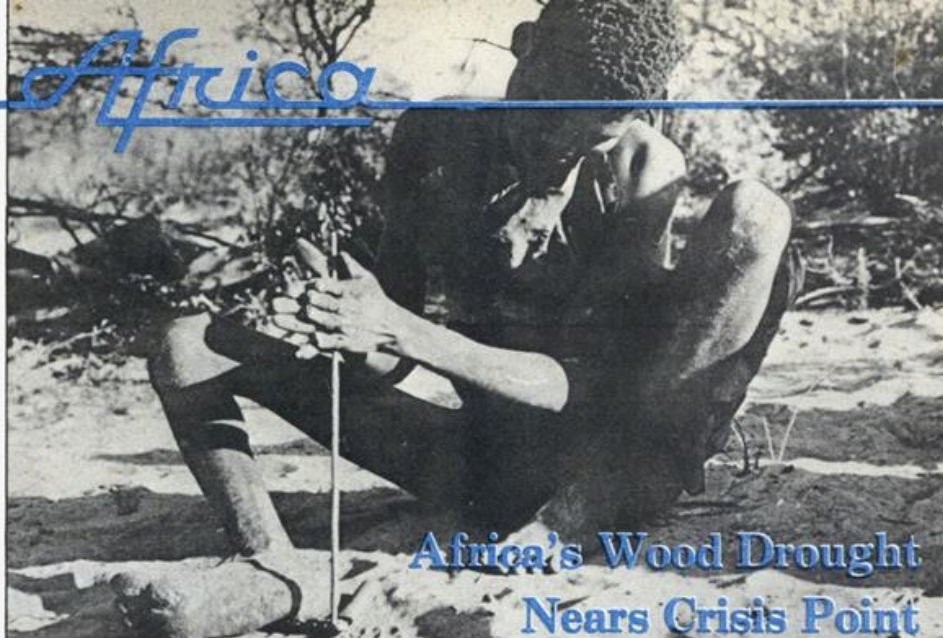
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## Africa's Wood Drought Nears Crisis Point

Kalahari bushmen are now the only people in all Africa who have all the wood they need; they only use a couple of twigs per month.

EL FASHER, THE SUDAN—Charcoal smuggling has become a prime underground industry in the wood-starved western Sudan, and the racket is increasingly common throughout Africa and the world's poor countries in general. Well-armed squads of wood poachers make regular raids into the forested swamps of the Bahr el-Ghazal to the south, raft the wood north along the White Nile to clandestine charcoal burners around Kodok, and transport the illegal fuel by massively guarded camel caravans to the deforested sub-Saharan Sahel, stretching from Chad to Mali. The charcoal trade is strictly illegal, but profits are enormous; so it grows in wealth—and violence—year after year.

The African wood drought is only the most conspicuous symptom of the global deforestation that afflicts poor nations everywhere. Presently 20 percent of the earth's land mass is still thickly forested, but a combination of overpopulation and climate changes—mutually reinforcing and geometrically progressive—is destroying the world's woodlands at the rate of 11 million hectares (metric acres) per year. This represents an annual increase of deforested land equivalent in size to Cuba or Bulgaria; and its broad ecological effects, reducing free-oxygen levels for lack of photosynthesis and increasing soil erosion, are dwarfed by its immediate effect on the quality of life for poor people.

Over 80 percent of all wood cut annually in Africa is used for heat and cooking. When local populations, as in the Sahel, use up all available local wood, whole families commonly have to spend up to two days a week just foraging for fuel; this renders farming and cattle herding impossible; and, worse yet, many people begin suffering from malnutrition because they can no longer eat vegetables that require cooking.

As an alternative to wood, many families necessarily resort to burning dung, which deprives them of crop fertilizer. Besides destroying age-old patterns of African livelihoods, this actually contributes to increased deforestation: arable land becomes arid more quickly, prompting farmers to destroy more forested areas for fresh growing soil.

Still, deforestation in Africa has not proceeded quite as far as in India, Pakistan and some parts of Latin America. Crash pro-

grams in teaching peasants to utilize solar power and wood-conserving ovens could still, many observers hope, possibly reverse the African deforestation trend and restore many native lifeways. Prospects elsewhere are bleaker. According to Erik Eckholm of the Washington, U.S., Worldwatch Institute, 20 million hectares of woodland in Asia and Latin America must be replanted now if widespread starvation is to be averted after the turn of the 21st century. In the African Sahel, half the once-forested savannah should be immediately replanted, but there seems absolutely no prospect of this happening.

Even massive reforestation must be assisted, Worldwatch insists, by a reorganization of economic priorities in both the poor and rich countries of the world. Unbelievably, most poor countries that still enjoy great forests export wood to rich countries, even in the face of poverty caused by deforestation; the export of wood provides the large local land-owning concerns with a source of internationally negotiable capital. Moreover, industrial countries like the U.S. actually use up more wood than the natives of the countries from which the wood is imported—even though industrial countries could easily do without wood at all, in most instances, by employing synthetic substitutes. For example, Americans use up a cubic yard of wood per person per year in paper alone—rather more than poor-nation people use, per capita, for fuel and cooking.

Worst of all, big industrial corporations are buying and deforesting vast tracts of land in poor countries for grazing cattle. Volkswagen has converted untold hectares of Brazilian jungle into pasture, for instance, to provide steaks for people in industrial countries. Other corporations, mainly American, have been deforesting massive tracts of Latin America to raise beef for Yank hamburgers and cold cuts.

Ironically, those who profit most from deforestation of poor countries enjoy vast forests of their own: woodlands in North America and Europe are increasing nearly as quickly as equatorial forests are shrinking. On the other hand, governments in China, India and Korea have mounted reforestation programs of their own recently. But so far no African country has made steps toward reforestation.



## Home Improvements in "City of the Dead"

The Egyptian government has finally broken down and made the "City of the Dead" livable. Nearly a million poor folk in recent years have taken impiously to squatting in the 700-year-old Necropolis, on the Nile's east bank, where sultans and viziers as far back as the Medieval Ayoubids were interred in miniature palace crypts. A great many of these crypts are fine structures—with two or three stories and shaded gardens—but the government has always been reluctant to confirm the presence of squatters on this untaxable religious property. Last winter, though, they finally ran in electricity, water and bus lines to cut down on the chronic TB and dysentery epidemics. The results have pleased the Ne-

cropolitans mightily: they say the ghosts, a constant nuisance heretofore, can't abide the streetlights and have vacated the place.

## Africa Heads West

ZEILA, SOMALIA—Africa virtually leapt away from Asia last year, geophysically speaking. After a months-long series of medium earthquakes here and in Djibouti, on the very horn tip of East Africa, volcanologists recorded that Africa slipped a full meter westward. This indicates a truly extraordinary continental mobility, in the opinion of most geologists.

## Antarctica

### Ice-Age Scares Put to Rest

MCMURDO SOUND, ANTARCTICA— There shouldn't be another full-fledged ice age for at least a few thousand more years, scientists studying the climatic history of the southern hemisphere are now convinced. Investigators from Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory have been correlating evidences of major past glaciations in the southern hemisphere with the well-studied ice ages of the north and have determined that Antarctic ice has always built up and spread northward for ages before the northern ice caps began migrating south.

According to Dr. James Hayes, massive global glaciations are conditioned mainly by the earth's "albedo," the proportion of sunlight energy it reflects back into space. When the earth's surface is mainly blue water and red-brown earth, as now, it absorbs sunlight, and stays warm; but as ice builds up over major stretches of the globe, more and more sunlight is reflected straight back out of the atmosphere, and the world gets colder. Since the southern hemisphere is almost entirely water, ice builds up there for millennia, nearly cloaking half the globe before causing sufficient planetary heat loss to bring the northern ice caps down over the nonreflecting northern continents.

This explanation is a much more plausible ice-age scenario, most meteorologists are convinced, than most new theories of ice-age origins. Those theories usually revolve around the collection of carbon dioxide in the earth's atmosphere; one group of "hothouse theory" adherents predicting that the global climate will grow markedly warmer from sunlight energy trapped within the CO<sub>2</sub> blanket, and other theorists predicting it will grow colder, because sunlight will fail to penetrate the CO<sub>2</sub> at all. Most scientists, however, remain dubious whether CO<sub>2</sub>'s predominantly local and short-term effects could possibly conduce to anything of the sort.

By studying alternating warm-climate sediment layers of diatom fossils and cold-climate layers of uninhabited clay in the bed of the southern Indian Ocean near here, Dr. Hayes has seen a distinct connection between northern and southern ice ages. As the earth moves through long-term changes in its orbit,

minor changes occur in the distribution of radiant sunlight upon the globe. Over three to eight thousand years afterward, the ice sheets around the South Pole build up, eventually covering much of the region. Thousands of years after that, the northern glaciers begin moving south. In fact, Antarctic temperatures have been slowly dropping over the last nine millennia, Dr. Hayes has determined, but the ice hasn't started building up yet.

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## Interview: Paul Schrader

(continued from page 45)

emotions for a living. Therefore they have a tendency to let their emotions go if they get hot for somebody. Actresses have a tendency to fall in love relentlessly. Their job is to be emotional, so they have a tendency to fall in love over and over and over again. It's real love, madly in love. When you're on the road in a movie crew, there's a special community-pressure atmosphere. Like on a magazine, when you're working late at night, that camaraderie...

**High Times:** Do you go to a lot of Hollywood parties?

**Schrader:** Hollywood parties are just an extension of the business day. A place to go and do business. All the real wild parties are in the valley, with the wife swappers. The movie industry, as you may have heard, is a very early-to-bed, early-to-rise business. If you're working, your work day begins at seven, your call is at six, you gotta get up at five. If the people at the party are successful working people, they've got to leave the party early and go to bed.

**High Times:** For a young film maker starting out, what do you suggest?

**Schrader:** Writing worked quite well for me, because it's the only field in film making where there is no apprenticeship. If you've written a screenplay they want to buy, they'll pay you for it—it doesn't matter your race, how old you are, or what kind of experience you've had. Whereas in all the other fields—directing, cinematography—you have a long apprenticeship. So writing is the easy way, if you have the knack.

I got off the plane in L.A. just ten years ago. I didn't know a soul. I went to the airport, rented a car, went to the car lot and bought a car, found a place to live, and... it took a while. I went to grad school, I became a critic. I wrote for the L.A. Free Press during its halcyon days, when it was a big weekly magazine like the Voice; I wrote every week for them. And I wrote film reviews for Cinema. For the University of California Press, I wrote a book called *Transcendental Style*, a book of theological aesthetics.

Then I started getting into screenwriting. The first thing I sold was *The Yakuza*, which turned out to be a stroke of luck, because it turned out to be a major sale. It put me on the map overnight. My literary agent, when he realized the script would be hot, sold it to a regular movie agent, and it became his property. When I went to UCLA and later AFI, I took classes in film criticism, never film production; I didn't make any shorts. So when I came to do *Blue Collar*, I had never shot a film.

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**High Times:** What happened on your first day as a director?

**Schrader:** It was a relief. I was finally there. I was supposed to direct *Rolling Thunder*, but they took it away from me.

**High Times:** Ever direct plays or TV?

**Schrader:** Nope.

**High Times:** Do you ever want to?

**Schrader:** There's a few more things I want to do in this field first. You spend a number of years getting to a certain point and you want to capitalize on it. I have a long script on the life of Hank Williams that I want to make quite badly. We wanted to make it for television, but I can't get the budget for television. I wanted to make a four-hour miniseries, but the most they give you is a million dollars an hour, and for \$4 million I just can't make a film. I was thinking about using the original songs so I could use an actor as Hank, but I may want to use a singer, I don't know.

I'm writing *The Covert People* right now. It's about life on the other side of the barricades. It's about the young kids in 1968 who believed in the war, who were working for the government. Three people, two guys and a girl, all of whom are involved in CIA activities, none of whom know that the others are. Nobody tells anybody anything. One guy is poisoned, and the poison happens to have been made by his friend and given to him by his girl friend. And none of them know. And they're all trying to figure out who did it. And they finally figure out they did it. They're all in their 20s, they're future Donald Segretti's, they're New Frontier people. They believe in America, and they believe in the morality of Vietnam. It's about the impact of secrecy. These people believe in secrecy. They believe that they shouldn't be honest—with each other. And they all accept that; that's the way it is. Someone says to another, "I can't tell you that," and the other says, "Okay, I understand." Whenever they're given the choice between the truth and a falsehood, they naturally choose the falsehood, just because it's almost ingrained.

**High Times:** Are there any other directors whose work you like?

**Schrader:** There are a few directors I respect, whose work I like. It's a tricky question, though, because you have a tendency to like what you can't do. Every rock star wants to be a director, every director wants to be a rock star. So I envy those directors who do what I don't do. People like Bob Fosse or Nicholas Roeg.

I respect Marty Scorsese, but Marty works quite differently from the way I do. I work very strongly in the narrative tradition. I'm basically a storyteller. I'm far more a writer than a painter. I'm working on becoming a painter. □

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# Scams

(continued from page 51)

money. With this capital, Estes branched out into many businesses, including fertilizer and grains.

He had some unusual ideas about how to do business. "If you get into anyone far enough," he'd say, "you've got yourself a partner." In just that way, Estes joined up with a New York chemical manufacturer, an association that gave Estes some amount of financial credibility. To gain control of the anhydrous ammonia market, he lost millions of dollars undercutting other manufacturer's prices, driving them out of business. He also took advantage of every price-support allowance offered by the U.S. government. He has been called "a welfare-state Ponzi"—he had an amazing ability to make money with the help of the Department of Agriculture.

Everything was set up to make millions of dollars. The only problem was, Estes's setup had been so expensive to develop that he needed to raise more capital to start the money rolling in. He decided he would raise the money on nonexistent anhydrous-ammonia storage tanks. He collected more than \$30 million in mortgages on imaginary tanks. He would rent an imaginary tank from a farmer and pay each farmer rent equal to the amount of the mortgage the farmer paid him. He made no money on the mortgages themselves but used their paper value as collateral for \$22 million in loans.

Called "the biggest wheel-dealer in all of west Texas," Billie Sol Estes was not well liked. He ran for a seat on the local school board and lost to a write-in candidate. Blaming his defeat on the local newspaper, he set up a rival paper. The local paper then did a thorough investigation of Estes and printed the first story of his mortgage fraud. He served six years in jail and lost everything he had.

Anthony DeAngelis started his remarkable career as a

butcher, a field for which he showed great aptitude. He revolutionized the hog-dressing industry and made a fortune in meat during World War II, probably through the black market. When he was 35, DeAngelis bought stock control of a large meat-packing firm that sold its stock to the public and was listed on the American Stock Exchange. Five years later, the firm went bankrupt. Luckily, DeAngelis had diversified his capital before the bankruptcy and, with the help of the U.S. government, went in-

wheat deal), his miles of storage tanks were empty, and the money was gone. Many people thought DeAngelis did not work alone, and there are rumors he was backed by the Mafia. None of the money (over \$100 million) was ever found. Anthony DeAngelis served seven years of his 20-year sentence and was paroled in 1972.

## Uncle Sam's Scam

Last, but far from least, there's contemporary capitalism, which often differs

## Legendary scam artists have sold national monuments and caused banks to collapse and entire economies to teeter on the brink of destruction.

to the salad-oil business.

The "Food for Peace" program brought surplus oil to sell to needy countries. To broaden his market, DeAngelis traveled through the world lining up orders. He was the first to take salad oil to the foreign marketplace. He took care of domestic competition for this market by buying the oil in the Midwest and selling it overseas, at a markup to the export companies. It was these companies that jumped at the chance to back him to put the scheme into operation. But no one could figure out how DeAngelis made any money. He paid the highest prices for domestic oil, paid transportation costs and finally sold the oil to export companies so cheaply there was no competition. Since everyone was making money, no one asked questions.

By the late 1950s, the business had grown to over \$100 million a year, 75 percent of all the oil shipped overseas. But the real money, as usual, was coming in the form of loans from bankers, brokers and businessmen in the United States and Europe. DeAngelis swindled hundreds of millions of dollars from these financial experts, his real victims. They would loan him money to buy more oil, but he was buying phantom oil. When DeAngelis was finally investigated (brought about by the failure of a Russian

from Charles Ponzi's scam in only one respect: inflation. By devaluing tomorrow the money that is paid or owed today, the banks, insurance companies, the federal government and others who take money on the premise that they will return it in goods or services have only to pay back a portion of the money they received in the first place. Not only that, but it has been cleverly contrived so that people are forced to turn their money over to these institutions to earn piddling interest or they will lose even that.

Consider: a man has \$1,000 he is saving for a Jacuzzi bathtub. If he hides it in his stereo, a year from today its buying power will have been reduced by the roughly 10-percent inflation to a real value of only \$900. But if he puts it in a bank and earns 6-percent interest, the real value will have shrunk to only \$954, and he will have avoided being ripped off for \$54. This mark's money is then taken by the scam masters who loan it out at even higher rates—up to 20 percent—or make long-term pledges such as social security and life insurance. Since it isn't their money, they can't lose. And since inflation will always go up higher than the rate at which they collect interest, these scam masters will always be rich. If it were not

for inflation, this scam would, like the chain letters and Ponzi schemes everywhere, reach its finite limitations and collapse. Accordingly, price increments are subtly but inexorably advanced 10 percent each year, on transportation, food, clothing, shelter and virtually all the necessities of life that are currently subject to the scam master's control. It is a condition of business, and any manufacturer or worker who fails to inflate by this rate will lose his or her line of credit and become an "enemy of the state."

Again, like chain letters and Ponzi swindles, capitalist schemes are occasionally challenged. But always at a safely detached distance. For instance, when Nelson Rockefeller died, the New York Daily News, among others, characterized his father John D., the grand old man of the clan, whose business card read "John D. Rockefeller, Capitalist," as a crook whose "special interest rate with the railroad" and "ruthless methods" made a billion dollars at a time when most people existed on the bare necessities of life, or less. Yet it is unthinkable that any newspaper in America would say the same sort of thing about the very much alive and kicking David Rockefeller, the most potent of the Rockefeller descendants, who in his capacity as head of the world's largest capitalist monetary nerve center, Chase Manhattan Bank, is undisputed scam champion of the world.

It may seem odd to think that a whole culture embraces this scam, unprotesting, but it is hardly singular. The South Sea Bubble and the Great Depression were both similar monumental scams and little more. People like the fairy-tale finish that a scam culture promises, the lottery winner and the pot of gold under the pea. Many people in the Western world would rather live with poverty and gambler's hope than with modest security and the certainty that nothing will change overnight. Capitalism may be a scam, but almost everybody loves a scam. ■





## No Backyard Busts Without a Warrant

The Supreme Court has ruled that cops can't trespass on private property to harvest marijuana without a warrant, even if the dope is growing in "clear view" of public property. The state of New Jersey had appealed a lower-court decision involving a case in which two cops, tipped off by an unnamed snitch, visited a West Keansburg couple's home and saw grass plants in their backyard from the street. They then broke into the garden and ripped off the plants without bothering to get a seizure warrant from a judge. The lower court ruled, in effect, that a person has as much "expectation of privacy" in his or her backyard as in the house itself; and the Supreme Court upheld this principle.

## Cops Can Check Mail

The U.S. government is entitled to systematically intercept the mail of private citizens and check out all information available on the outside of the envelopes, including return addresses and postmarks, says the U.S. Supreme Court. In upholding the tax-evasion conviction of a Balboa, California, man, the Court supported the long-standing practice, employed by law-enforcement agencies since 1893, of running "mail covers" on virtually anyone they wish, without having to get a court warrant to do so.

In the Balboa test case, U.S. Customs agent Lynn Williams asked post office authorities for a 30-day "mail cover" on the man, whom Williams suspected of running a "narcotics ring," in 1972. The post office, running some 4,530 mail covers that year, readily complied. All mail arriving at the man's Balboa and Newport Beach addresses was checked by post office flunkies, and every return address was recorded.

As time went on, Williams gave up on the "narcotics ring" idea and decided to bust the man for tax evasion. Envelope inspections had turned up his bank-account number and the identities of his main creditors. Williams got the Internal Revenue Service interested, and in 1974 the man was nailed for understating his

income by \$87,000 since 1972, when the "mail cover" was instigated.

The Supreme Court made no comment on the reasoning of Judge Walter Cummings of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, who'd written, "The information on the outside of envelopes and packages normally passes through so many hands, public and private, that a mail cover cannot be said to invade any constitutionally protected zone of privacy."

The Court also declined comment on the Ninth Circuit's dissenting opinion, drafted by Judge Shirley Hufstедler. Noting that of 48,000 mail covers requested by cops between 1961 and 1972 only 40 were denied, Hufstедler observed that all the correspondents of the persons investigated—their banks, creditors, friends, accountants, magazine publishers and religious, educational and political affiliates—were also effectively under investigation.

## Gay Policewomen Sue After Firing

Six policewomen, fired last year after civic authorities investigated them for lesbian behavior, have successfully sued the city of Boise, Idaho, for damages. The investigation was launched after citizens told authorities they'd seen the women acting peculiarly in public; a tap was put on the police switchboard to see what showed up, and the women were subsequently discharged, with no opportunity to appeal the decision except in court.

In U.S. District Court, Judge Fred Nichol termed the whole affair "abysmal" and indignantly wondered



Judge Nichol: scores one for Sappho.

how "a city the size of Boise could have become involved in such an operation." He directed attorneys for the plaintiffs to draw up estimates of the money damages inflicted on the women by their firing; at last count, a conservative estimate was \$10 million.

Boise police chief John Church complains that the ruling infringes on his powers of disciplining his staff; he adds that had the women not been fired, they might have been liable to "blackmail." □

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Not only did their fans tend to steal more records than they bought, but the band itself was shaken by defections, ODs and flights to avoid prosecution.

## Psychedelic Country Blues

Way back in '63, when acid was legal, the Northeast music scene, from Greenwich Village's Cafe Rudio to Boston's Zircon, was stunned by the debut of the world's first psychedelic country-blues band, the Holy Modal Rounders. Led by puckish ace songwriter and electric fiddler Peter Stampfel, guitar player and meth maven Steve Weber, at six foot five looking for all the world like a spaced-out Li'l Abner,



and drummer Sam Shepard, later to win fame as a playwright, the Rounders combined hard-driving country playing with a combined path-breaking use of feedback and other devices then just beginning to be tried out by electrified rock bands. What they served up was a potent brew of amphetaminized traditional tunes and newly composed mind-blowers like Weber's pre-Animal House classic "Boobs a Lot," Robin Remailly's "Euphoria," and Stampfel's "Rompin' in the Swamp," "My Mind Capized" and "STP":

Once a friendly stranger said to me  
The hippies call it STP  
You're a friendly stranger I can see  
Baby take a whiff on me  
Have a revelation—the first one's free  
Soon you'll be addicted to eternity  
We'll be pushers cosmic style  
Too late to stop now,  
You're a nova cop now  
The hippies call it STP

Too far out for the mainstream critics to cope with, Stampfel and his band of good ol' boys from outer space were nonetheless recipients of popular acclaim from the people themselves—their legions of fans in the village and vicinity be-



The Holy Modal Rounders: psychedelic rock 'n' roll rangers of the late but great '60s.

ing instantly recognizable by the well-known cry, "Spare change, mister! Ya got any spare change?"

Despite their high reputé in the Dogpatch of psychedelia, uncertain times lay ahead for the Rounders. Not only did their legions of fans tend to steal more Rounder records than they bought, but the band itself was shaken by a long succession of defections, ODs and flights to avoid prosecution. As a consequence, by 1965 the Rounders *per se* had dissolved and Stampfel and Weber were reduced to backing their musical proteges, the Fugs, with whom Peter recorded his crystal classic, "New Amphetamine Shriek," to document their plight:

I don't have a bedtime,  
I don't need to come  
For I have become an amphetamine  
bum  
If you don't like sleeping  
and don't wanta screw  
Then you should take lots  
of amphetamine too

Nevertheless, when in the second half of the '60s the Vietnam War really got hot, Stampfel, recognizing that the nation undoubtedly needed psychedelic country blues more than ever before, tenaciously reassembled the Rounders (now dubbed the Unholy Modal Rounders), and with

the help of talented friends like Michael Hurley and super-ace banjo picker Luke Faust cut a series of typically wild and wonderful records—none of which, however, ever brought Peter as much as \$400 a year in royalties.

Not for lack of trying, nothing seems to have been able to make the Rounders an economically viable enterprise in the 1970s. Accordingly, the album recently released by Adelphi Records of Washington, D.C., seems fated to be, as its title indicates, the *Last Round*. Though there is still a possibility that a Stampfel-Weber duo album already recorded may be released soon by Adelphi, chances of yet another Rounder reunion are absolutely nil, Peter says, since he has already taken the plunge and formed a new group with John Parrot.

Although the new Stampfel-Parrot collaboration need not apologize to anyone in terms of spirit or musicianship—as the band showed in its first public concert, recently broadcast over Pacifica's WBAI in New York—it's still a shame that we will hear the old Rounders no more. As *Last Round* shows, even on the very eve of its demise the world's first psychedelic country-blues band was still the world's best psychedelic country blues band.

—Bruce Brown



## Bob Dylan at Budokan

It's only one more small irony from the Mystery Tramp that this, his most accessible album ever, will be available solely to the Japanese. For some inscrutable reason Dylan is big in Japan



Zimmerman: Live from the teahouse of the rising sun.

and CBS/Sony has elected to release there a live, two-LP set of his recent concert in Budokan.

Throw all logic out the window. If Dylan's mind worked in a comprehensible way, he would never have worn a schmata on his head or released *Hard Rain*, the TV-special soundtrack that was to reach the masses of middle Americans getting their first taste of the Minnesota Bard. Instead, he would

have waited to assemble this honed-down, almost slick, aggregation of top studio cats, who, with his own version of the I-Threes for female backup vocal effect, have pushed the Dylan sound the farthest it has ever flirted with any semblance of commercial product.

Which is not to put down *Bob Dylan at Budokan* (CBS/Sony 40AP1100-1). What these sessions and his recent American tour suggest is that if he wanted to, Dylan could be the best in the Neil Diamond-MOR casino. Take "Shelter from the Storm" for instance, a ragged folk song if ever there was one in its first incarnation on *Blood on the Tracks*. Here in Japan, 1978, Dylan gives it the Big Band treatment and it comes out stately, even majestic. Similarly, "Simple Twist of Fate," another song from that LP, is positively transformed by the new arrangement, and the cinematic vision that was inherent in the original is fully realized by virtue of David Mansfield's violin and Billy Cross's guitar. In fact, the only perverse thing about this album is that it will cost almost a billion yen to buy in your local import shop. But it's worth every devalued dollar. Dylan has never sung better; the arrangements are, at the very least, interesting, and often stunning; and the selection has something for everyone. But leave it to Bob to make it a challenge to buy his most commercial work. Next thing you know, he'll write another *Blonde* when we least expect it.

—Larry Sloman



Jazz giants jam: (left to right) McCoy Tyner on piano, Ron Carter on bass, Al Foster on drums, Sonny Rollins on tenor saxophone.

## Milestone Jazzstars in Concert

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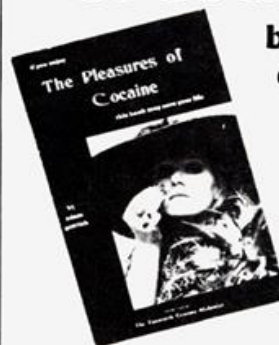
Orrin Keepnews—owner of Milestone Records, which had all three under con-

tract—decided to organize a joint tour for the fall of '78. Assisted by Al Foster, a jazz drummer and alumnus of the Miles Davis organization, the trio went on the road, playing for selected audiences throughout the United States. *Milestone Jazzstars in Concert* (Milestone M-55006) is the result, a two-album set documenting the musical events of September 16 through October 29, 1978. It is a knockout.

The beauty of the concept was that although the members of this trio had ad-

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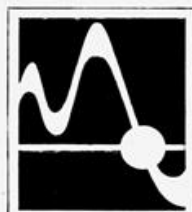


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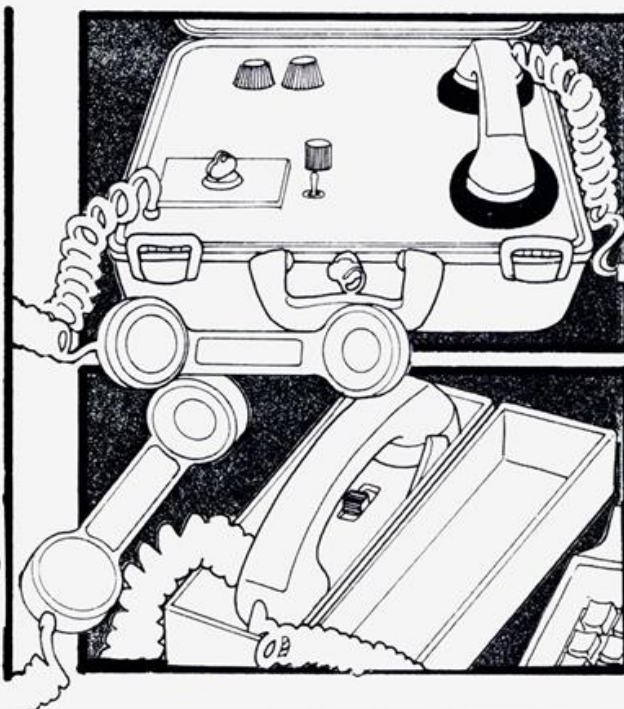
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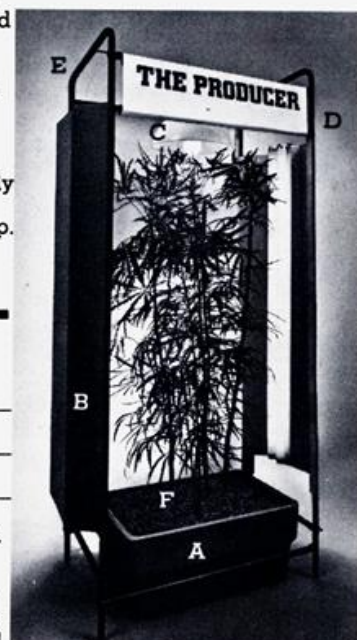
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—David Walley

## John Hartford: Riverboat Musician

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*Headin' Down into the Mystery Below* features offbeat bluegrass tunes performed on fiddle, banjo and guitar. Hartford provides his own percussion by dan-



Retna

John Hartford: watchin' the river flow.

cing on a three-quarter-inch slab of unvarnished plywood. It's an old folk technique called clogging. (And he can dance up a storm to accompany his fearsome folk chops.)

One hears the mournful whistles of the boats on foggy midnights and the CB chatter of riverboat pilots discussing the positions of channel markers. We're all over the *Julia Belle*, from the pilot house to the deck to the cabin, where string music is provided when it's raining. We're even with Hartford while he's trying to pick up a lady in the middle of a tourist spiel.

*Headin' Down into the Mystery Below* is an evocative experience for the landlocked. It's Hartford's most ambitious

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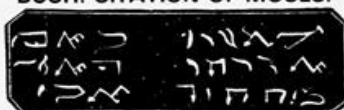
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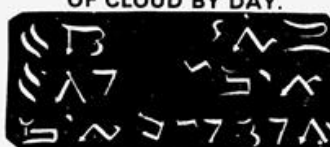


*Arise and bring me the pillar of fire that I may see*

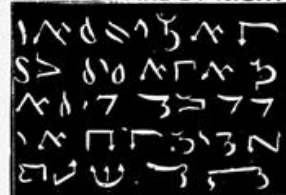
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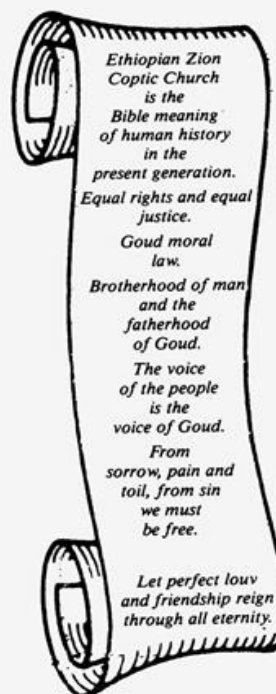
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—David Walley

## New-Wave Reggae

By now, most serious rock fans have learned to appreciate reggae, the disco that God dances to. But the best-known reggae acts in this country have been



Kate Simon

The Gladiators: reggae Jah can dance to.

around for quite a while. It has taken superstar Wailers Bob Marley and Peter Tosh six years to make it big, and such gigantic talents as Burning Spear are still relatively unknown.

It's no surprise that the younger superstars of reggae have had virtually no exposure to American audiences. A perfect example is the Gladiators, one of Jamaica's greatest vocal trios, who also happen to play their own instruments. The Gladiators represent what might be dubbed new-wave reggae. It's roots, but the beat is a bit different—you'd almost call it bouncy if it weren't so militantly fast-forward and insistent. What ya call strictly rockers.

If you've had a chance to listen to reggae radio, you might have already heard the Gladiators and not known it. Albert Griffiths sounds a lot like Bob Marley sometimes, so he could account for that "Wailers" song you never heard before. But listen to their cover of Bob's "Exodus" and you'll catch the big difference. The Gladiators are superstars in Jamaica and in the U.K. Here we have some catching up to do. The Gladiators have recorded several great LPs, but you might as well start with *Naturality* (Virgin FL 1035), which has the best production quality and same Jah feeling inside.

—Glenn O'Brien

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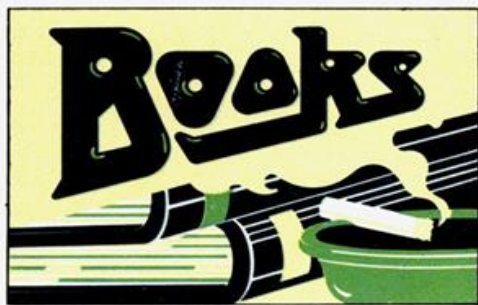
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## The CIA's Acid Victims

**THE SEARCH FOR THE "MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,"** by John Marks (New York: Times Books, \$9.95).

This reviewer was himself once unwittingly spiked with LSD. It happened at a dinner party at the governor's mansion in Raleigh, North Carolina, where, as a guest of the governor, I had come to talk to a group of the States' leading penologists, behaviorists and scientists on the use of LSD as a viable means of altering in a positive way the behavior of hardcore recidivists. Or that is what I thought.

I should have suspected something when, at the airport, I was met by a naval captain dressed in summer whites. I believe the drug was put in the glass of water served during the meal (North Carolina is a dry state, and only water is served with the meals). I knew I was on a trip by the time the dessert came round. The crème caramel looked like a huge blob of living yellow protoplasm. I also felt that I was the subject of special attention by the 12 or so others at the table.

Unfortunately, from their point of view, having already had LSD in excess of 200 times during my work at Harvard, I did not panic; on the contrary, I began to enjoy the experience and, following dinner, kept up a nonstop conversation about everything under the sun for at least six hours. A military car took me to the Raleigh Arms. And, finally, alone in my room, I expressed my anger by kicking in the television set. It was a strangely disturbing experience, and I wondered how extensive this new "game" was where some people, doubtless with the highest government approval, could give this extraordinarily powerful mind drug to other people without their knowledge.

I am grateful for the light that John Marks, in his new book, *The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate,"* throws on this murky area. From the 16,000 pages of documents that the CIA released to him, Marks was able to produce a book that describes how the CIA, aided and abetted by reputable psychiatrists and psychologists, under-

**A Dr. Isbell, whose work the CIA funded through navy cover with the approval of the director of the National Institutes of Health, kept men on LSD for 77 days.**



Author John Marks blows the whistle on the brain police.

took to explore ways the mind could be manipulated, and even destroyed, by radiation, electric shock, psychosurgery, hypnosis, microwaves and ultrasonics. Their brief was "to stimulate the Peck's Bad Boy beneath the surface of every American scientist and to say to him, 'Throw all your normal law-abiding concepts out of the window. Here's a chance to raise merry hell.'"

Some of the experiments read like Dachau. A Dr. Harris Isbell, whose work the CIA funded through navy cover with the approval of the director of the National Institutes of Health, kept seven men on LSD for 77 straight days. To Dr. Isbell, it was just another experiment to see how far the human

nervous system would go before it gave up completely. In one of his reports, he noted: "I have had seven patients who have now been taking the drug [LSD] for more than 42 days—the most amazing demonstration of drug tolerance I have ever seen." This was written in the middle of the tests. Isbell tried to "break through the tolerance" by giving triple and quadruple doses. Fortunately for Isbell, the subjects have since scattered, and no one apparently has measured the after effects of those 77 days of hell.

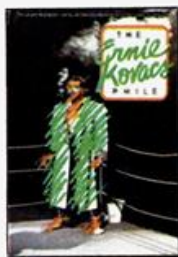
Even more bizarre was the establishment, in New York and in San Francisco, of so-called safe houses, where, through two-way mirrors, operatives could watch the behavior of men dosed with LSD who had been lured to these houses by CIA prostitutes. One of the operatives, who sat on a toilet watching the activities through a two-way mirror, wrote to Sid Gottlieb, the psychologist in charge of the program: "I was a very minor missionary, actually a heretic, but I toiled wholeheartedly in the vineyards because it was fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?"

After reading Marks's book, one is left with the disturbing impression that American scientists will do anything for a research buck. Even Carl Rogers, nowadays famous for his nondirective, nonauthoritarian approach to psychotherapy, was not immune to getting funding for mind-manipulation research. Other establishment figures also graced the Human Ecology board—Leonard Carmichael, head of the Smithsonian Institution; Barnaby Keeney, president of Brown University; George A. Kelly, a psychology professor at Ohio State University; and many others.

John Marks's book raises disturbing moral questions about the decision-making process involving experts. If nothing else, this book underscores the pressing need for the American Bar Association and the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences to study these conflicts.

—Michael Hollingshead

**THE ERNIE KOVACS PHILE,** by David G. Walley (New York: Bolder Books/Hampstead Hall Press, \$5.95). Ernie Kovacs was the Salvador Dali of '50s TV comedy. In occasional reruns, boob-tube viewers can still catch some of his best shticks: Ernie sitting on a tree branch, sawing the limb—the tree falls while the limb



stays afloat; a scuba diver emerging from a bubble bath much to the conster-

nation of the naked young lovely bathing within; milk pouring sideways out of a pitcher; actors walking on walls and ceilings; Ernie on a scaffold, dusting Jefferson's nose on Mount Rushmore—Jefferson sneezes and blows Kovacs away.

Kovacs was also a man of a thousand faces, including such weirdo TV characterizations as Percy Dovetonsils, the lisping poet in the zebra-striped smoking jacket; Wolfgang Sauerbraten, the all-night German disc jockey; Uncle Gruesome, the wacked-out storyteller who told some very grim fairy tales; and



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Charlie Clod, Oriental private dick.

When not producing and starring in his own TV series, Kovacs was doing movies and books on the side, not to mention helping to found Mad magazine, where he wrote the "Strangely Believe It!" column, which included believe-it-or-not gems like: "The strangest scientific phenomenon of all time was recorded on May 18, 1956, when Elizabeth Donahue Forsney was born in a commercial airliner while traveling



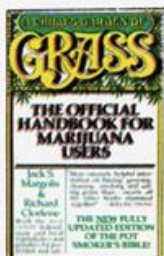
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Ernie Kovacs: Salvador Dali of '50s TV.

over Grand Canyon, Colorado. (A telegram was immediately dispatched to Elizabeth's mother, who had missed the plane in Denver.)"

The Ernie Kovacs Phile was originally published in 1975 as *Nothing in Moderation*. Its author, David Walley, was rock critic for the East Village Other and the New York Ace. He also penned one of the best rock biographies, *No Commercial Potential: The Saga of Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention*. Walley has written the Kovacs book in a style as funny and crazy as Kovacs himself; and his tales of Ernie's gambling addiction, drinking problems, tax debts and fatal car crash, as well as his love affairs with the luscious Edie Adams and luxurious Havana cigars, are told with humor, passion and fervor. The book is lavishly illustrated with shots of Kovacs dressed as everyone from Fidel Castro to Superclod. —Harry Wasserman

**A CHILD'S GARDEN OF GRASS**, by Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene (New York: Ballantine, \$1.95). This



book has probably been reviewed before in this space, but, what the hell, it keeps right on selling anyway. After reading the review copy of the latest edition, I went and bought a half-dozen copies in a drugstore (a drugstore?) to send to friends and relatives in out-of-the-way places where grass is just now appearing for the first

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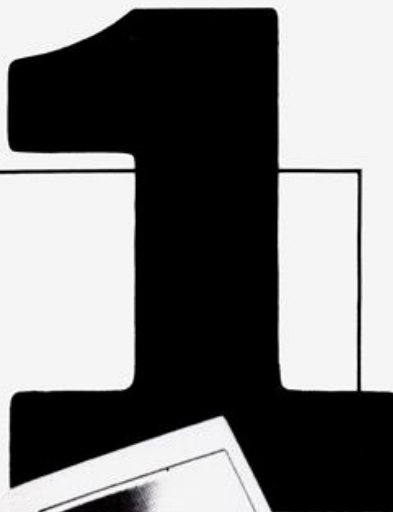
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time. Folks whose kids are turning on for the first time ought to be given this book; it will set their poor minds at ease and probably convince them they ought to taste a little of that pot stuff themselves.

Yup, these guys know their pot. For the weight conscious, the optimum munchie setup is cheap caviar, cream cheese and crackers: "Besides tasting great, it takes a long time to get the caviar jar open, and almost the entire night to put sour cream and caviar on each of those teensy crackers." How do you get free reefer steadily? "Be a very beautiful girl with large breasts."

The occasion of this latest edition was obviously to put in the 1977 appendix of new decrim laws, provided by NORML. A good deal of it is now even cutesier than the authors originally intended: it says here you can score a lid of Mexican in New York for \$20. Still, the tips on avoiding the police are as helpful now as ever, and the growing method they describe is the best I've ever read: "You simply push some seeds into the ground around three-quarters of an inch deep, and get the hell out."

—Dean Latimer

**SERGIO ARAGONÉS ON PARADE**, by Sergio Aragonés (New York: Warner Books, \$3.95). I was an eighth-grader at



St. Mary's in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in 1962. Stranded behind the lines of the cultural revolution, I eagerly awaited messages from the front, wherever it was. Sergio Aragonés's first mini sight gags in the margins of Mad were clearly secret communiques intended only for those millions of isolated subversives like myself. Periodically Aragonés was allowed out of the gutter and onto the rest of the page, and his Maddest feature cartoons (plus some rare unpublished strips suppressed by the Mad editors) comprise this definitive large-format revue.

Aragonés is a Dada clown, a master of visual and intellectual perversion and inversion, dedicated to the exposure of psychopolitical oppression. No new-wave anarcho-feminist hippie-nostalgia library would be complete without his "Mad Looks" at weddings and protest demonstrations, the best of his "We Got Your Penumbra Department," or "I Remember the Woodstock Fair," a cartoon mural teeming with hundreds of gags and figures. But the best thing about Aragonés is that there are no words cluttering up his pictures, making this book the perfect (cheap) gift for your illiterate clod friends.

—Pamela Lloyd

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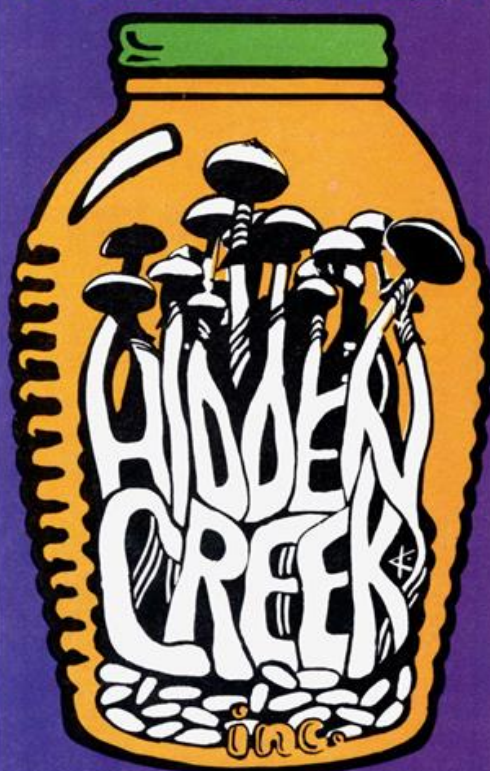
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Jack Abraham

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## Bamboo Bongs

If you really want to tie one on in style, try smoking your stuff through one of these bamboo bongs manufactured in Taiwan and imported by Karen's Bong Factory, P.O. Box 11589, Shorewood, Wis. 53211. The ultimate in paraphernalia simplicity, they are hefty hunks of bamboo shafts, hollowed out, lathed down, finished and decorated with Oriental good-luck symbols. They come in 9-, 13- and 18-inch models. Prices range from \$3 to \$10. Also included is a small thimble-shaped metal plug that can be inserted in the stem and used as a removable bowl.



Jack Abraham



Jack Abraham

## How to Really Pick Up Girls

Get an 80-pound monofilament line, bait it with a few 'ludes, set back and watch the river flow. While you're waiting for a bite, read the latest copy of Pick-Up Times, the only magazine dedicated to the newest and most efficient ways to pick up girls without risk or fear

of embarrassment. Practical down-to-earth articles include pieces on how women pick up guys, how to pick up two girls, how to talk to any woman, how to make girls pick you up, etc. Four issues, only \$8 from Pick-Up Times, Box 439, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10013.





Jack Abraham

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"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor. ☐

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## Introducing The Bong Boys

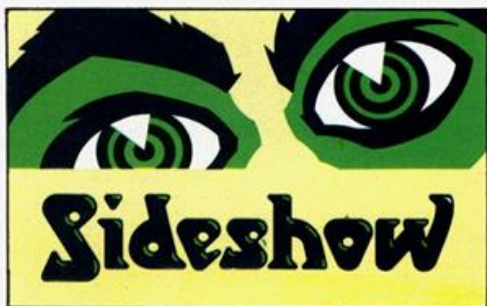


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## Traveling the Terrorist Trail

*High Times'* European correspondent Jean-Marcel Bouguereau spent six months following leads, speaking through keyholes and taunting death before he got inside the European Red Army Faction of the PLO—and even then the situation looked pretty grim for the seasoned reporter who over the past three years has made terrorist groups his *spécialité de la maison*.

Bouguereau, who also writes for the French daily *Liberation*, is one of the

few writers whom Europe's maze of terrorist groups even comes near to trusting. Since he files late-night dispatches from unknown locations on the continent, even *High Times* could not pinpoint his exact location in the event we had to go in and pull him out.

"Don't worry," laughed Bouguereau, concluding a telephone-update report from somewhere in Germany. "If something happens to me, check my coat pocket for the story."



John Holmstrom

## Pinball Wizard

John Holmstrom was born August 16, 1948, in a Far East brothel of unknown parents. The brothel was closed down by gendarmes when Holmstrom was two years old. He was befriended by a pack of wild dogs who raised him and taught him the rules of pinball. When he was a teenager a group of Christian missionaries found him and brought him to civilization, which he is still unaccustomed to. His favorite foods are raw steak, ham bones and Alpo, and in his spare time he's an evangelist working out of the Holy Bones Mission in Austin, Texas. You may write for literature to Holy Bones Mission, P.O. Box 675, New York, N.Y. 10009. All correspondence shall be kept strictly confidential.



Jim Billipp

## Climbing High

Jim Billipp, author and photographer of this month's account of the coca-eating ritual of Colombian Indians, has been a mountain climber for the past ten years. He has scaled nearly every peak in both Colombia and Ecuador, and ac-

counts of his expeditions have appeared in the *Village Voice*, *Country Journal* and *Outdoor Life*. Why did Billipp choose *High Times* as his latest journalistic outlet? "Because it was there."

## Coup de Grass



Rocky R.



Free Wheeling Kraze

Steve C.



# Freedom is the issue!

## Washington, D.C. July 3&4, 1979



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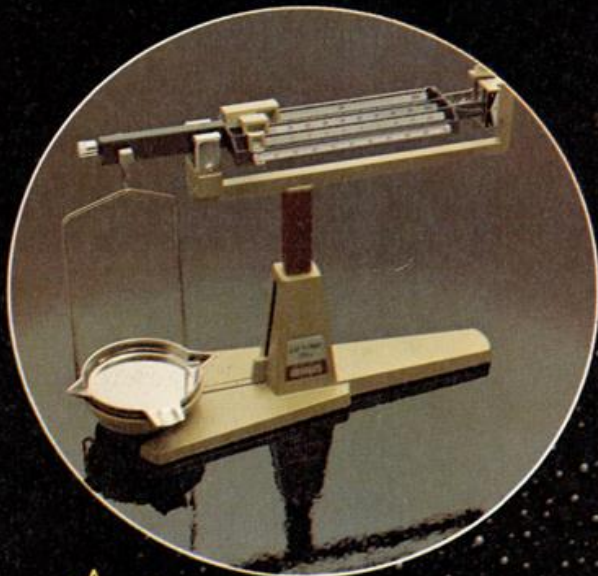
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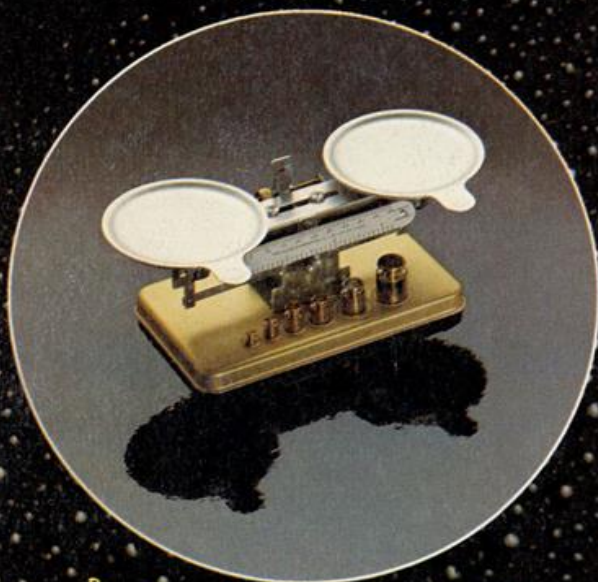


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# High Times

JULY 1979



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